Feb.10,1975

THE NEW YORKER

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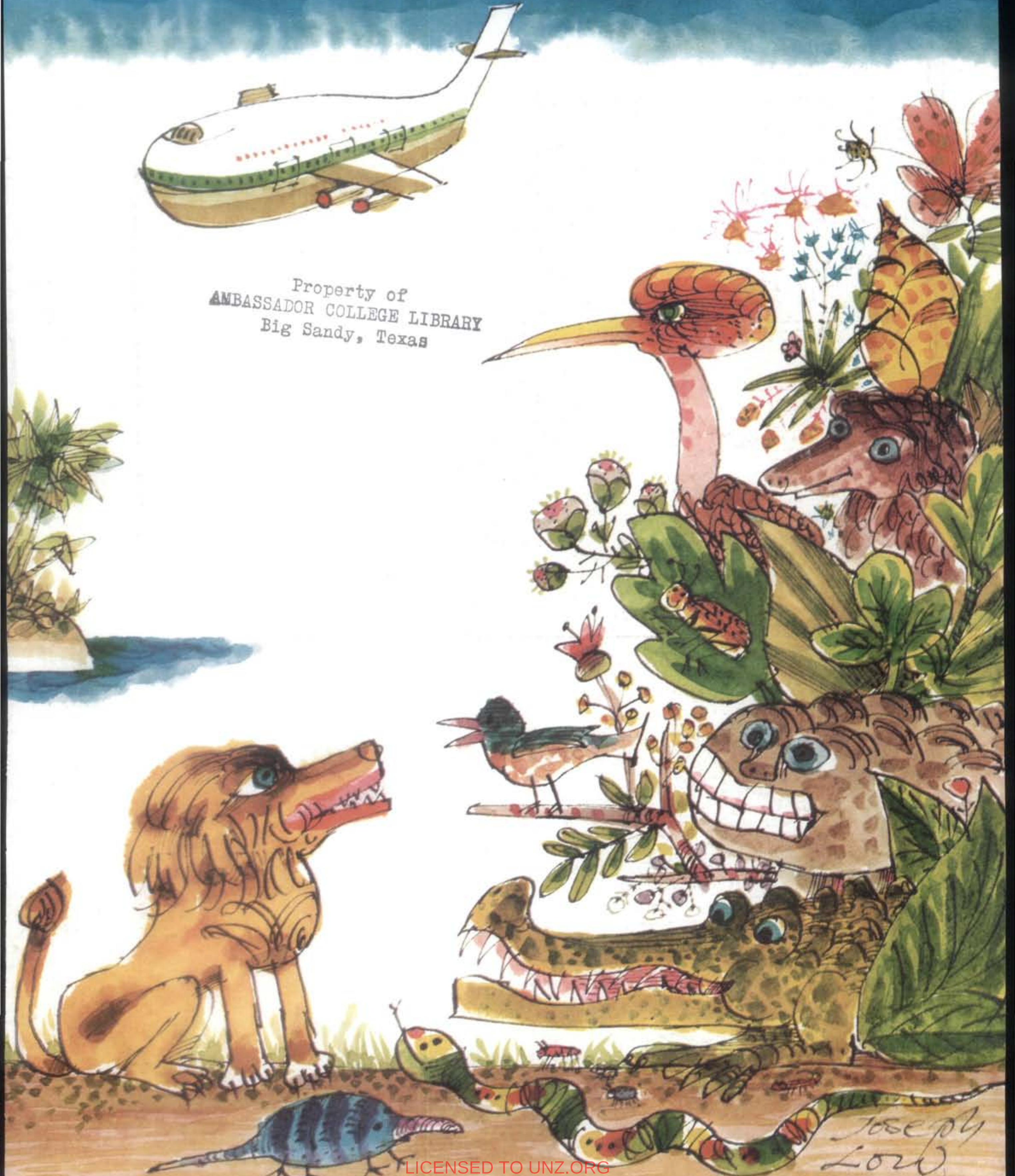

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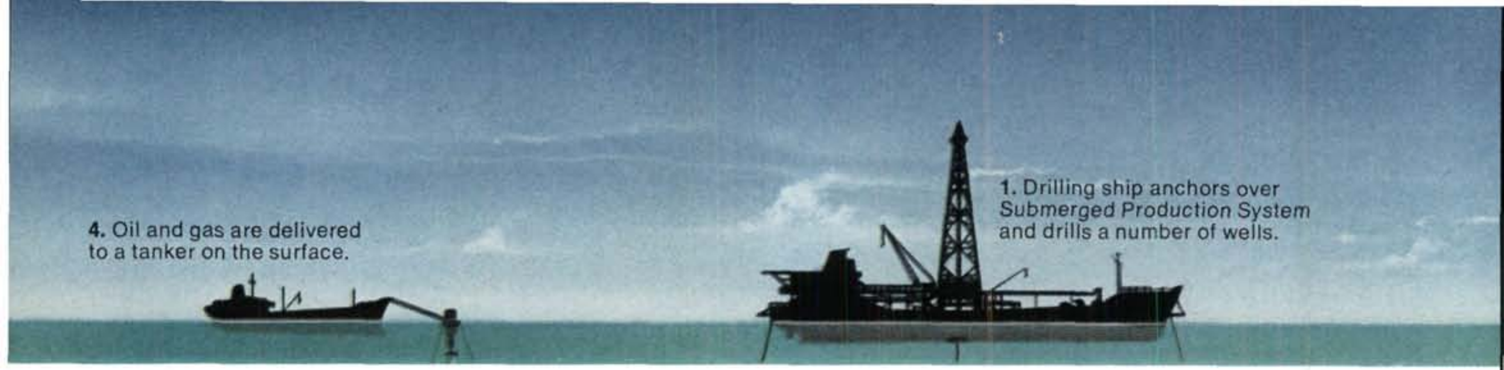
4. Oil and gas are delivered to a tanker on the surface.
1. Drilling ship anchors over Submerged Production System and drills a number of wells.

Seafloor oil wells.

To boost America's energy production, Exxon is taking a giant step down.

Today, under the Gulf of Mexico, Exxon is testing the prototype of the Submerged Production System —or SPS, for short. It's a system of seafloor wells that may someday allow us to reach deeper into the ocean than ever before for oil and natural gas.

Exxon saw the need for such a system in the mid-1960's—years before the term "energy crisis" entered our vocabulary. Now, after $30 million of design, engineering and construction, the first SPS unit is undergoing operational testing.

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Today, nearly all offshore oil and gas come to us via wells drilled from huge steel towers known as production platforms.

While these platforms are practical for production in relatively shallow water, the costs and technological problems involved make them less attractive in deep water. This is where the SPS may take over.

The operation

Once the SPS has been lowered to the seafloor and anchored, a drilling ship will complete a number of wells through openings on the unit and then leave.

Upon completion of the wells, the SPS is designed to pipe oil and gas to shore—or to a tanker overhead.

All SPS functions will be monitored and remotely controlled by an operator aboard a ship or in a control room on shore. At the push of a button, the operator will start up or shut down parts of the SPS unit.

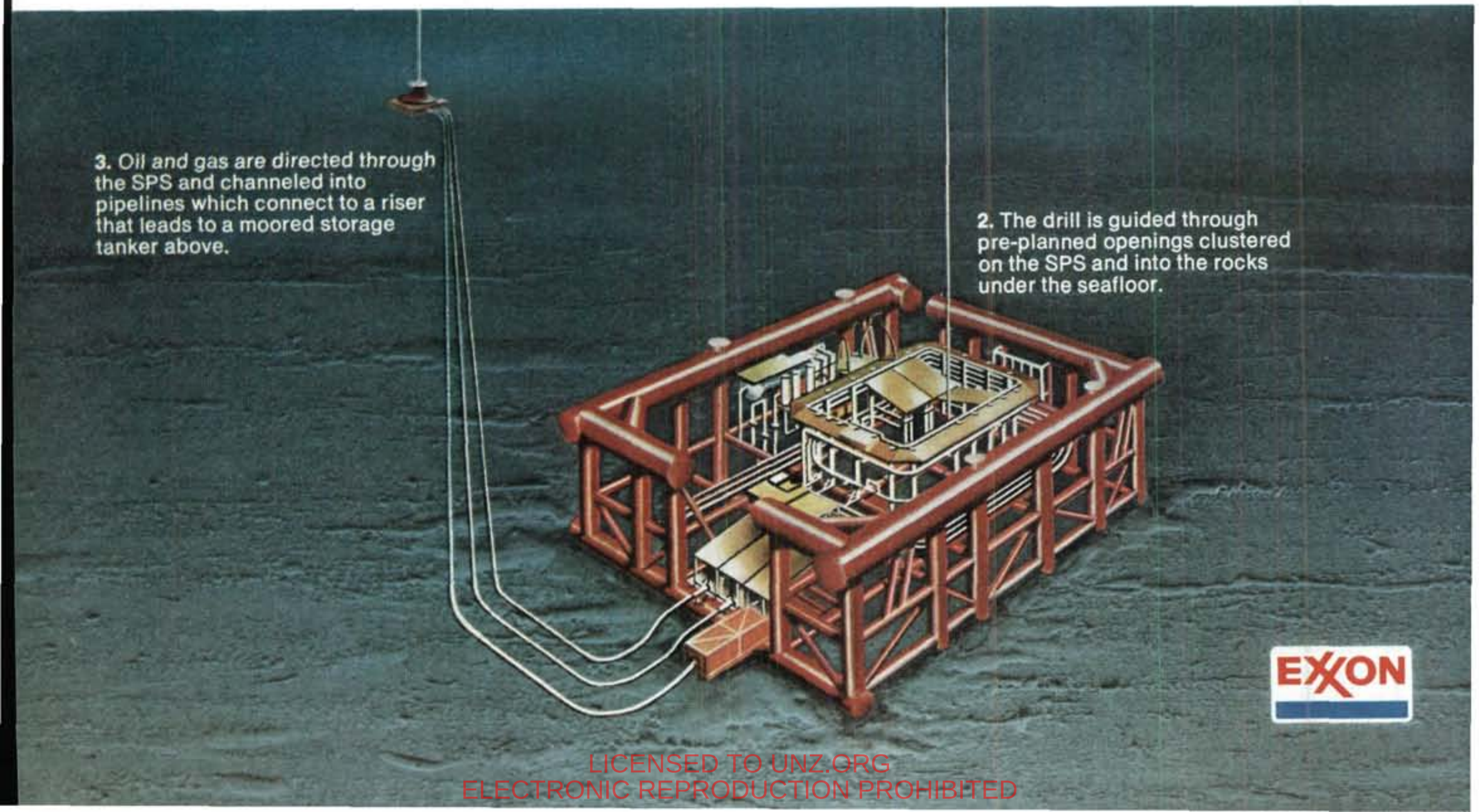
If repairs or servicing are needed, a maintenance device—the Manipulator—will be lowered to the SPS unit. The Manipulator removes the old part, inserts a replacement, and tests its work, all by remote control.

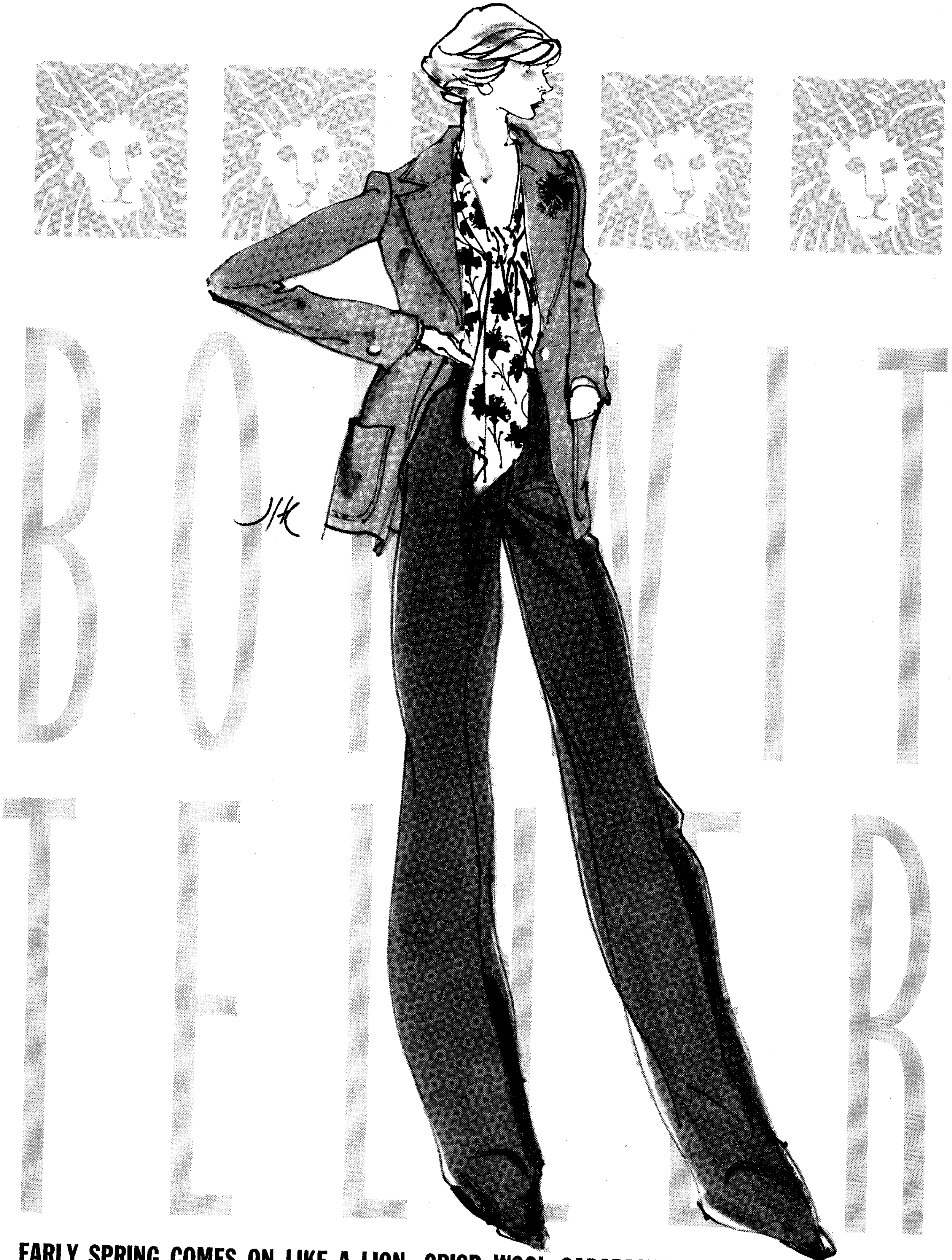
Environmentally safe

Besides having the potential to unlock billions of barrels of undersea oil—and trillions of cubic feet of natural gas—the SPS also offers many promising environmental innovations.

SPS units are designed with special equipment to prevent leaks—and special equipment to trap escaping fluids if a leak does occur.

Deeper beneath the sea than ever before—this is one of the places Exxon is going to bring you gas and oil.


3. Oil and gas are directed through the SPS and channeled into pipelines which connect to a riser that leads to a moored storage tanker above.
2. The drill is guided through pre-planned openings clustered on the SPS and into the rocks under the seafloor.
EXXON



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR—Three neatly linked and extremely funny comedies by the English playwright Alan Ayckbourn. With Larry Blyden, Carole Shelley, Richard Kiley, Geraldine Page, Sandy Dennis, and Tony Roberts. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

ALL OVER TOWN—A failed farce by Murray Schisgal. Eleven doors in a set are witty, but not witty enough. Directed by Dustin Hoffman. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BLACK PICTURE SHOW—Dick Anthony Williams, Carole Cole, Linda Miller, and Albert Hall shine out in a play that is less rich in meaning than its author, Bill Gunn, has tried to make it seem. Mr. Gunn directed. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

BLASTS AND BRAVOS: AN EVENING WITH H. L. MENCKEN—Paul Shyre's able impersonation of Mencken, who took a dark view of his fellow-creatures, nearly always with reason. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. YU 9-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

CAT ON A HOT TIN ROOF—Elizabeth Ashley, Fred Gwynne, and Kate Reid in a fine revival of Tennessee Williams' melodrama about sex, money, and family ties in the Deep South. Directed by Michael Kahn. (ANTA Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. 246-6270. Nightly at 7:30. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Feb. 8.)

CELEBRATION—A revised version of the 1969 musical by Tom Jones (book and lyrics) and Harvey Schmidt (music). (Portfolio Studio, 341 W. 47th St. CI 6-6755. Fridays through Sundays at 8. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

DANCE WITH ME—A musical mingling of real life and fantasy at a subway stop in Manhattan. Written by and starring Greg Antonacci, aided by members of a young and lively group that calls itself the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

DIAMOND STUDS—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—A revival of William Inge's **BUS STOP** will be the fifth in this season's series of eight productions. Preview Wednesday, Feb. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 6, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 16. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

EQUUS—Peter Shaffer's continuously exciting melodrama about a boy who mutilates six horses in the very act of worshipping them. With Anthony Hopkins and Peter Firth, directed by John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

GOD'S FAVORITE—Neil Simon's repulsive retelling, in contemporary urban-Jewish patois, of the Book of Job. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

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HUGHIE and DUET—Ben Gazzara in a revival of Eugene O'Neill's play and a short play by David Scott Milton. Staged by Martin Fried. Previews Thursday through Monday, Feb. 6-10. Opens officially on Tuesday, Feb. 11. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

IN PRAISE OF LOVE—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel all give exquisite lessons in the art of acting; their vehicle, by Terence Rattigan, is not an exquisite lesson in the art of playwriting but it will serve. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MADHOUSE COMPANY OF LONDON—Horseplay by some gifted clowns in a pleasant cabaret setting. (Brooklyn Navy Yard, downstairs at the Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Feb. 15.)

THE MAGIC SHOW—A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM—In spite of the title, the time is May Day. That's Shakespeare for you. A rambunctious and often very funny version of a lovely comedy. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30.)

THE MOUND BUILDERS—A play by Lanford Wilson. (Circle Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

OF MICE AND MEN—A very fine revival of the Steinbeck play of 1937. With James Earl Jones and Kevin Conway. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

PRETZELS—A fresh-faced, fresh-voiced, barely postgraduate revue, starring Jane Curtin, John Forster, Timothy Jerome, and Judy Kahan. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

PRIVATE LIVES—Maggie Smith and John Standing

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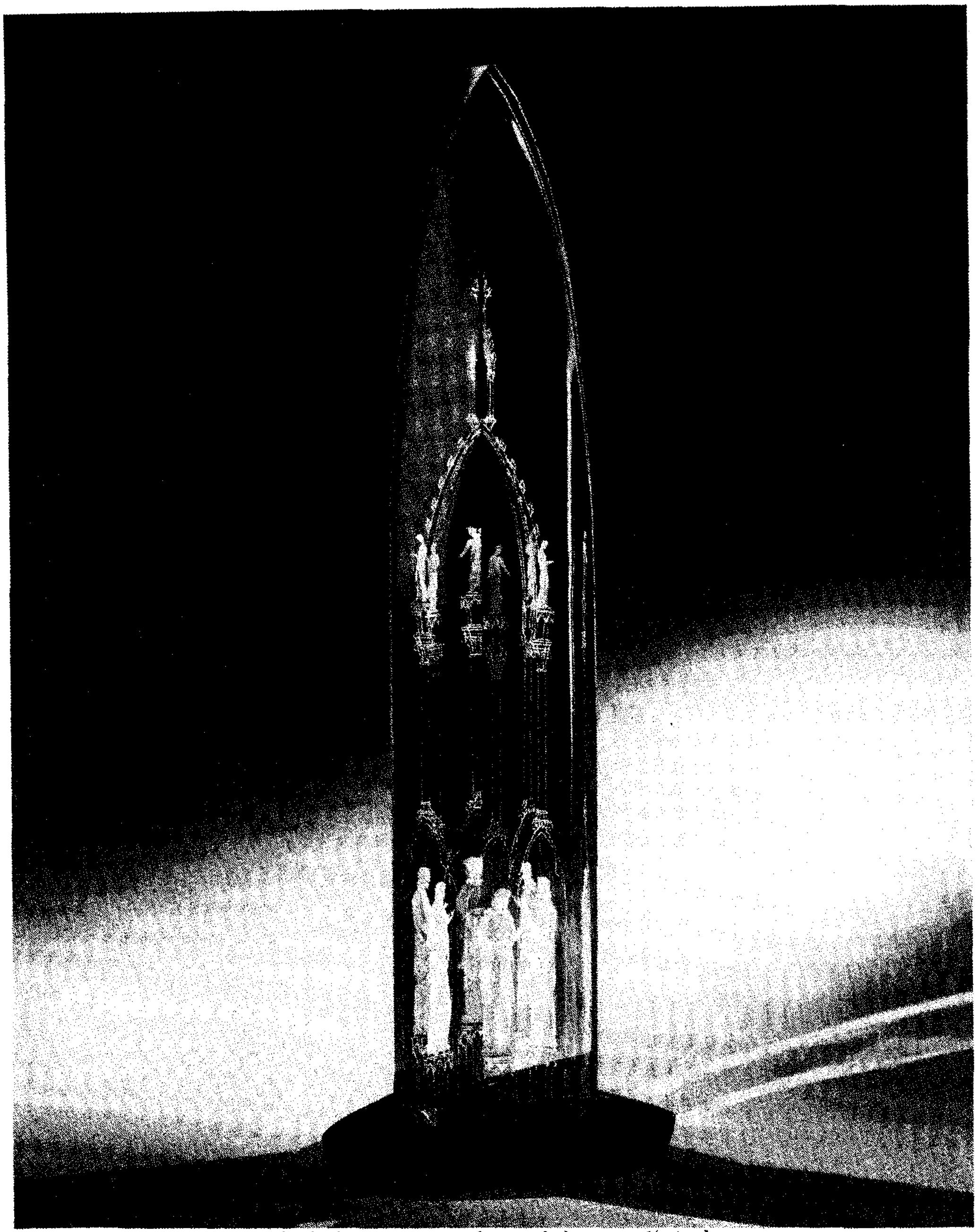

Cathedral, 1955 • Height, with base, 16¼ inches

A retrospective exhibition of George Thompson's designs in Steuben glass

February 5—March 1. In the gallery at the Steuben shop.

George Thompson, with both bachelor and master of science degrees in architecture, joined the Steuben design department upon its formation in 1936. He was a senior staff designer until his retirement in January, 1975.

His designs have been included in every Steuben Glass exhibition held since 1937, and are represented in the collections of many museums including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City.

STEUBEN GLASS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in a five-week engagement of Noël Coward's comedy. Directed by John Gielgud. Previews Wednesday, Feb. 5. Opens officially on Thursday, Feb. 6, and will run through Saturday, March 8. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Ritz—Terrence McNally's ingenious farce about the travails of a frightened heterosexual garbage collector in a homosexual bathhouse. Doesn't sound much like "Martin Chuzzlewit"? No, that's right, it doesn't. With Jack Weston and Rita Moreno. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

The Rivals—A revival of Sheridan's first play, now two hundred years old. Very broadly played by a delightful cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 924-7160. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, Feb. 9.)

Royal Shakespeare Company—Opening performances of a six-week engagement that *will end Sunday, March 30. Maxim Gorky's* **SUMMERFOLK**, translated by Jeremy Brooks and Kitty Hunter Blair: Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 7 (opening); Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2. . . . ¶ Ian Richardson in **LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST:** Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 11-12, at 8 (previews); Thursday, Feb. 13, at 7 (opening); Friday, Feb. 14, at 8; and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 8. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Scapino—A headlong farce, freely adapted from Molière's "Les Fourberies de Scapin" and acted to perfection by Jim Dale, of the Young Vic company, and a number of others. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 265-1855. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, March 2.)

The Seagull—Chekhov's play in a new English version by Jean-Claude van Itallie. Directed by Joseph Chaikin. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Tuesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Feb. 16.)

The Seagull and **Our Late Night**—An unsuccessful production of this season's Chekhov favorite, and a successful production of a new comedy by Wallace Shawn. **THE SEAGULL:** Wednesday through Saturday, Feb. 5-8, at 7:30. . . . **OUR LATE NIGHT:** Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 12-13, at 7:30, and Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, at 7:30 and 9:30. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350.)

Seascape—Two primordial lizards emerge from the sea and strike up a conversation with a wealthy, middle-aged couple picnicking among the dunes at, say, East Hampton. Edward Albee makes this unlikely encounter an instructive and often witty one. With Deborah Kerr, Barry Nelson, Frank Langella, and Maureen Anderman. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Shenandoah—Even thirty years ago, this would have been an old-fashioned musical. The star is John Cullum, who sings his dull songs beautifully. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Sherlock Holmes—A bright revival, under Frank Dunlop's direction, of the William Gillette classic. John Wood is the great, ice-cold ratiocinator. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Sizwe Banzi Is Dead and **The Island**—John Kani and Winston Ntshona in two South African plays imported from London. Devised by Athol Fugard (who also directed) and by the Messrs. Kani and Ntshona. **SIZWE BANZI IS DEAD,** a blistering indictment of the inhuman treatment of blacks in South Africa. Tuesdays and Thursdays through Saturdays at 8; on Friday, Feb. 14, at 7 and 10. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3. . . . ¶ In **THE ISLAND,** two black prisoners of the South African state outwit torture and death by means of brotherly affection and invincible courage. Wednesdays, except Feb. 12, at 2 and 8. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164.)

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The Ups and Downs of Theophilus Maitland—A musical with a book by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) and music and lyrics by Micki Grant. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through *Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)*

Where's Charley?—A pretty-to-look-at but disappointing revival of the Frank Loesser musical. Starring Raul Julia. (Circle in the Square, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Feb. 23.)

The Wiz—An all-black production of a musical version of "The Wizard of Oz," with gorgeous scenery and costumes, tiresome music, and several first-rate performances. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**CANDIDE:** A triumphant version of the once-doomed Bernstein-Wilbur-Voltaire musical. Voltaire still comes out last, but it doesn't matter. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,153 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.). . . **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.). . . **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.). . . **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **PIPPIN:** A big but skimpy musical that the director and choreographer Bob Fosse has turned into his very own "War and Peace," with everything but a yacht race. Eric Berry and Michael Rupert play Charlemagne and his son. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.). . . **RAISIN:** A jaunty and heartwarming musical has been made out of Lorraine Hansberry's old-fashioned play about a black Chicago family on its way to white-middle-class mediocrity. Directed and choreographed by Donald McKayle. (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

BALLET

New York City Ballet—Performances of **DON QUIXOTE** will close out the season. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Thursday and Friday, Feb. 6-7, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2 and 8; Sunday, Feb. 9, at 1 and 7; Tuesday through Friday, Feb. 11-14, at 8; Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Feb. 16, at 1 and 7.)

Ballet Folklorico of Mexico—A company of sixty-five dancers, singers, and musicians in a two-week engagement that starts Tuesday, Feb. 11, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 23. (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Rashied Ali—Studio 77 / Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042). Drums, leading a quartet, from ten to three, Thursdays through Sundays.

Chet Baker—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Trumpet, leading a combo, Mondays and Tuesdays, from nine-thirty to two.

Bricktop and Hugh Shannon—Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150). Songs. Wednesdays through Saturdays, from ten until two; Shannon is here alone on Tuesdays as well.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, Mondays at ten.

Terry Gibbs—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Vibraharp, with Barry Harris, Milt Hinton, and Ray Mosca; from nine-fifteen to one, through Saturday, Feb. 8.

Jimmy Giuffre 3—Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566). Reeds, bass, and drums, Fridays and Saturdays, at ten-thirty.

Sonny Greer, Russell Procope, and Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Sundays, from nine-thirty to three.

Tiny Grimes—West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750). Guitar, leading a trio, from nine to one, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Bobby Hackett—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272). Trumpet, with Hank Jones on piano, Milt Hinton on bass, and Ray Mosca on drums. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 11, from nine-fifteen to one.

Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Through Saturday, Feb. 8, and maybe beyond.

Helen Humes and Ellis Larkins—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Jazz and blues singer and piano, respectively. From eight to one, except Sundays.

Lee Konitz—Gregory's 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Alto saxophone, with bassist Wilbur Little and pianist Dick Katz. Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. . . . ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). From nine-thirty to two, Wednesdays and Thursdays.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio. Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 10-12, from nine-forty-five to three.

Dave Matthews—Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650). Piano, leading a twelve-piece band. Mondays, from nine-thirty to two.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays, at ten and midnight.

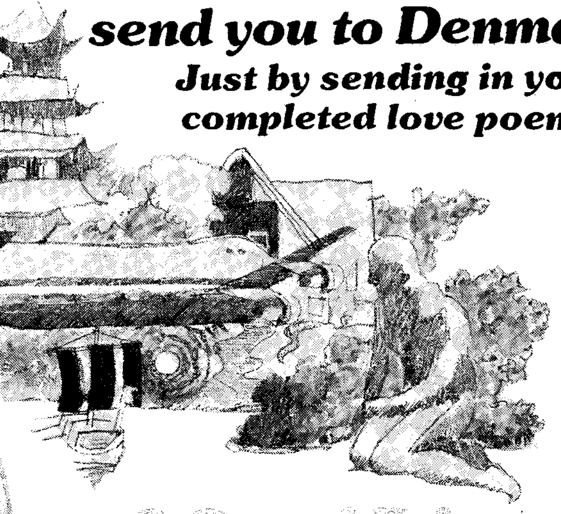
Anita O'Day—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Jazz singer, at nine and midnight, beginning Tuesday, Feb. 11.

Sammy Price—West End Café, 2911 Broadway,

Give the gift of Love on Valentine's Day

and Peter Heering may send you to Denmark.

Just by sending in your completed love poem.



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Set of six Kastrup-Holmegaard of Copenhagen cordial glasses, handblown with a distinctive drop of air in the base.

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Giant ice bucket in the shape of a bottle of Peter Heering. 30" high, two gallon capacity and constructed of tough polyethylene.

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You may win a fabulous prize just by finishing this poem:

Because I love you I have found,
The world seems happier all around.
I want you with me every day
________________________.

You might have finished the poem like this:
"And dread each moment you're away."
(just be sure the line you write rhymes with 'day.')

Whatever line you create, don't forget that one of the most unusual and welcome gifts you can give your special Valentine is a bottle of Denmark's famous Peter Heering liqueur. That really says you care!

OFFICIAL ENTRY FORM

Peter Heering Poetry Contest
P.O. Box 1944
Blair, Nebraska 68009

Following is the last line of the love poem, as written by me:

____

NAME & ADDRESS

CHERRY HEERING
PETER HEERING
LIQUEUR
PETER F. HEERING
IMPORTED BY W.A. TAYLOR & COMPANY NEW YORK, N.Y.

OFFICIAL RULES – NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

1. On an official contest entry form submit your last line to the contest poem to rhyme with "day." Print or write clearly your name and address and mail your entry to: Peter Heering Contest, P.O. Box 1944, Blair, Nebraska 68009. Entries must be postmarked by March 18, 1975 and be received by March 25, 1975.

2. Entries will be judged by the D. L. Blair Corporation, an independent judging organization, on the basis of:

Orginality (freshness, creativity)	50%
Appropriateness (to the contest idea)	30%
Interest	20%

Decision of the judges is final. Duplicate prizes will be awarded in the event of ties. All entries become the property of W.A. Taylor & Company and none will be returned.

3. The contest is open to residents of the United States, 21 years of age or over as of February 1, 1975, except employees and their families of W.A. Taylor & Company, its affiliates, agents and the D.L. Blair Corporation. No substitution for prizes offered. Limit one prize to a family. Contest subject to all Federal, State and local laws and regulations and is void where prohibited by law. Taxes on all prizes are the sole responsibility of winners.

4. For a list of winners, include a stamped, self-addressed envelope with your entry.

49 PROOF LIQUEUR. IMPORTED BY W. A. TAYLOR & CO., NEW YORK, N.Y.

at 113th St. (666-8750). Boogie-woogie piano, with Jo Jones and Paul Quinichette; Saturdays and Sundays, from nine to one.

Jimmy Raney—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Guitar, with bassist Bill Takas, from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Beginning Monday, Feb. 10.

Irene Reid—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Vocals, with a trio, from nine-forty-five to three, Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8.

Sonny Rollins—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from ten, through Sunday, Feb. 9.

Sarah Vaughan—St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Vocals with a trio, at dinner and supper, through Saturday, Feb. 8.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Guitar duo. Sundays, from nine until two.

●

(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Bassist Duke Cleamons and his trio are on hand Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, at this Chelsea pub, which occupies the ground floor of a newly and artlessly renovated apartment house and remains unmercifully cluttered with nautical artifacts. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15, pianist Cedar Walton, bassist Sam Jones, and Billy Higgins, on drums, take over. Music from nine-thirty to two-thirty. English soul food: fish-and-chips, steak-and-kidney pie, and shepherd's pie.

Arthur's Tavern 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—A pleasant, low-keyed little hideaway just off Sheridan Square, frequented on Monday nights by feverish devotees of Chicago jazz and Dixieland. The Monday-night band, known as the Grove Street Stompers, is composed of avocational musicians; they may just be tired businessmen when they begin, but by eleven-thirty or so, they have taken on the loose and limber and perspiring attributes of authentic jazzmen. The rest of the week—Tuesday through Saturday—is claimed by singer and pianist Mabel Godwin from nine to three. Closed Sundays.

Boomer's 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—A cozy place—white-brick walls and a long, paned picture window with gauzy curtains—in which to munch pork chops, ribs, or collard greens and to listen to some reliable and vigorously amplified music. On Wednesday, Feb. 5, reedman Buddy Terry works with a quartet. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, Irene Reid sings some powerfully expressive blues, ballads, and rhythm and blues with her trio. Junior Mance, a robust and bluesy pianist, leads a trio Monday through Wednesday, Feb. 10-12, and on Thursday, Feb. 13, bassist Buster Williams brings in a quartet that features substantial and climactic solos by Sonny Fortune on alto and soprano sax and flute. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A Colosseum of a folk-and-rock club (by New York standards), this four-hundred-and-fifty-seat house offers a top-notch sound system and a sensible seating arrangement of three tiers of aisled tables. Guitarist David Bromberg, a folk humorist and a fancy picker, works out a musical mishmash of country, bluegrass, jazz, and blues. One of his blues efforts is entitled "You've Got to Suffer If You Want to Sing the Blues." Bromberg and his band trade sets with Rachel Faro, an up-and-coming folkie from out West, on Wednesday, Feb. 5. Thursday through Saturday, Feb. 6-8, Melissa Manchester sings some gusty rock, gospel, and thirties swing with her band, opposite a rock band called Stanky Brown. Mose Allison offers jazz, blues and country vocals, and piano runs beginning Friday, Feb. 14. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Exercising a good and reverent ear for music, this warm and friendly bar and restaurant enjoys a high reputation among musicians and listeners alike. The choice spot in the room is the end of the bar, nearest the music corner. Pianist Kenny Barron and bassist Bob Cunningham occupy that corner through Saturday, Feb. 8. On Monday, Feb. 10, guitarist Jimmy Raney begins another pick-and-pluck session with bassist Bill Takas. Sundays, Jaki Byard, an accomplished pianist who plays in many styles, receives enthusiastically good-natured support from bassist Major Holley. Nine-thirty to two-thirty every night but Sunday, when the music runs from nine to one.

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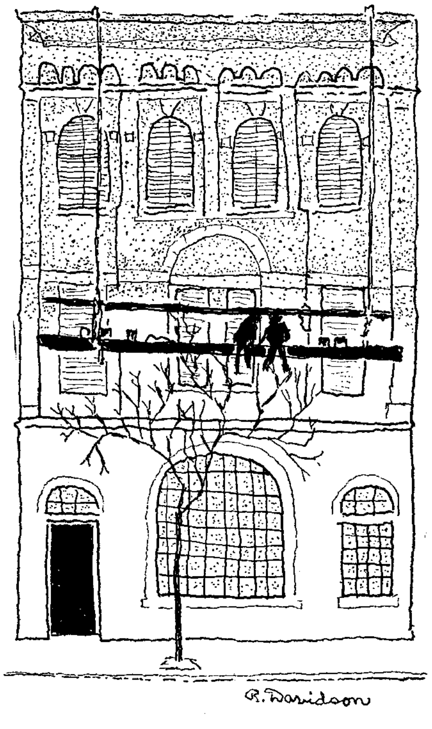
Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Keeping up with the tangled and nefarious doings in the Café during recent weeks has taken agitato footwork, but the worst appears over. Manhattan Transfer has been swept out, and its replacements are Travis Hudson and Ronny Whyte, who are new members of that celestial body ruled by Mabel Mercer and numbering Bobby Short, Jackie and Roy, Sylvia Syms, and Blossom Dearie. Travis (she) Hudson is blond, milkmaidish, and funny, and her voice sometimes suggests Kate Smith's. Ronny (he) Whyte is a handsome baritone who plays good piano and good straight man. (They joined forces in 1967, and both have musical-comedy backgrounds.) They sing duets at the keyboard in unison or in nice, plunging counterpoint, and they sing alone; either way, they synchronize like twins. Their materials, mostly show tunes, are generally *rarae aves;* some, in fact, appear to have risen from the fifth level of Troy. Witness "Vodka," by George Gershwin, taken from the 1925 "Song of the Flame;" "Poison Ivy," a 1924 Rodgers and Hart originally written as a parody of foolish songs of the time; Irving Berlin's 1915 "I Love a Piano;" Cole Porter's 1940 "Make It Another Old Fashioned, Please," from "Panama Hattie;" and a funny south-of-the-border tune by Rodgers and Hart called "Pablo" that surfaced just once before—on a demo record from the thirties, with Rodgers singing and playing. But Hudson and Whyte let up on the archeology once in a while and do songs from recent shows as well as such anthems as "I Got Rhythm." Three cavils—Ronny Whyte's face is not designed for "acting" (hers is); sometimes their more fragile songs are smothered by sheer attentiveness; and they do not often identify their songs, apparently out of the mistaken notion that such information would be boring. A winsome pair. Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Through Saturday, Feb. 8, and maybe beyond.



Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Helen Humes, who began when Bessie Smith was It, is here, singing better than ever, and making ample use of her rhythmic agility and her remarkable sense of dynamics, both of which allow her to race from a whisper to a shout within a single measure. Her accompanist is the superlative Ellis Larkins. Every night from eight to one, except Sunday, when pianist Dick Hyman, who likes to pretend he is everyone from Fats Waller to Teddy Wilson, takes over. Dining.

Five Spot, 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (GR 7-9650)—In its latest incarnation—over the last decade this address became the site of such multifarious operations as world-famous jazz club, discothèque, and neighborhood bar-and-grill—the Five Spot has renewed its interest in jazz and contemporary music. Currently featured is the music of saxophonist Dave Liebman, who spent over a year in apprenticeship with the seventies' version of the Miles Davis band. Liebman is now furthering the cause of supercharged jazz-rock with a quintet of his own—one that reflects the Master's preference for heavy amplification—called Lookout Farm, and consists of piano, bass, drums, tablas, and electric reed instruments. Pianist Dave Matthews pilots a twelve-piece band on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty to two.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—An up-to-date version of the neighborhood pub. Twenty-three-year-old stride stylist and Ellingtonia fancier Brooks Kerr works with and learns from drummer Sonny Greer, who began his relationship with Ellington in 1919, and saxophonist Russell Procope, who joined the Ellington reed section in 1945. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten to three, alto saxophonist Lee Konitz swaps solos with pianist Dick Katz and bassist Wilbur Little. Lynn Crane takes time out from her proprietary duties to sing along with the trio on a couple of tunes per set. Vibraharpist Warren Chiasson soloes Mondays through Fridays from six to nine. Snacks.

Jacques at the Village Corner, 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—A cheerful bar on one of the corners where the Village meets N.Y.U.'s academic industrial park. The signs outside still proclaim the name, Village Corner, but the musical cast inside is strictly from Jacques: pianist Lance Hayward plays nightly, except Wednesdays, and is joined on Sundays by singer Jane Valentine. Jim Roberts is the Wednesday-night pianist. Live sounds from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It's a long way from Bourbon Street, but the message is still clear. Max Kaminsky (filling in for Roy Eldridge, who returns Monday, Feb. 10) Bobby Pratt, Chuck Folds, Major Holley, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke deliver it from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky leads a Dixieland band from eight to two.

Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—While a portrait of Henry VIII looks on from Tudored walls, conversationalists at the tables compete with the performers on the stage. The conversationalists are, for the most part, sundry businesspersons. The performers are vibraharpist Terry Gibbs, pianist Barry Harris, bassist Milt Hinton, and Ray Mosca on drums. On Tuesday, Feb. 11, the impeccable Bobby Hackett arrives with pianist Hank Jones to play with Hinton and Mosca, who seem to have become the house rhythm section. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine-fifteen to one. The New Orleans Funeral and Ragtime Band, a Dixieland sextet, reigns on Mondays from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **Bird Cage**, Larry Kert sings Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-fifteen.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The management has thoughtfully installed two bicycle racks just outside this upper West Side hangout. One can keep tabs on one's bike from the sidewalk gallery, which has windows made of the same type of plastic that separates taxi passengers from taxi-drivers. A very fine, intricate, laid-back rhythm-and-blues band—Gordon Edwards, Cornell Dupree, Charlie Brown, Richard Tee, and Chris Parker—winds up its extended

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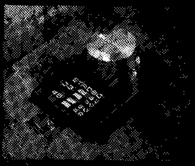

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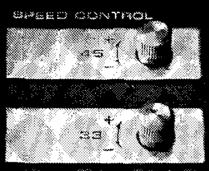

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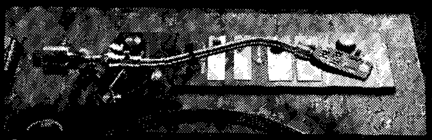

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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stay after Wednesday, Feb. 12. Music ten until three. Dinner.

Music Room, 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—This modest restaurant and bar, which presents classical and, sometimes, folk music nightly from seven to eleven (from six on Sundays), makes a pleasant, relaxed alternative to the rigidities of the concert hall. The decorations include a characteristically brooding, steely-eyed portrait of Beethoven, a guitar-shaped poster that enumerates the recording artists for a small blues label, and regimented rows of hanging plastic plants and a few preserved palms. The musicians are young, proficient, and usually amenable to requests. Soloists perform weekdays; chamber duos, trios, and quartets take over on Fridays and Saturdays.

Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—The most exotic night spot for blocks and blocks, and it boasts fresh-cut flowers on the piano, mammoth potted palms, an enthusiastic clientele, and a reverence for just about anything campy. Martin Mull, who's about as campy as they come, should bring down this house. Mull, a master of cornball unsubtleties, put-ons, and little musical jokes, alternates with Diane Marcovitz, a singer, pianist, and eccentrically witty composer; through Saturday, Feb. 8. On Tuesday, Feb. 11, Anita O'Day, who began achieving vocal breakthroughs some thirty years ago, returns with some refined if, sometimes, elusive musical insights. Shows at nine and midnight. Sundays (at nine and eleven) are turned over to singer Joanne Beretta; Monday nights are showcases for burgeoning entertainers. Dining.

St. James Infirmary, 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—Occupying a long, narrow, bowling lane of a basement room, this jazz club—barely two months old—has already acquired the character and mood of an established hangout for musicians and aficionados. The walls are a colorful Art Moderne jumble of concentric curves, parallel lines, cloud outlines, and lightning bolts. Wednesday and Thursday, Feb. 5-6, pianist Tom Garvin collaborates with bassist Harvey Schwartz. John Abercrombie, a talented young guitarist, joins Garvin and Schwartz for some sessions Friday through Sunday, Feb. 7-9. Music from about ten.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Sarah Vaughan, accompanied by a trio, will be in the MAISONETTE through Saturday, Feb. 8, and she should not be missed. She is unique in American singing in that she fashions from plain pop tunes arcane and beautiful and wildly melodic art songs, whose words, as she sings them, need not be fully understood. Two ample shows a night. . . . ¶ Mabel Mercer is back in the ST. REGIS ROOM, and New York has once again fallen into place. Her voice comes and goes these days—sometimes it sounds almost of old, and sometimes it is mostly implication—but the impeccable framework of taste, imagination, generosity, and humor is intact. She has just turned seventy-five, and she looks exactly as she should—regal, at ease, atwinkle, and decently with it. It is easy to share her admiration for the marvellous Alec Wilders and Bart Howards and Cole Porters and Harold Arlens she sings, but it is even easier to admire her. There she sits—good and greatly gifted and still gracefully prevailing. Jimmy Lyon is her accompanist, and he hovers over her comfortingly and skillfully. At ten and midnight, Tuesdays through Saturdays.

Soerabaja, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—In these two small second-story rooms, Bricktop, famous for her Paris night club in the twenties and thirties, and now in her frisky eighties, is singing with Hugh Shannon, an international café-society singer and pianist. Shannon begins alone, tossing off some Porter, Hart, Coward, and even, if less successfully, Stevie Wonder tunes. After a break, he plays for and occasionally sings with Bricktop, whose unmiked voice is amazingly strong, clear, and vibrant. Shannon performs from ten to two Tuesdays through Saturdays, and Bricktop makes her appearance Wednesdays through Saturdays. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—The cool school of jazz that flowered in Los Angeles during the mid-fifties had one undeniable virtue: no matter how gloved or fainting, it was lyrical. One of its bravest blooms was the trumpeter Chet Baker, who came to the fore in 1952 as a member of Gerry Mulligan's famous pianoless quartet (bass and drums rounded it out). He had wafted out of the mellifluous 1949 Miles Davis style, and he had a soft, almost lackadaisical sound. His solos, made of breezes and sighs, constantly apologized for themselves—or seemed to, for his paleness was highly deceptive: underneath, if one turned up the volume, was a subtle, singing, few-noted attack that—anachronism of anachronisms—suggested Bix Beiderbecke. When Baker left Mulligan, he started drifting—through drugs, the law, and, finally, jail—and it was only recently that he came to rest here, where he appears on Mondays and Tuesdays with several young musicians. Despite the troubles he has seen, Baker—thin as a pole, his face all cheekbones and shadows—has lost none of his lilt and flow. Indeed, his playing has taken on muscle and rhythmic surprise, and he even tosses in hard-stepping Fats Navarro arpeggios. His cohorts sometimes forget what page they are on, but they keep him afloat. Lee Konitz, the alto saxophonist, and another old-time coolnik, is on hand Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8: Bob Mover quartet, with Mr. M. on saxophone. Sundays are given over to the guitar duo of Joe Puma and Chuck Wayne, who exchange more notes than there are begats. Music starts at nine-thirty (Sundays at nine). Snacks.

Studio 77/Ali's Alley, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—The dark emptiness of nighttime SoHo streets belies the fashionable, steaming activity found in some of the neighborhood hangouts. This after-hours gallery-loft, though among the less congested, is one of the more animated. The source for the commotion is the bandstand, where drummer Rashied Ali and his quartet—James Vass, David Durrah, and Benny Wilson—play intense, rigorous, free-form jazz. Ali, the proprietor, spent several years playing with those saxophonists who were the vanguard of sixties jazz—Archie Shepp, Pharoah Sanders, and the late Albert Ayler and John Coltrane. Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soul food and nonalcoholic beverages.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—An airy, spacious restaurant with clear-varnished pine-panelled walls, a picture window filled with lush hanging plants, and a black-marble-topped bar. The musicians play in an acoustically perfect corner—so good, in fact, that recently a quiet, well-mannered crowd (every table was taken) was treated to a twenty-minute classical-guitar—no amplifiers—solo by Bucky Pizzarelli. Pizzarelli is here from nine to one on Wednesday, Feb. 5. On Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, guitarist Sam Brown's trio plays from ten to two. Dom Minasi, yet another six-stringed soloist, takes over the Wednesday, Feb. 12, slot, and guitarist Gene Bertoncini comes in with bassist Mike Moore on Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15. Dinner.

Tin Palace, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—A lively though scarcely palatial evening haunt comprising two enclosed sidewalk galleries—affording views of the Bowery—and a large inner room with the obligatory exposed-brick walls and a black ceiling of hand-pressed tin. Nothing much happens until around ten-thirty, when the music commences and when the crush of assorted musicians, local loft dwellers, and a smattering of students and uptown observers beset the place in the tradition of resigned rush-hour commuters. On Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tristão, a Brazilian guitarist and vocalist, leads a quintet of young Brazilian, Cuban, and American musicians, which plays lilting works by Antonio Carlos Jobim and their own compositions. Fridays and Saturdays are claimed by the rarely seen Jimmy Giuffre 3, with Giuffre playing tenor sax, flute, and bass flute. Dinner.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—Smoky, stuffy, and cramped, this illustrious basement institution continues to present some of the best jazzmen in the world. The great Sonny Rollins is present with his youthful quartet through Sunday, Feb. 9. On Tuesday, Feb. 11, Charles Earland, an electronic-keyboard player, descends the murky staircase with his quintet. On Mondays, pianist-composer-sage Gil Evans brings in his fifteen-piece aggregation. His assortment of French horns, tubas, timpani, several bushels of percussion instruments, synthesizer, and some of the best young soloists around adds up to one of the few consistently successful contemporary big bands. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Convenient to a New York City truck route but not much else, this bar has red Afro-psychedelic walls, hundreds of gold Christmas-tree ornaments hanging from the ceiling, and a tiny (about five by ten feet) soul-food kitchen. Other assets: Jill McManus on piano and a bassist perform Thursdays through Sundays, and pianist Chuck Fowler and bassist Duke Cleamons trade ideas Mondays through Wednesdays. Music from eight until two.

West End Café, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A wood-and-brick-walled retreat primarily patronized by Columbia students. The music that is keeping the students here and away from their studies these days is neither folk nor rock nor glitter. It is jazz—and somewhat old-fashioned jazz at that. Mondays and Tuesdays belong to the Swing All-Stars—Eddie Durham on trombone and guitar, drummer Sam Woodyard, Franc Williams on trumpet, and pianist Dill Jones. Wednesdays and Thursdays, Tiny Grimes, a four-string tenor guitarist, plays bebopping blues with his bassist, Ted Cromwell, and his drummer, Ronnie Cole. Fridays are turned over to five bop-oriented musicians. Boogie-woogie pianist Sammy Price works with drummer Jo Jones and tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette on Saturdays and Sundays. Music from nine to one.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the CAFÉ, pianist Herb Winner, with the assistance of two singing instrumentalists, plays dance music from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty through Saturday, Feb. 8. Beginning Tuesday, Feb. 11, Winner will play solo piano Tuesdays through Fridays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty, and Saturdays from eight to midnight. Pianist Steven Weltner is on duty Sundays from eight to midnight, and Mondays from five-thirty to eleven-thirty.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—Hildegarde finishes her song recitals in the PERSIAN ROOM on Saturday, Feb. 8. Monday, Feb. 10, brings on a singer known as the Luv Machine. At ten Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Dancing to the Barry Levitt trio and the René Martel threesome from seven to one. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ The PLAZA RESTAURANT provides dinner music by violinist George Cardini and pianist Jules Feuerstein. Their hours are seven-thirty to ten-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. . . . ¶ Mondays through Fridays, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play in the PALM COURT, from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Saturdays from four-thirty to midnight, and Sundays from four to seven, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music. Miss Andrews returns to the keyboard Sundays from seven-thirty to midnight.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—The EMPIRE ROOM reopens on Tuesday, Feb. 11, at ten, to present singer Lovelace Watkins. Thereafter, he will appear twice an evening. Dancing. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Karel Appel—Oil paintings from the early sixties by a founding member of the Cobra group. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Rudolf Baranik—Recent abstract paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

Harold Baumbach—Solitary figures against

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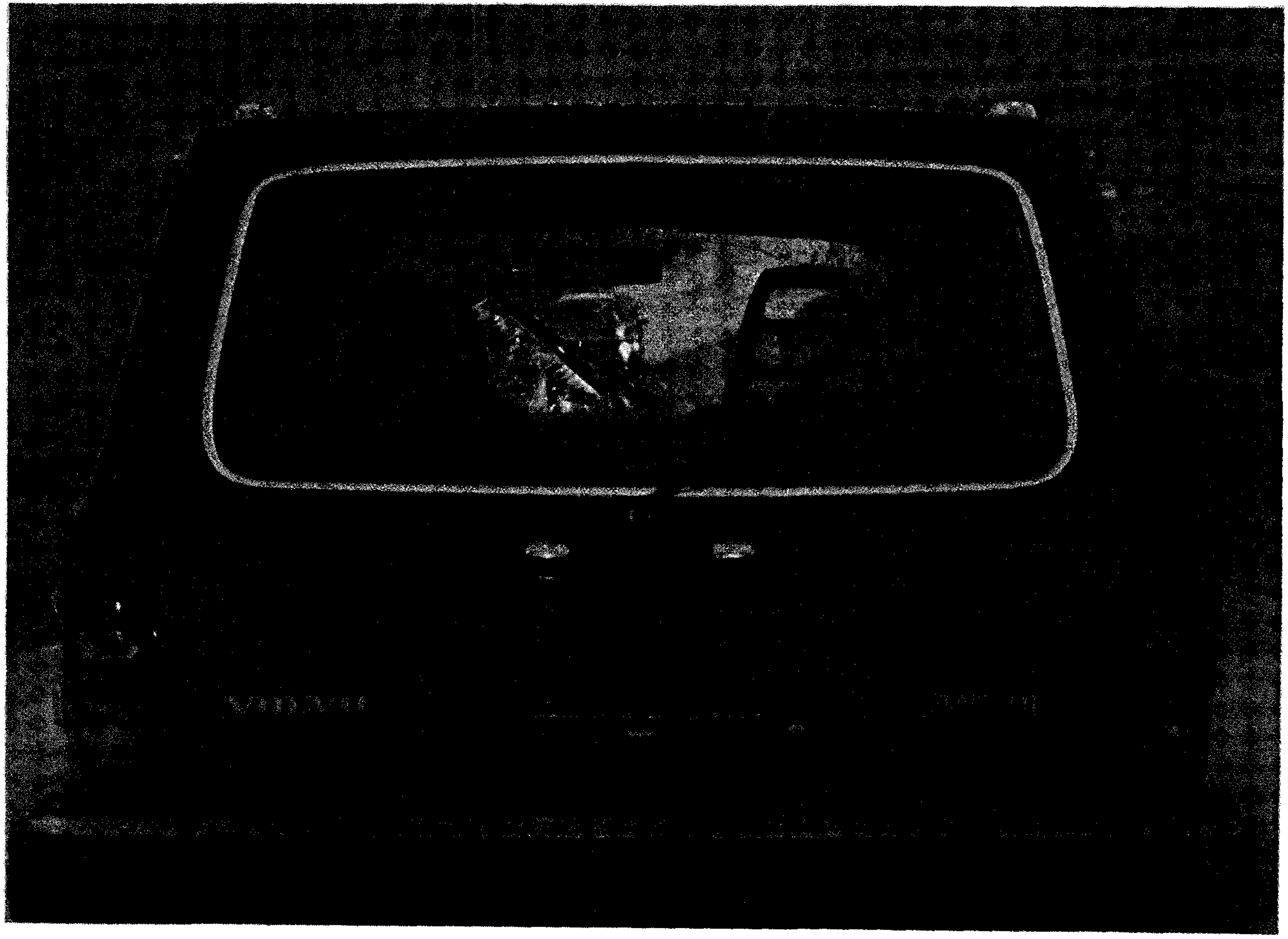
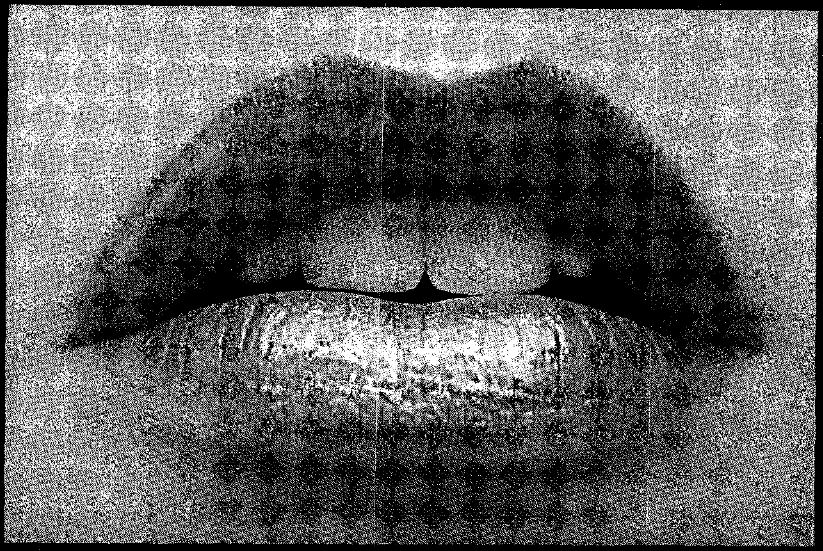


Lip Service.



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Germaine Monteil

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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solid backgrounds, and richly painted flowers. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

Gisela Beker / Franco Ciarlo—Geometric paintings. / Frescoes, in colors evocative of Etruscan tomb paintings, which have been transferred onto canvases; some of them are shaped and hung in groups. Through Tuesday, Feb. 11. (Lajeski, 801 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Henri Cartier-Bresson—Drawings (portraits, interiors, landscapes) by the celebrated photographer. Through March 8. (Carlton, 127 E. 69th St.)

Dado—Nightmarish images of a violent inner world, done in incongruously gentle pastel tones. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Tony DeLap—Paintings by a West Coast artist. Through Feb. 26. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Charles Demuth (1883-1935)—Paintings of flowers, vaudeville and theatrical figures, and so on, done between 1909 and 1917, and on loan from museums, galleries, and private collections. Through March 1. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Simon Dinnerstein—Detailed, realistic paintings and curiously harsh charcoal drawings. A large triptych, in which the artist and his family figure, is the focal point of the exhibit; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St.)

Arthur G. Dove (1880-1946) / **Alan E. Cober**—Paintings, drawings, and collages by the pioneer American abstractionist, on loan from museums, private collections, and the estate of the artist. Through Feb. 22. / Drawings made on visits to various institutions, including Willowbrook and Sing Sing, which will be included in the artist's forthcoming book, "The Forgotten Society." Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St.)

Ruth Eckstein—Collages and prints. Through March 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St.)

Janet Fish—Pastels of water glasses, fruit in its wrapping paper, and vegetables. Through Feb. 27. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

Shirley Hendrick—Oil paintings of figures and landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Jim Huntington—Wooden wall reliefs. Through Feb. 22. (McKee, 140 E. 63rd St.)

Alexej von Jawlensky (1864-1941)—A show of paintings, with emphasis on portraits completed in the early part of this century. Through Feb. 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

Daniel LaRue Johnson—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 28. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St.)

Floyd Johnson—Stained-and-sprayed abstract paintings in a bannerlike format. Through Feb. 22. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St.)

Robert Kipniss—A strange, peaceful atmosphere distinguishes these formalized landscapes and color lithographs. Through Feb. 22. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St. Open Mondays.)

Bruno Lucchesi—Bronze and terra-cotta genre sculptures. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Clyde Lynds—Freestanding constructions with changing light and color patterns, which the artist refers to as "spectral kinetics." Through Feb. 26. (Babcock, 805 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

Giacomo Manzù—The fine, peculiarly Italian hand of this master sculptor is evident in all these pieces, whether sacred or profane—well, earthy, at any rate. Through March 7. (Rosenberg, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Henri Michaux—Paintings done with India ink and acrylics. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St.)

Anthony Padovano—Sculptures in bronze, steel, wood, and cast stone Through March 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Mary Petty—Fifty cartoons from the twenties, thirties, and forties, in addition to four watercolors. Through March 1. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5.)

Sam Richardson—Paintings and sculptures inspired by the snow-covered Sierra Mountains. Through March 1. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

Karl Schrag—Paintings of Maine, including some nocturnal landscapes. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Kraushaar, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.)

Keith Sonnier—An installation consisting of two WATS lines, microphones, and loudspeakers. The lines will be connected to the Ace Gallery in Los Angeles and visitors to either gallery will be treated to an earful of the other. Starts Saturday, Feb. 8. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

Jill Spelman—Abstract paintings. Some of them are placed at angles and touch along one edge in a way to complement each other. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

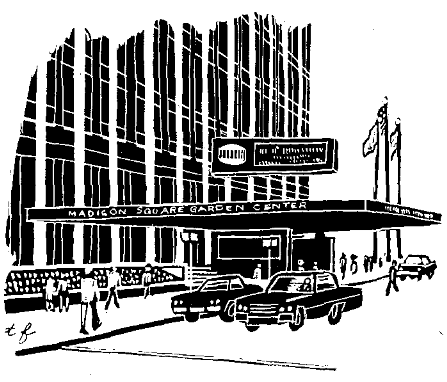
Sergio Gonzalez Tornero—Surrealistic paintings by a Chilean artist who lives in this country; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Gruenebaum, 25 E. 77th St.)

Anton van Dalen—Wood and painted-wood constructions derived from the form of the automobile, plus some drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

Emerson Woelffer—Abstract works in which paint is sprayed, brushed, and splashed on the canvas, plus crayon-and-paint drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

David X. Young / Herbert Kallem—Semi-abstract paintings, mostly with distinct figurative elements, and a group of watercolors done in Haiti. / Small metal "found" sculptures, including a bristly bird with a pair of tin shears for a beak and pitchfork prongs for a tail. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Summerhalt. 143 E. 63rd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 2 to 5.)

Group Shows—At the **CENTER FOR INTER-AMERICAN RELATIONS**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: Paintings by Hugo Consuegra, Carmen Herrera, and four other Cuban artists who work in New York. Through Feb. 23. (Daily, noon to 6.)... **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A showing of works by more than thirty-five contemporary craftsmen from different parts of the country includes ceramics, carved-wood figures, quilts, and embroidery pieces. Through March 1.... **KNOEDLER**, 21 E. 70th St.: An exhibit commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the Surrealist movement and containing paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, among others, Arp, Dali, Miró, and Tanguy. Through March 6.... **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: A diversified exhibit that includes oils by Léger, gouaches by Calder, and bronzes by Maillol. Through Feb. 22.... **RAYDON**, 1091 Madison Ave., at 82nd St.: A selection of European portraiture (both paintings and sculptures) by Bernini, Gainsborough, Van Dyck, and others. Through March 1.... **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by, among others, Willem de Kooning, Gorky, George Deem, and Jay Rosenblum. Through Feb. 28.... **WILLARD**, 29 E. 72nd St.: Drawings by five artists—Billy Al Bengston, John Duff, Pierre Haubensak, Frederick Wardy, and Mia Westerlund. Through Saturday, Feb. 8.... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: Paintings by Avery, Burchfield, Stuart Davis, and other Americans. Through Feb. 26.



GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Eleanor Antin—This artist, clad in her tutu or masquerading as the King of France (looking very much like one of the Three Musketeers), floats through her balletic fantasy world on videotape, now and again making personal appearances at the gallery. Other fancies are described in poems, which she has inscribed on large sheets of paper and illuminated with agreeable watercolor drawings. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

Robert Arneson—Five large ceramic sculptures, some of them self-portraits. In one, the artist is depicted swimming in a fourteen-foot-long sea of ceramic water. Starts Saturday, Feb. 8. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Saturdays at noon; closed Sundays.)

Alice Baber—Large abstract oils. Through Feb. 20. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St.)

Tom Blackwell—Photo-Realist paintings; first one-man show in New York. Through March 1. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Stanley Boxer—Abstract paintings that stress color and texture. Through Friday, Feb. 14. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St.)

Beverly Chesler—Figurative collages, with emphasis on the female nude form; first solo show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Mary Frank—An assortment of terra-cotta heads, torsos, arms, and legs, assembled into six large, sensual reclining figures, mostly female. This technique, born of necessity (the artist's kiln was too small to fire the works as a whole), results in a pleasant fluidity of composition. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

Jane Freilicher—Recent landscapes and still-lifes. Through March 1. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St.)

Karl Gerstner—Abstract paintings by a Swiss artist. Through Feb. 22. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

Conrad Marca-Relli—Fabric collages on canvas. Starts Saturday, Feb. 8. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

Matta—A comprehensive show of paintings, drawings, and sculptures done over the last forty years by this noted Chilean Surrealist. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.... ¶ Also a small exhibit of paintings and drawings at Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Through March 1.)

Vita Petersen—Drawings of objects: stones, bones, comfortable-looking old shoes, and paper bags. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Parsons-Truman, 24 W. 57th St.)

Jason Schoener—Semi-abstract landscapes. Through Feb. 22. (Midtown, 11 E. 57th St.)

Robert Slutzky—Hard-edge paintings. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

Larry Zox—Abstract paintings. Through Feb. 19. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

Edward Zutrau—Large rectangles of a solid color framed by a sketchy band of a contrasting hue. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At **DAVIS & LONG**, 231 E. 60th St.: Paintings and drawings by Bierstadt, Prendergast, Homer, and others. Through Saturday, Feb. 8.... **ESMAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Works on paper by Ethelyn Honig, Mon Levinson, and Howardena Pindell. Through Feb. 27.

Sculpture—Works by Calder, Cornell, Nevelson, Noguchi, and David Smith. Through Feb. 22. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Michael Eisenman—Vigorously painted figures and a few landscapes. Through Friday, Feb. 14. (Bowery, 135 Greene St.)

Suzi Ferrer / Wallace French—Life-size figures made of Plexiglas, wood, and other mediums. / Drawings and a large white, painted-wood wall panel. Through Feb. 20. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway.)

Mary Ann Gillies / Lucy Sallick—Sculptural structures made of welding rods covered with macramé. / Still-lifes, many of them centered on a sewing basket. Through

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Wednesday, Feb. 12. (SoHo 20, 99 Spring St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Hisao Hanafusa / Albert Y. Wong—Station designations on subway walls are the subject of these paintings, drawings, and prints. / Paintings and drawings done on loose-leaf notebook paper and depicting loose-leaf notebook paper—somewhere between trompe-l'oeil and the real thing. Through Feb. 18. (Lamagna, 380 West Broadway.)

Brower Hatcher—Large abstract steel sculptures. Through Wednesday, Feb. 12. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.)

Michael Howard—Everything in sight is fair game for this highway eclectic; where Warhol borrows a soup can, he cheerfully borrows a Warhol. Starts Saturday, Feb. 8. (Michael Walls, 429 West Broadway.)

Bill Jensen—Oil and charcoal on irregularly shaped linen wall panels. Through March 1. (Fischbach, 489 Broome St.)

Steve Kelsey / Alan Kessler—In his recent works, this artist confines his smoldering colors to triangular-shaped canvases. / Still-lifes of flowerpots in a painstakingly realist—almost, but not quite, Photo-Realist—style. Through Wednesday, Feb. 12. (Yu, 393 West Broadway.)

Joseph Kosuth—Eight notebooks and accompanying wall diagrams are part of a conceptual work exhibited here. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Louise Kramer—Four huge, brooding, blimplike latex figures are the most prominent results of this artist's recent experiments with space, which have also generated tiers of cardboard or metal boxes (cooped-up space) and monoprints achieved with layer on layer of sheerest silk marquisette, inked and transferred to paper with an etching press (squashed space). Through Wednesday, Feb. 12. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St.)

Tom Martin—Earnest-looking pencil drawings, copied from dated movie stills, with Joan Crawford's chin frequently noticeable among them. Through Feb. 22. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Judith Nelson / Dove Bradshaw—Paintings showing billowing sheets of colorful meshwork, through the perforations of which a harmonious background tone can be seen. / Fragile little set pieces—dancing shoes, for instance, or some chairs—done in a milky ceramic and standing on free-form bases of the same material, plus a few small, nonecclesiastical reliquaries. Through Thursday, Feb. 13. (Razor, 464 West Broadway.)

Mary Shaffer—Sculptural pieces made of flowing, ribbonlike slabs of glass, with unexpected, spiky things such as tenpenny nails and grappling irons embedded in them. Through Feb. 22. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

Norman Turner / Audrey Bergensten—Representational landscapes, mostly of Green Mountain country. / Stylized figures with a sort of religious aura. Through Thursday, Feb. 13. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Richard Waxberg—Large painted scrolls; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

Mac Wells / Raquel Rabinovich—Paintings. / Glass sculptures. Through Feb. 19. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway.)

Group Shows—At **55 MERCER STREET**: Paper sculptures by Luise Kimme, a huge sculpture by Arthur Weyhe, and drawings by Gloria Greenberg. Through Feb. 19. . . . **LANDMARK**, 469 Broome St.: Paintings by Charles DuBack, Alvin Ross, Nora Speyer, and others. Through Feb. 20. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . **O.K. HARRIS**, 383 West Broadway: Paintings by John Clem Clarke and Douglas Bond, slide projections of Victorian postcards arranged by Carol Wald and John Kosmer, and sculptures by Warren Owens. Through Feb. 22. . . . **O.K. HARRIS ANNEX**, 465 West Broadway: Paintings by David Alexander, Cedric Smith, and John Fudge, and sculptures by Lyle Light, all of whom are members of the Walker Street Gallery. Through March 1 in the former quarters of O.K. Harris.

Sculpture—At the **ARIADNE**, 410 West Broadway: Works in metal, wood, and marble by Peter Reginato, John Ferro, and three other sculptors. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . **14 SCULPTORS**, 75 Thompson St.: A show of models and drawings for sculptures by Marilyn Perlman, Oleg Sohanievich, and others. Through Wednesday, Feb. 12. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

OTHER GALLERIES

Paul Goldberg / Judy Silver—Paintings of auto wrecks and empty subway trains. / Collages. Through Feb. 22. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

David Slivka—Painted-wood sculptures, one, monumental in size, exhibited outside, and four smaller works inside. Through Feb. 28. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St. . . . ¶ Another enormous piece, entitled "Machu Picchu," at Grace Plaza, Sixth Ave. at 43rd St.)

Group Shows—At the **AFRICAN-AMERICAN INSTITUTE**, 833 United Nations Plaza, at 47th St.: Traditional African art (masks, figures, and so forth) from Mozambique, Angola, and Guinea-Bissau, plus contemporary Makonde carvings and paintings from Mozambique. Through March 1. . . . **DORSKY**, 111 Fourth Ave., at 11th St.: Paintings by, among others, Allan D'Arcangelo, Bob Thompson, and Willem de Kooning. Through March 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **WESTBETH**, 155 Bank St.: Paintings, sculptures, and other works by members of this artists' coöperative, among them Pedro Silva, Eugenia Okoshi, Camilla Chambers, and Margaret Cassidy. Through March 2. (Fridays, 5 to 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 2 to 6.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ernest Bloch (1880-1959)—Photographs by the composer. Through Feb. 22. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

Lee Friedlander—Photographs taken within the last decade. Through Sunday, Feb. 9. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Ernst Haas—Photographs of postwar Vienna. Through Feb. 25. (Austrian Institute, 11 E. 52nd St. Open Mondays; closed Saturdays.)

Harry Lapow—Photographs of people at Coney Island, taken during the past twenty years. Through Feb. 24. (Midtown Y Gallery, 344 E. 14th St. Sundays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays, noon to 4.)

Stephen Shore / Frank Gohlke—Color photographs. / Black-and-white prints, many of grain elevators and midwestern landscapes. Through March 1. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Edward Weston (1886-1958)—A retrospective of approximately two hundred and seventy-five photographs, dating from about 1918 to 1948. Through March 30. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.) . . . ¶ A retrospective consisting of vintage prints, "project prints" made by Brett Weston under his father's supervision in 1955, and recent prints made by Cole Weston from his father's negatives. Through March 1. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

Group Shows—At the **ELLIOTT**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Man Ray, T. H. Emerson, and Julia M. Cameron are among those represented in this show of more than fifty photographs. Through March 1. (Open Mondays.) . . . **INTERNATIONAL CENTER OF PHOTOGRAPHY**, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St.: Three shows: photographs by Cartier-Bresson taken in Russia during visits in 1954 and 1973; "Classics of Documentary Photography" by Robert Capa, David Seymour, Lewis W. Hine, Roman Vishniac, Werner Bischof, and Dan Weiner; and color photographs by, among others, Ernst Haas, Gordon Parks, Marc Riboud, Howard Sochurek, and Jay Maisel. All through Saturday, Feb. 15. (Open Sundays.) . . . **NEIKRUG**, 224 E. 68th St.: Photographs by Walker Evans, Jean Claude Gautrand, and Russell Drisch. Through March 2. (Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.) . . . **SOHO PHOTO**, 30 W. 13th St.: Works by Sean Kernan, Lynn Earley, Harriet Hadley, and others. Through Feb. 25. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An exhibit jointly organized by the museum and the National Museums of France to commemorate the hundredth anniversary of the first Impressionist exhibition in Paris. It includes works from the museum and from the Louvre, as well as from public and private collections in the United States and Europe. Some, such as Renoir's "Le Moulin de la Galette," have never before been shown in this country. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ An exhibition called "The Great Wave," which contrasts and compares eighteenth- and nineteenth-century Japanese Ukiyo-e woodcuts with nineteenth-century French Impressionist prints. Through May 11. . . . ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Also visible: Clark Gable's dressing gown. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 4:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—American prints (1913-63), including examples by John Marin and Robert Rauschenberg. Through March 3. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—The permanent collection is the main show just now, while a Max Ernst retrospective, scheduled to open on Friday, Feb. 14, is being installed. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A biennial survey, in three stages, of contemporary American art (including paintings, sculptures, and videotapes) by artists who have not had solo shows in New York and have not participated in previous Whitney biennials or annuals. The first stage will close March 23. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Whitney Downtown Museum, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—Paintings by Ivan Albright, Ben Shahn, Andrew Wyeth, Kay Sage, and others. (Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 3.)

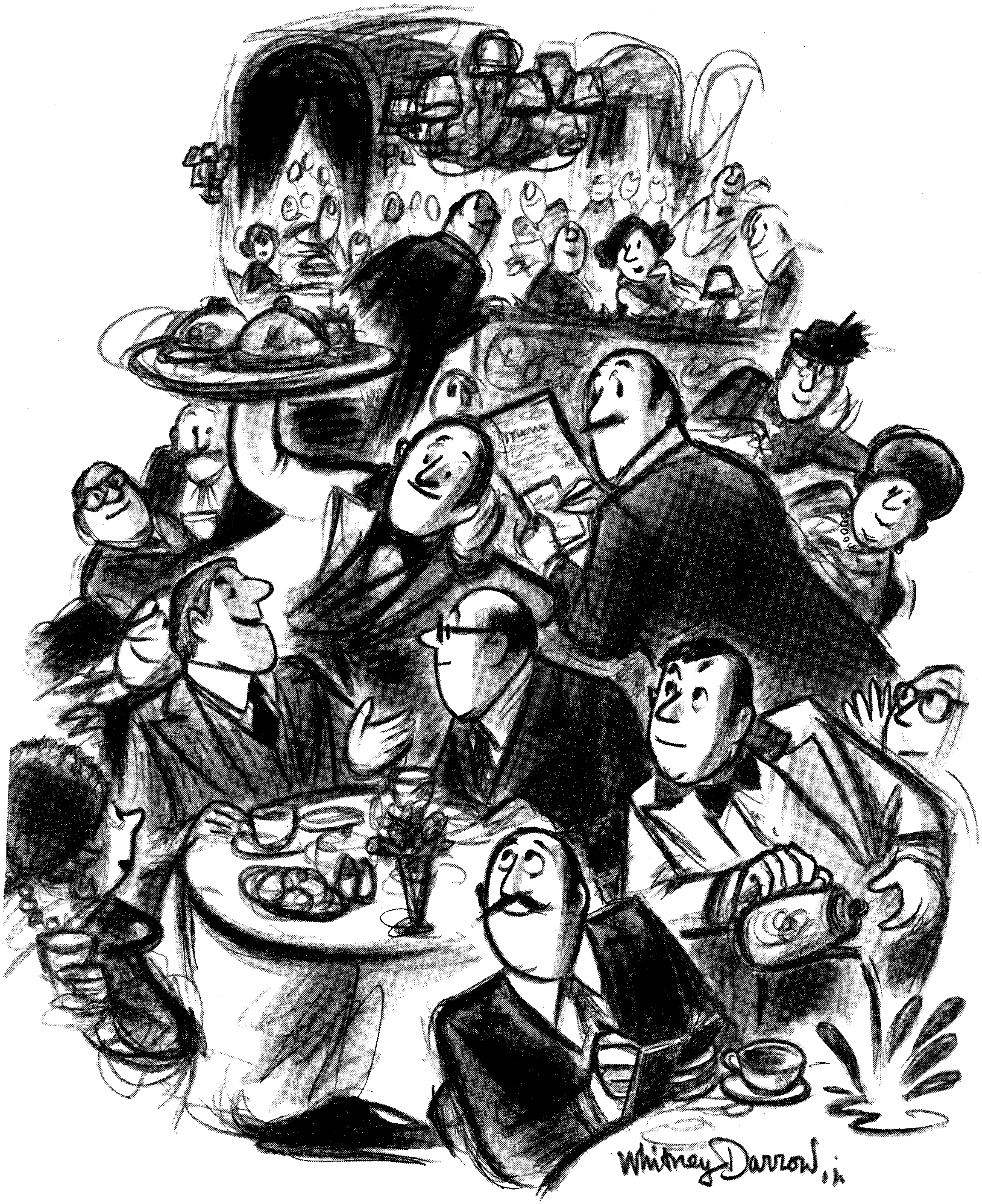
Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—About a hundred and fifty photographs of Art Deco architecture in New York by Cervan Robinson. Through March 2. . . . ¶ A small exhibit of contemporary Japanese ceramics (jars, bowls, plates, and bottles), on loan from a private collection. Through April 27. (Wednesdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5; Lincoln's Birthday, 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Fourteen folio pages from the Leonardo da Vinci manuscripts rediscovered in Spain in 1965, containing drawings and scientific notes written in his distinctive mirror-image script. Through Friday, Feb. 14. . . . ¶ Shadow figures and other Asian puppets arranged so that they seem to be enacting a drama. Through April 20. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 4:45; Sundays and Lincoln's Birthday, 11 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—Seventy works of art from the collection of John D. Rockefeller 3rd. Among the pieces on view are Chinese bronzes from the Chou, Han, and T'ang dynasties; Japanese wood sculptures from the Kamakura period; stone and bronze sculptures from India and Southeast Asia; and paintings from China and Japan. Through March 23. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Finch College Museum of Art, 62 E. 78th St.—"Forms in Metal," a joint exhibit with the Museum of Contemporary Crafts, is a show of utilitarian objects made between 1700 and the nineteen-forties (for instance, a silver mug by Paul Revere and a pewter soap box by Ashbil Griswold), on loan from museums

(*Advertisement*)


Menu
Whitney Darrow, Jr.

When E.F. Hutton talks, people listen.

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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and private collections. Through March 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

Grolier Club, 47 E. 60th St.—A selection of a hundred and fifty volumes—novels, scientific works, nature studies—demonstrating the first use (in 1844) and later progress (through 1914) of photography as illustration. Through Saturday, Feb. 8. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 3.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—More than thirty tapestries made from the designs of various contemporary artists. Through April 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of American calligraphy consisting of samples of pen drawings and Shaker spirit drawings, as well as pottery, quilts, and painted furniture in which writing is used as a part of the decoration. Through March 23. (Daily, except Mondays, from 10:30 to 5:30.)

Museum of Contemporary Crafts, 29 W. 53rd St.—In a joint effort with the Finch College Museum of Art, this museum is showing functional and sculptural pieces made by metalsmiths from 1940 to the present.... ¶ A selection of stained-glass panels designed and made by Robert Sowers. Both through March 2. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—An exhibit celebrating great women of the New York stage contains costumes, paintings (such as a portrait of Ruth Draper by John Singer Sargent), drawings, posters, and sculptures. Through May 30.... ¶ Paper toys, among them dolls, doll houses, animals, games, and puzzles, dating from the early nineteenth century. Through March 14. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle—An enormous Man Ray retrospective, occupying three floors, of paintings, drawings, collages, assemblages, ready-mades, rayographs, and photographs. Through March 2. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibition marking the centennial of Owen D. Young comprises some hundred and sixty items from his collection of rare books, autograph letters, original manuscripts, and sketches, which he presented to the Berg Collection of English and American Literature in 1941. Through April 12. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 9 to 5.)

New York Public Library at Lincoln Center—A show of models and sketches by contemporary scene and costume designers. Two notable exhibits are Ming Cho Lee's set for "Boris Godunov" and David Mitchell's set for "Short Eyes." Through March 15. (Weekdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 6, and Monday and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Brightly colored, African-inspired weavings, done in a variety of yarns, by Napoleon Henderson. Through Feb. 28. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 799-4420, for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday evening, Feb. 5: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; conducted by Alberto Erede.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb 6: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Nico Castel, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Raymond Michalski; Thomas Schippers.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 7: "Manon Lescaut," with Leontyne Price, John Alexander, William Walker, Fernando Corena, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 8: "Tosca," with Teresa Zylis-Gara, Carlo Bergonzi, Gabriel Bacquier, and Fernando Corena; Alberto Erede.... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 8: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Jon Vickers, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine.... ¶ Monday evening, Feb. 10: "Das Rheingold," with Mignon Dunn, Maureen Forrester, Mary Ellen Pracht, Thomas Stewart, Glade Peterson, Marius Rintzler, Bengt Rundgren, John Macurdy, Ragnar Ulfung, Kolbjörn Höiseth, and William Dooley; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Feb. 11: "Boris Godunov," with Klara Barlow, Jerome Hines, William Lewis, Andrea Velis, Nico Castel, Morley Meredith, Arthur Thompson, Paul Plishka, and Donald Gramm; Thomas Schippers.... ¶ Wednesday evening, Feb. 12: "Manon Lescaut," with Leontyne Price, John Alexander, William Walker, Fernando Corena, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler.... ¶ Thursday evening, Feb. 13: "La Forza del Destino," with Martina Arroyo, Nedda Casei, Barry Morell, Cornell MacNeil, Bonaldo Giaiotti, and Gabriel Bacquier; James Levine.... ¶ Friday evening, Feb. 14: "Bluebeard's Castle," with Shirley Verrett and David Ward, and "Gianni Schicchi," with Judith Blegen, Irene Dalis, Raymond Gibbs, Ezio Flagello, and Clifford Harvuot; Sixten Ehrling.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Feb. 15: "Das Rheingold," with Mignon Dunn, Lili Chookasian, Mary Ellen Pracht, Donald McIntyre, Glade Peterson, Marius Rintzler, Bengt Rundgren, John Macurdy, Ragnar Ulfung, Kolbjörn Höiseth, and William Dooley; Sixten Ehrling. (A nonsubscription performance.)... ¶ Saturday evening, Feb. 15: "Manon Lescaut," with Leontyne Price, John Alexander, William Walker, Fernando Corena, Jon Garrison, and Robert Schmorr; Peter Herman Adler. (Evenings at 8. Matinée Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2, and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 2:30.)

Juilliard American Opera Center—Benefit performances of a revised version of Samuel Barber's "Antony and Cleopatra." Staged by Gian Carlo Menotti, with the Juilliard Theatre Orchestra conducted by James Conlon. (Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St. Thursday, Feb. 6, and Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8; Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3; and Monday, Feb. 10, at 8. For information about tickets, call 799-5000, Ext. 235.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Bernard Haitink conducting on Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8:30; Friday, Feb. 7, at 2; Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8:30; and Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 7:30 (all with Jorge Bolet, piano).... ¶ Rafael Kubelik conducting on Thursday, Feb. 13, and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30 (both with Claude Frank, piano); and Friday, Feb. 14, at 8:30, and Tuesday, Feb. 18, at 7:30 (both with Rudolf Serkin, piano).

Cleveland Orchestra—Lorin Maazel conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8, with Alexis Weissenberg, piano; and Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8, with Mayumi Fujikawa, violin.)

Philadelphia Orchestra—Eugene Ormandy conducting, with Vladimir Ashkenazy, piano. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8:15.)

Musica Aeterna Orchestra—Frederic Waldman conducting, with Misha Dichter, piano. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 5:30. All tickets have been sold, and only standing room is left.)

Manhattan Orchestra—George Schick conducting a benefit concert, with Frederick Swann, organ. (Riverside Church, Riverside Dr. at 122nd St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

Opera Orchestra of New York—Eve Queler directing a performance of Verdi's "I Masnadieri" in concert form, with Josella Ligi, soprano; Carlo Bergonzi, tenor; Matteo Manuguerra, baritone; Paul Plishka, bass; and the Schola Cantorum of New York. (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

New York City Symphony—Thomas Ludwig conducting. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

New York Pro Arte Chamber Orchestra—Raffael Adler conducting. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8:30.)

Columbia University Concert Band and the Men and Boys Choir of the Church of the Transfiguration—Joint concerts, with Roger Nierenberg and Stuart Gardner directing. (Little Church Around the Corner, 1 E. 29th St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 4.... ¶ Same program; St. Paul's Chapel, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8. No tickets necessary.)

Columbia University Glee Club—Gregg Smith directing. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Canterbury Choral Society—Charles Dodsley Walker directing Verdi's "Quattro Pezzi Sacri" and Britten's "A Ceremony of Carols," with the Choral Club of the Chapin School and an orchestra. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 4. Admission by contribution.)

National Chorale—Martin Josman directing a performance of Mozart's Requiem and the première of Bergsma's "Wishes, Wonders," with soloists. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

RECITALS

Da Capo Chamber Players—A program of contemporary music, with Milton Babbitt, speaker; Janet Steele, soprano; and Efrain Guigui, conductor. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

New York Renaissance Band—The second of two concerts, this one a program of music of Italy and England. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 8.)

Daniel Pollack—Piano, in an all-Chopin recital. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Music from Marlboro—Mieczyslaw Horszowski, piano; Isidore Cohen, violin; Julius Levine, double bass; and others. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

Betty Allen—Mezzo-soprano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.)

Anton Kuerti—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8. For tickets, call 586-4680.)

Zvi Zeitlin—Violin. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8.)

Mirecourt Trio—The last two in a series of concerts. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9, at 8:30.)

Agustin Anievas—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2.)

Aldo Ciccolini—Piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8.)

Doriot Anthony Dwyer—Flute, with Phyllis Curtin, soprano; Norman Fischer, cello; and Ryan Edwards, piano, in the last in a series of recitals. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music by Harley Gaber, Ross Lee Finney, Joan Tower, and Arnold Schoenberg, performed by Harvey Sollberger, flute; Ursula Oppens and Frederic Rzewski, pianos; the Western Wind; and others. (Hubbard Recital Hall, Manhattan School of Music, 120 Claremont Ave., at 122nd St. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8. Admission by contribution.)

Antonia Lavanne and Richard Goode—Soprano and piano, in a benefit recital. (Mannes College of Music, 157 E. 74th St. 737-0700. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Sergiu Luca—Violin, with Albert Fuller, harpsichord; David Golub, piano; and William Bolcom, composer-pianist. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Jeffrey Swann—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, Feb. 11, at 8.)

Christina Petrowska—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Orpheus Trio—Flute, viola, and harp. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.)

Elaine Comparone—Harpsichord. (Carnegie

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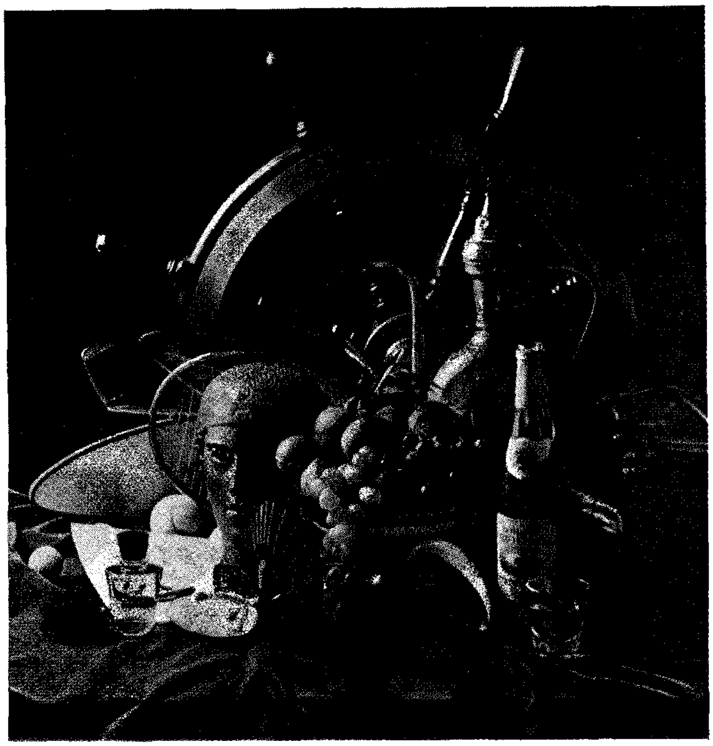

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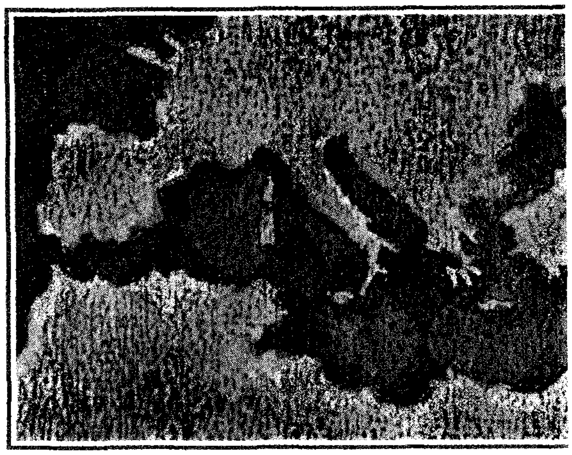

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Recital Hall, Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:30.)

Evelyn Lear—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Viktor Tretyakov—Violin. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 13, at 8.)

Nelson Freire—Piano. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Feb. 13, 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—An all-Schubert recital. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 879-5512. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Trio Elvetico—A program of Swiss music by a trio from Switzerland. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8.)

Ives in Depth—The complete piano music, the complete violin music, and seventy-one songs of Charles Ives, performed in twelve hours, by Joan Benner and Elizabeth Kirkpatrick, sopranos; Herbert Beattie, bass; Nancy Mandel, violin; and Alan Mandel and Elie Siegmeister, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 15-16, from 1:30 to 7:30.)

MISCELLANY

Richard Tucker Tribute—A benefit concert with piano accompaniment. Among the performers will be Robert Merrill, Carlo Bergonzi, Grace Melzia Bumbry, Marilyn Horne, Dorothy Kirsten, Cornell MacNeil, Anna Moffo, Luciano Pavarotti, Roberta Peters, Leontyne Price, Cesare Siepi, Jon Vickers, Frederica von Stade, and Teresa Zylis-Gara. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 5:45: **Licia Albanese**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 5:45: **Chris Connor.**

The Jackson Five and Family, Blue Magic, and the Hues Corporation—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Feb. 6, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Feb. 7-8, at 7:30 and at midnight; Sunday, Feb. 9, at 6; and Tuesday and Wednesday, Feb. 11-12, at 8.

Leonard Cohen—Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Redd Foxx and Vic Damone—Carnegie Hall. Friday, Feb. 7, at 8.

Led Zeppelin—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Feb. 7, and Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8.

Ludmila Zykina and the Moscow Balalaika Orchestra—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 8, and Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3.

Frank Foster Quintet—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

Mercedes Sosa—Town Hall. Sunday, Feb. 9, at 8.

Highlights in Jazz—Bill Watrous and the Manhattan Wildlife Refuge (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. 598-3757. Monday, Feb. 10, at 8.)

John Mayall, April Wine, and Dog Soldier (with Keefe Hartley)—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, Feb. 14, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.

Humble Pie—Academy of Music. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8 and 11:30.

New York Jazz Repertory Company—A program of music by Miles Davis. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400, and for the Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I., 516 794-9100.)

Professional Basketball—At **Madison Square Garden:** Knicks vs. Boston, Saturday, Feb. 8, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Washington, Saturday, Feb. 15, at 8. . . . **Nassau Coliseum:** Nets vs. Memphis, Friday, Feb. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Virginia, Sunday, Feb. 9, at 2:35. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Indiana, Wednesday, Feb. 12, at 8:05.

Dartmouth Winter Carnival—The annual four-event ski meet. (Hanover, N.H. Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14-15.)

Dog Show—Westminster Kennel Club. (Madison Square Garden. Monday and Tuesday, Feb. 10-11.)

Hockey—At **Madison Square Garden:** Rangers vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Wednesday, Feb. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Washington Capitals, Sunday, Feb. 9, at 7:05. . . . **Nassau Coliseum** (all games at 8:05): Islanders vs. Buffalo Sabres, Thursday, Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Washington Capitals, Saturday, Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Tuesday, Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Feb. 15.

Racing—At **Garden State Park,** Cherry Hill, N.J.: Weekdays at 1; through Tuesday, May 27. . . . **Liberty Bell,** Philadelphia: Weekdays, except Thursdays, at 12:30, and Sundays at 1; through Saturday, May 31. . . . **Bowie,** Md.: Weekdays at 1; through Saturday, March 15.

Trotting—At Yonkers Raceway: Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, March 1.

FOR CHILDREN

Music—By the **Little Orchestra Society:** Thomas Scherman directing "Babar the Elephant," a children's opera, by Nicolai Berezowky. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Saturday, Feb. 8, at 11 and 3. For tickets, call PL 7-3460.). . . **Light Opera of Manhattan:** "The Gondoliers," Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Yeomen of the Guard," Saturday, Feb. 15, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

H. R. Pufnstuf Show—Sid and Marty Krofft presenting over a hundred characters from their television shows "H. R. Pufnstuf," "The Bugaloos," "Lidsville," "Land of the Lost," and "Sigmund and the Sea Monsters," plus TV star Johnny Whitaker. Opens Wednesday, Feb. 12, and will run through Sunday, Feb. 23. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday through Friday, Feb. 12-14, at 10:30 and 2, and Saturday, Feb. 15, at 10:30, 1, and 3:30.)

Stage Shows—By the **Bil Baird Marionettes:** "Peter and the Wolf." (Bil Baird Theatre, 59 Barrow St. YU 9-7060. Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 8-9, at 12:30 and 3:30.). . . **Meri Mini Players:** "Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz." (Hotel Opera, downstairs, 2166 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturdays at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.). . . **Paper Bag Players:** "Everybody, Everybody." (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Saturdays and Sundays at 1 and 3.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Sol." (Mondays through Fridays, except Lincoln's Birthday, at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Lincoln's Birthday at 11, 12, 1, 2, 3, and 4. Children under five not admitted.)

Note—Ice skaters of fourteen and under have the Wollman Rink, in Central Park, all to themselves, and free, every Monday from 3 to 5:30, and on Lincoln's Birthday from 8 to 10 A.M. On Saturday, Feb. 15, at 10, there will be an ice carnival, with skating races, a costume parade, and all the rest that makes up an ice carnival. The rain date is Saturday, March 1.

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Poetry Readings—Muriel Rukeyser and Philip Down reading from their own works. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 741-5613. Friday, Feb. 14, at 7:30.)

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Lincoln's Birthday, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Feb. 6, at 10:15 and 2, and Friday, Feb. 7, at 10:15: Nineteenth-century, twentieth-century, and Old Master prints; from several owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 7, at 2: Contemporary prints, from the collection of Carter Burden and from other sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, Feb. 8, at 2: French and other Continental furniture and decorations; from many owners. . . . ¶ Friday, Feb. 14, at 2: Oriental rugs, from a number of sources. Exhibition starts Saturday, Feb. 8.

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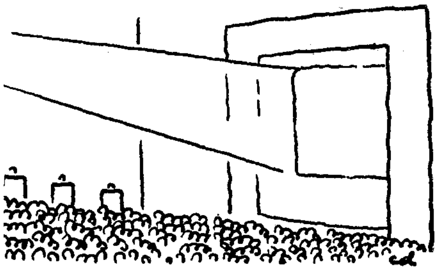
GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

Art, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Feb. 11: "Lacombe, Lucien."
From Feb. 12: "The Front Page."

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Feb. 5: "Back Street" and "Magnificent Obsession."
Feb. 6: "Theodora Goes Wild" and "The Awful Truth."
Feb. 7: "Alice Adams" and "Sylvia Scarlett."
Feb. 8: "Mary of Scotland" and "Break of Hearts."
Feb. 9: "Mississippi," "You're Telling Me," and "Alice in Wonderland."
Feb. 10: "Double Indemnity" and "Murder at the Vanities."
Feb. 11: "Crime Without Passion" and "Sinners in Paradise."
From Feb. 12: "Of Human Bondage" and "Lady of Burlesque."

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through Feb. 11: "Law and Disorder" and "The Last Detail."
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Feb. 11: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Feb. 12: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz."

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
To be announced.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Report to the Commissioner."

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

Trans-Lux East, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"The Towering Inferno."

Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
Through Feb. 6: "Nothing by Chance."
From Feb. 7: "Andy Warhol's Dracula."

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"Amarcord."

Baronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through Feb. 10: "The Front Page."
From Feb. 11: "Shampoo."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
Through Feb. 11: "Mr. Ricco."
From Feb. 12: "Female Trouble."

R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"The Street Fighter."

Ciné Malibu, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
Through Feb. 11: "Lacombe, Lucien."
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Cinema I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
Through Feb. 11: "Lenny."
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Cinema II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Stavisky."

First Avenue Screening Room, 1st Ave. at 61st. (753-5755)
Through Feb. 11: "A King in New York," plus another Chaplin full-length film.
From Feb. 12: "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe."

Columbia I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Columbia II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"A Woman Under the Influence."

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins."

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Love at the Top."

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
Through Feb. 11: "The Godfather, Part II."
From Feb. 12: "The Stepford Wives."

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through Feb. 11: "Love and Anarchy."
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Juliet I, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Gambler."

Juliet 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Night Porter."

Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through Feb. 11: "Mr. Ricco."
From Feb. 12: "Lenny."

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Feb. 11: "American Graffiti" and "The Sting."
From Feb. 12: "The Front Page."

Loews Orpheum, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Young Frankenstein."

Loews Ciné, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"The Godfather, Part II."

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Report to the Commissioner."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin I, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Abby."

R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"The Street Fighter."

WEST SIDE

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
Feb. 5: "Witness for the Prosecution"/"The Wild Child"/"The Decameron."
Feb. 6: "The Wild Child"/"Men's Lives"/"The Decameron."
Feb. 7: "And Now for Something Completely Different"/"They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"/"Medea."
Feb. 8: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World"/"And Now for Something Completely Different"/"They Shoot Horses, Don't They?"/"The Loves of Isadora."
Feb. 9: "It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World"/"And Now for Something Completely Different"/"The Loves of Isadora"/"Medea."
Feb. 10: "Alex in Wonderland"/"Repulsion."
Feb. 11: "Alex in Wonderland"/"Repulsion"/"La Salamandre."
Feb. 12: "Alex in Wonderland"/"The Last American Hero"/"La Salamandre."
Feb. 13: "The Last American Hero"/"On a Clear Day You Can See Forever"/"La Salamandre."

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
To be announced.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through Feb. 11: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Feb. 12: "The Taking of Pelham One Two Three" and "Juggernaut."

Greenwich, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Through Feb. 11: To be announced.
From Feb. 12: "Lenny."

Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through Feb. 11 at one or another of the theatres: "The Odessa File" and "The Last Detail"/"Page of Madness" and "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"/"Harry & Tonto" and "Claudine"/"Defiance!"
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Elgin, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through Feb. 11: "Bringing Up Baby" and "Holiday."
Feb. 12: "His Girl Friday" and "Theodora Goes Wild."
From Feb. 13: "Harold and Maude" and "Greaser's Palace."
Note: Sunday, Feb. 9, one performance, at noon: "Tell Me Lies."

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Brother of the Wind."

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Earthquake."

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Feb. 8: "Paperback Hero."
From Feb. 9: "Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life."

Playboy, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"La Rupture."

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
Through Feb. 8: "The Front Page."
From Feb. 9: "A Brief Vacation."

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Feb. 5: "Funnyman" and "The Crazy Quilt."
Feb. 6: "The Cousins" and "Les Bonnes Femmes."
Feb. 7: "Day for Night" and "8½."
Feb. 8: "Rebel Without a Cause" and "Badlands."
Feb. 9: "Richard III" and "King Lear."
Feb. 10: "The 39 Steps" and "Shadow of a Doubt."
Feb. 11: "The Naked Night" and "A Lesson in Love."
Feb. 12: "Grand Illusion" and "Toni."
Feb. 13: "In the Name of the Father" and "If . . ."

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Emmanuelle."

Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Murder on the Orient Express."

Cinema Studio, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through Feb. 11: "Mr. Ricco."
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Les Violons du Bal."

Embassy 72nd St., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through Feb. 11: "Lacombe, Lucien."
From Feb. 12: "That's Entertainment!"

Loews 83rd St., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Freebie and the Bean."

New Yorker, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Feb. 11: "Love and Anarchy" and "The Seduction of Mimi."
From Feb. 12: To be announced.

Symphony, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Feb. 11: "The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz" and "The Long Goodbye."
From Feb. 12: "The Man with the Golden Gun" and "Mr. Majestyk."

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Through Feb. 11: "The Passion of Anna" and "Persona."
From Feb. 12: "Lenny."

Olympia, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Feb. 11: "Scenes from a Marriage."
From Feb. 12: "Law and Disorder" and "The Last Detail."

FILM LIBRARIES

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Feb. 5 at 5:30: "Virtue's Revolt" (1924), directed by James Chapin; and "Voice of the Nightingale" (1925), directed by Wladislaw Starevicz. . . . ¶ Feb. 6 at 5:30: A program of six films made by D. W. Griffith in 1912. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 2: A program of six films made by D. W. Griffith in 1913. . . . ¶ Feb. 7 at 5:30 and Feb. 8 at noon: "The Passion of Joan of Arc" (1927), a French silent film, directed by Carl Dreyer, with Maria Falconetti; English inter-titles. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 3: "The Battle at Elderbush Gulch" (1913) and "Judith of Bethulia" (1913), both directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 8 at 5:30: A program of six films directed by D. W. Griffith in 1913. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 2: "The Adventures of Prince Achmed" (1925), a silent animated silhouette feature. . . . ¶ Feb. 9 at 5:30 and Feb. 10 at 2: "After Many Years" (1908) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 10 at 5:30: "The Battle at Elderbush Gulch" and "Judith of Bethulia." . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 2: "I Vitelloni" (1953), in Italian, directed by Federico Fellini, with Alberto Sordi and Franco Fabrizi; English subtitles. . . . ¶ Feb. 11 at 5:30: "Salome" (1971), directed by Werner Schroeter, with Mascha Elm. . . . ¶ Feb. 12 at 5:30: "I Vitelloni." . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 5:30: "The Greaser's Gauntlet" (1908) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. . . . ¶ Feb. 13 at 8: "The Call of the

Wild" (1908) and five other films directed by D. W. Griffith. (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—Three programs in a series of Japanese films, with English subtitles, directed by Yasujiro Ozu: Feb. 6-7: "The Only Son" (1936). . . . ¶ Feb. 8-9: "The Brothers and Sisters of the Toda Family" (1941). . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 13: "There Was a Father" (1942). (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Through Feb. 11: A program of four films made by Bill Brand. . . . ¶ Starting Feb. 12: "Bukowski," made by Taylor Hackford and Richard Davies; and "Henry Miller Asleep and Awake," directed by Tom Schiller. Showings at noon (except Wednesdays), 2, and 4 (plus 6 and 8 on Tuesday evenings). Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

Anthology Film Archives, 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Murnau, Méliès, Arrieta, Mekas, Menken, Nelson, Wright, Liss, Keaton, Ozu, Smith, Kuchar, Renoir, Rossellini, and others. Showings Feb. 5 at 5, 7, and 9:30; Feb. 6 at 5 and 7; Feb. 7 at 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 8 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; Feb. 9 at 8; and Feb. 11-13 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

Abby—With William Marshall and Terry Carter, directed by William Girdler. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe (1954)—Luis Buñuel's color version of the Defoe novel is free of that deadly solicitude that usually kills off classics. The film is a simple, unsentimental account of Defoe's basic themes: a man alone face to face with nature; then a man terribly alone, unable to face lack of love and friendship; and finally, after the lacerations of desire, a man ludicrously alone. Buñuel used Dan O'Herlihy, a fine actor with a beautiful voice, and photographed him in the jungle of Manzanillo, near Acapulco. In the delirium sequence, Buñuel is the same startling director who made film history. When Crusoe shouts to the hills in order to hear the companionable echo, and when he rushes to the sea in desperate longing for a ship, loneliness is brought, in sudden shocks, to a pitch of awe and terror. Crusoe's eventual meeting with Friday (James Fernandez) changes the tone to irony. (First Avenue Screening Room; starting Feb. 12.)

Alex in Wonderland (1970)—Paul Mazursky's affectionate, ambivalent account of a movie director (Donald Sutherland) searching for a subject is so loose that one's attention sometimes wanders. But this picture captures for the first time on the screen the palmy-hip look of the Hollywood of the sixties, where the swingers adopted the prophetic-saintly style. The satire of Hollywood is both loving and exact; in the best sequence Alex goes to lunch with a manic producer, played by Mazursky himself. With Ellen Burstyn and Federico Fellini. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 10-12.)

Alice Adams (1935)—Katharine Hepburn, with her young, beautiful angularity and her faintly absurd Bryn Mawr accent, is superbly cast as Booth Tarkington's eager, desperate, small-town social climber. Her Alice is one of the few authentic American movie heroines. George Stevens directed with such a fine sense of detail and milieu that the small-town nagging-family atmosphere is nerve-rackingly accurate and funny. Alice is cursed with a pushing mother (Ann Shoemaker), an infantile father (Fred Stone), and a vulgar brother (Frank Albertson). The picture is cursed only by a fake happy ending: Alice gets what the movie companies considered a proper Prince Charming for her—Fred MacMurray, as a wealthy young man. Even with this flaw, it's a classic, and Hepburn gives one of her two or three finest performances—rivalled, perhaps, only by her work in "Little Women" and "Long Day's Journey Into Night." With Hattie McDaniel, Evelyn Venable, and Hedda Hopper as a rich bitch. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)

Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore—One of the rare films that genuinely deserve to be called controversial. Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell. It's about a thirty-five-year-old widow, freed from the grim boredom of trying to please a dull man, who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and good-hearted bitching, the picture moves with a breakneck vitality; it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Sutton.)

Alice in Wonderland (1933)—Charmless, wooden version, with Paramount's most famous stars barely recognizable—and then only by their voices, since they appear in huge false heads. And though it's fun to recognize them that way, those voices don't do much for the Lewis Carroll lines. The film was lavishly produced, with great care given to the settings and the costumes and the makeup, but the spirit is missing. Charlotte Henry plays Alice (with plucked eyebrows), Cary Grant is the Mock Turtle, Gary Cooper is the White Knight, Louise Fazenda is the White Queen, Richard Arlen is the Cheshire Cat, Jack Oakie is Tweedledum, and Alison Skipworth is the Duchess. Perhaps the most memorable, however, are W. C. Fields as Humpty Dumpty, Edna May Oliver as the Red Queen, Sterling Holloway as the Frog, and Baby Le Roy as the Joker. Norman McLeod directed; the text, by Joseph L. Mankiewicz and William Cameron Menzies, includes material from "Through the Looking Glass." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

Amarcord—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (called Titta, played by Bruno Zanin) probably very like Fellini himself. It has a powerful aptitude for the observation of pranks, family rows, town oddities. There is a magical journey in small boats and yachts by practically the whole town to watch the passing at night of the giant liner Rex, lit as if it were a luxury hotel at the end of an era. The movie catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. There is not a caricature in the whole soothing community. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Plaza.)

American Graffiti (1973)—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (8/13/73) (U.A. East; through Feb. 11.)

And Now for Something Completely Different (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 7-9.)

Andy Warhol's Dracula—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Fine Arts; starting Feb. 7.)

The Apprenticeship of Duddy Kravitz—Mordecai Richler's very long pulp novel has been made into a longish, novelistic movie by Ted Kotcheff. Nineteen-year-old Duddy Kravitz (Richard Dreyfuss) lives in the biggest Jewish community in Canada, in the Montreal of 1948. His father (Jack Warden) pimps to add to his income as a taxi-driver; his uncle (Joseph Wiseman) is putting Duddy's elder brother through medical school. Duddy works as a summer waiter at a Jewish resort hotel, where he is mortified by the other summer waiters, who are a cut above him and come from McGill. The word "apprenticeship" makes the film sound ironic, but apprenticeship to what? Life? Or the hinted-at fake existence of money-making? The screenplay was adapted from Richler's novel by Lionel Chetwynd. Denholm Elliott, as a posh English film director oratorically devoted to Art while filming bar mitzvahs and weddings, is the best thing in the film. (7/22/74) (Symphony; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting Feb. 12.)

Arthur Rubinstein—Love of Life (1969)—An exhilarating documentary, winner of an Academy Award, directed by François Reichenbach and S. G. Patris. (Festival; starting Feb. 9.)

The Awful Truth (1937)—A classic screwball comedy, about one of old Hollywood's favorite subjects: the divorced couple who almost bed down with new mates but get back together. Irene Dunne and Cary Grant are the sparring partners, and Ralph Bellamy plays just about the same role he later played in "His Girl Friday." Irene Dunne's way with a quip is to smile brightly and wring it dry, but she's at her best here. Joyce Compton is the girl whom Dunne parodies, and the cast includes Claude Allister, Esther Dale, Cecil Cunningham, and Alex D'Arcy. Leo McCarey's direction is first-rate; in a memorable sequence toward the end, Grant tries to persuade a door to open without visible assistance. Viña Delmar did the screenplay, from Arthur Richman's 1922 play. (There was a forgettable remake in 1953 called "Let's Do It Again.") (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6.)

Back Street (1932)—Irene Dunne does the suffering in this version of the Fannie Hurst classic weeper about a woman who loves a selfish married man (John Boles) and spends her whole life in the shadow of his. Fannie Hurst had a shameful genius for this sort of muck. John M. Stahl directed, and the great Karl Freund did the cinematography. With ZaSu Pitts, William Bakewell, Jane Darwell, Walter Catlett, Robert McWade. It was remade in 1941 and 1961; the 1941 version, with Margaret Sullavan and Charles Boyer, is delicately acted and considerably easier on the stomach than this one. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

Badlands—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a killing spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8.)

Les Bonnes Femmes (1960)—This early, episodic Claude Chabrol film, dealing with the yearnings and vulnerabilities of a group of shopgirls, is uneven and, in parts, somewhat tedious and tawdry; yet it has more tenderness and is more emotionally compelling than much of Chabrol's more refined work. The girls are Bernadette Lafont, Clotilde Joano, Stéphane Audran, and Lucile Saint-Simon; the cast includes Claude Berri and Pierre Bertin. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Break of Hearts (1935)—Katharine Hepburn as a tender, guileless young composer, and Charles Boyer as a worldly, philandering symphony conductor. They marry, she leaves him in disillusionment, he drinks and goes to the dogs, she returns to save him. It's dreadful, turgid stuff, yet these two make something of it anyway. She's so intuitive and girlish and wistful that you want to conk her one, but she's so flamingly intense that you find yourself surrendering. With John Beal; Philip Moeller directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8.)

A Brief Vacation—With Florinda Bolkan, directed by Vittorio De Sica. In Italian. (Little Carnegie; starting Feb. 9.)

Bringing Up Baby (1938)—Lunatic comedies of the thirties generally started with an heiress. This one starts with an heiress (Katharine

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Hepburn) who has a dog, George, and a leopard, Baby. Cary Grant is a paleontologist who has just acquired the bone he needs to complete his dinosaur skeleton. George steals the bone, Grant and Baby chase each other around, the dinosaur collapses—but Grant winds up with Hepburn, and no paleontologist ever got hold of a more beautiful set of bones. The director, Howard Hawks, keeps all this trifling nonsense in such artful balance that it never impinges on the real world; it may be the American movies' closest equivalent to Restoration comedy. With Charles Ruggles as an explorer, Barry Fitzgerald as a drunk, May Robson as a dowager, Walter Catlett as a sheriff, and Fritz Field as a frenzied psychoanalyst. George is played by Asta, of "The Thin Man" series. The screenplay is by Dudley Nichols and Hager Wilde, from Wilde's story. This picture was the taking-off point for Peter Bogdanovich's comedy "What's Up, Doc?" (Elgin; through Feb. 11.)

Brother of the Wind—A wildlife movie photographed in the Canadian Rockies. Directed by, and with, Dick Robinson. (Guild.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but maintains its stamina, good humor, and cheek because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop, himself supporting three children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. Produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

The Cousins (1959)—Claude Chabrol's subtle, glittering film about a naïve, plodding country cousin (Gérard Blain) who destroys his gifted, bohemian city cousin (Jean-Claude Brialy). One of the major New Wave films, it now has added interest for its portrait of the French student life of the fifties. With Juliette Mayniel. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 6.)

The Crazy Quilt (1966)—The psychoanalyst Allen Wheelis's story "The Illusionless Man and the Visionary Maid" provided the basis for John Korty's first feature, photographed in and around San Francisco, with Tom Rosqui as the practical, down-to-earth husband, and Ina Mela as Lorabelle, the always romantic, ever hopeful wife. It's a lightly told comedy-fable on sex differences, on attitudes to life, and on marriage itself. Score by Peter Schickele. The picture was made for less than a hundred thousand dollars. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

Crime Without Passion (1934)—Ben Hecht and Charles MacArthur devised a tricky plot about a devilishly unscrupulous lawyer (Claude Rains), who looks for a perfect alibi to conceal a murder. They also produced and directed, and they got very fancy and artistic; their pseudo-stream-of-consciousness story is dolled up with a lot of symbolism and dated avant-garde novelties. The film, which emphasizes night-club life, was produced at the Astoria Studios in New York; Lee Garmes was the cinematographer and associate director, and the famous Slavko Vorkapich designed two montage sequences. The one with the Furies being unleashed is a true period piece; this is an entertainingly terrible movie. The blond Whitney Bourne is the lawyer's new love, and the brunette Margo his old love and his victim. With Esther Dale, and a fleeting appearance by Helen Hayes in a hotel lobby. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11.)

Day for Night (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

The Decameron (1971)—Based on Boccaccio's tales, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini, with Franco Citti, Ninetto Davoli, and Pasolini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 5-6.)

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Double Indemnity (1944)—Billy Wilder's cold, gripping, clever film from James Cain's story, with Barbara Stanwyck and Fred MacMurray and Edward G. Robinson. We are in the chill of a world of life insurance and of greedy people living lives of sophisticated violence in smart little eggbox apartments. Barbara Stanwyck is pure ice, perfectly cast. A freezing picture, very efficient. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10.)

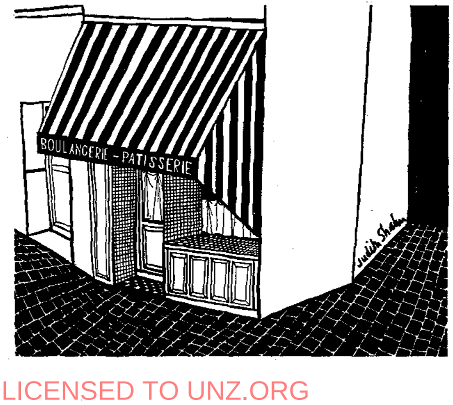
Earthquake—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (Ziegfeld.)

8½ (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 7.)

Emmanuelle—With Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny, directed by Just Jaeckin. In French. X-rated. (Paris.)

Freebie and the Bean—James Caan and Alan Arkin swallow so many of their lines that it could be that they're ashamed to say them. If they're not, they should be. There's a beating or a killing or, at least, a yelling scene every couple of minutes in this spoofy slapstick farce, directed by Richard Rush and written by Robert Kaufman (a déclassé George Axelrod). It was conceived in the pre-Watergate Nixon era, and the heroes—cop buddies—seem to have a license to maim and slaughter people. With Valerie Harper, Loretta Swit, Linda Marsh, Jack Kruschen, Mike Kellin, Alex Rocco, and Christopher Morley as the transvestite. (Loews 83rd St.)

The Front Page—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's rowdy dream of newspaper life, first produced on the stage in 1928, seems to be foolproof, and the structure still stands up in this new version, directed by Billy Wilder. But something singular and marvellous has been diminished to the sloppy ordinary. Wilder and his co-scenarist, I. A. L. Diamond, think that the way to make a dialogue comedy work for modern audiences is to convert the dialogue into noise; their version is a harsh, scrambling-for-laughs gag comedy. Walter Matthau, who gets a chance at a really classy American character—Walter Burns, the funny, mean, egomaniac editor—plays him like a whistle-stop Bear Bryant. Matthau, however, still gets his laughs. Jack Lemmon doesn't; his Hildy Johnson—the best reporter in Chicago—is like a mortuary assistant having a wild fling. There's only one freshly felt performance—Austin Pendleton as Earl Williams, the fuddled anarchist concealed in the famous rolltop desk; speaking softly but hurriedly, the words tumbling together in a slight and affecting stammer, Pendleton provides the only touch of innocence in this loud production. (1/27/75) (Little Carnegie; through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ Coronet; through Feb. 10. . . . ¶ Art, and U. A. East; starting Feb. 12.)



Funnyman (1967)—Fresh and original. A remarkably pleasant film, directed by John Korty, about a young comedian (Peter Bonerz) who gets tired of "improvising" the same material for hundreds of nights in a San Francisco cabaret theatre. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 5.)

The Gambler—The gambler here is a brilliant young Jewish prince, professor of literature to ghetto blacks, and potential great novelist; the conflicts in his psyche are spelled out in his discussions of will and Dostoevski with his students at City University. For what it is, the movie (written by James Toback) is extremely well done; it's what it is that won't do. It's a grandiloquent, egocentric novel written as a film, and although Karel Reisz's direction is smooth and proficient, and James Caan's performance is a commanding one, and the action is compelling, the whole thing is too airless and schematic to be convincing. It seems like an elaborate form of showing off. (10/14/74) (Juliet 1.)

The Godfather, Part II—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Loews Ciné. . . . ¶ Loews Tower East; through Feb. 11.)

Grand Illusion (1937)—The subtle barriers of class among a group of prisoners and their captors during the First World War. With Erich von Stroheim, Jean Gabin, Pierre Fresnay, and Marcel Dalio. Jean Renoir directed this great elegy for the death of the old European aristocracy, and it is one of the true masterpieces of the screen. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. (Elgin; starting Feb. 13.)

Harold and Maude (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Elgin; starting Feb. 13.)

Harry & Tonto—Directed by Paul Mazursky and written by him with Josh Greenfeld. A vivacious and affectionate folktale. Harry (Art Carney) is a limping old man with a buoyant spirit who buys cheap food for himself and good liver for his cat, a heavyset marmalade companion called Tonto, who has a complicated temperament that inclines audiences to anthropomorphism. The old Lear has three disappointing children strung across the country, whom he visits in an image of an ancient quest after the demolition of his one-room flat. He eventually decides they represent a rope on his liberty. The narrative sounds sentimental, but the film isn't. Children may get upset about Tonto's death, which happens at the feline equivalent of seventy-seven. (8/26/74) (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

Hiroshima, Mon Amour (1959)—A tortured love affair between a French actress and a Japanese architect in the city that was devastated by the first atomic bomb. Alain Resnais' controversial début as a feature-film director; there is no controversy, however, about Emmanuèle Riva's splendid performance. In French. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

His Girl Friday (1940)—Rosalind Russell playing an indispensable caustic girl reporter, divorced by the hero and now wanted back. The conniving editor is Cary Grant. A hectic remake of the famous Ben Hecht-Charles MacArthur "The Front Page," with a kind of terrific verbal knockabout that has vanished from current filmmaking. (Elgin; Feb. 12.)

Holiday (1938)—In the thirties, Katharine Hepburn's wit and nonconformity made ordinary heroines seem mushy, and her angular beauty made the round-faced ingénues look piggy and stupid. Here she is in her archetypal role, as the rich tomboy Linda in Philip Barry's romantic comedy. She had understudied the role in 1928 on Broadway and had used it for her screen test, and she was the moving force behind this graceful film version, which Donald Ogden Stewart tailored for her and which George Cukor directed. In the pivotal role of a man who wants a holiday in order to discover his values, Cary Grant manages to make a likable and plausible character out of a dramatist's stratagem. With Lew Ayres as Linda's brother; Edward Everett Horton and Jean Dixon as her friends; Doris Nolan as her stuffy patrician sister; and Henry Daniell and Binnie Barnes among her obnoxious relatives. (Elgin; through Feb. 11.)

If . . . (1969)—An odd epic on guerrilla warfare in an English boarding school, combining a cold and queasy view of youth with a romantic view of violence. Directed by Lindsay Anderson. With Malcolm McDowell. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

In the Name of the Father—A gaudy, splintered piece of work in which a satanically clever boy at a Jesuit school outwits the priests at their own game of power-by-diabolism when he asks for more science and less Dark Ages obscurantism, though his raucous cruelty actually drags science back to the day of the thumbscrew to serve his megalomanic purpose. A beautiful-looking, muddleheaded film, directed by Marco Bellocchio. In Italian. (4/8/74) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 13.)

It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World (1963)—Stanley Kramer's Cinerama comedy in which everything looks awfully big but isn't awfully funny. Spencer Tracy and lots of comics (Milton Berle, Jonathan Winters, Terry-Thomas, Sid Caesar, Buddy Hackett, and so on); rarely have so many done so little with so much. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 8-9.)

Juggernaut—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 12.)

A King in New York (1957)—Maybe the worst movie ever made by a celebrated film artist. Chaplin mugs archly as King Shadhov, a deposed Ruritanian monarch who becomes a TV celebrity in New York. With Dawn Addams, Harry Green, and young Michael Chaplin, from whom his father coaxed a grotesque performance. (First Avenue Screening Room; through Feb. 11.)

King Lear (1971)—Blindness and nothingness are the controlling metaphors in this gray, cold Peter Brook production. Paul Scofield gives a frigid performance, and the cast, including the Cordelia, have dead eyes. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

Lacombe, Lucien—About a boy who has an empty space where feelings beyond the purely instinctual are expected to be. The time is 1944, and the boy—a French peasant—goes to work each day hunting down and torturing people for the Gestapo. The director, Louis Malle, casts as Lucien a teen-age country boy (Pierre Blaise) who can respond to events with his own innocence, apathy, and animal shrewdness. Malle's gamble is that the cameras will discover what the artist's imagination can't, and, steadily, startlingly, the gamble pays off. Without ever mentioning the subject of innocence and guilt, this extraordinary film, in its calm, dispassionate way, addresses it on a deeper level than any other movie. With Aurore Clément as a Parisian Jewish girl, Holger Löwenadler as her meticulously cultivated father. In French. (9/30/74) (Art, Ciné Malibu, and Embassy 72nd St.; through Feb. 11.)

Lady of Burlesque (1943)—Gypsy Rose Lee's murder-mystery novel, "The G-String Murders," cleaned up, with burlesque as an institution considerably tamed. The movie has scenes in which burlesque audiences are stimulated into raucous excitement by the sight of girls clothed practically to the stifling point. Barbara Stanwyck's bumps and grinds are communicated via her face and a few percussion sounds, but she acts with a hard realism that suggests something of a milieu, and Michael O'Shea, who plays opposite her, has a relaxed show-biz authenticity. With J. Edward Bromberg, Iris Adrian, Marion Martin, Gloria Dickson, Pinky Lee, Frank Conroy, and Frank Fenton. Considering how few of Gypsy Rose Lee's racy bits are left, the

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

director, William Wellman, does rather well. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 12.)

The Last American Hero (1973)—Jeff Bridges stars in Lamont Johnson's fine, scrupulous film based on Tom Wolfe's article about Junior Johnson, the moonshiner's son who learned to drive by running his daddy's whiskey on backroads at night, and, as a racer, beat the expensive cars sponsored by Detroit. The casting, the acting, and the milieu seem effortlessly, inexplicably right. This movie transcends its genre; it isn't only about stock-car racing, any more than "The Hustler" was only about shooting pool. With Art Lund, Geraldine Fitzgerald, and Gary Busey. (10/1/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 12-13.)

The Last Detail (1974)—About three seamen. Otis Young and dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Quad Cinema; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 12.)

Law and Disorder—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (St. Marks Cinema; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting Feb. 12.)

Lenny—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. The film, from a weak script by Julian Barry, accepts the facile, youth-audience-flattering view that Bruce's motivating force was to make people well, and, having swallowed that, can only defuse his humor. So when you listen to Hoffman doing Bruce's shticks you don't even feel like laughing. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine passage as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (Cinema I; through Feb. 11. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Greenwich, and Thalia; starting Feb. 12.)

A Lesson in Love (1953)—A rather more middle-class marital comedy than one expects from Ingmar Bergman. The burned-out marriage of Eva Dahlbeck and Gunnar Björnstrand is rekindled when he becomes jealous of her. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11.)

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The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (Symphony; through Feb. 11.)

Love and Anarchy—Lina Wertmuller's large, epic film is set mostly in a thirties brothel; there, a young country bumpkin (Giancarlo Giannini, looking like a freckled young chicken), who intends to assassinate Mussolini, falls in love and botches his plans. The movie is uneven; it often seems like a silent film, and sometimes it is extravagant and operatic. But when Wertmuller concentrates on the whores' faces and attitudes it can be very beautiful. In Italian. (72nd Street East, and New Yorker; through Feb. 11.)

Love at the Top—With Jean-Louis Trintignant and Romy Schneider, directed by Michel Deville. In French. (68th St. Playhouse.)

The Loves of Isadora (1969)—Isadora Duncan played by Vanessa Redgrave, dancing and acting with dazzling romantic range and a witty dash of bile. Karel Reisz's film is one of the very few movie biographies that possess intelligence about an innovator's great talent, and a structure that is ruled by character sense instead of clodhopping chronology. It was wonderfully designed by Jocelyn Herbert and horribly cut around by Universal Pictures, which unwisely overrode Reisz's judgment. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 8-9.)

Magnificent Obsession (1936)—This first version of the inspirational Lloyd C. Douglas novel—starring Irene Dunne as the virtuous widow and Robert Taylor as the drunk driver who was responsible for her husband's death—should certainly have been the last, but the woebegone trickeries of the material made the movie a four-handkerchief hit, and damned if Ross Hunter didn't produce another version in 1954 (with Jane Wyman and Rock Hudson), and the slop made money all over again. Irene Dunne spends a lot of time in the hospital and is at her most infuriatingly gallant and womanly; Sara Haden and Theodore Von Eltz don't help much. Directed by John M. Stahl, not known for his sense of humor, though Charles Butterworth manages a funny scene or two. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 5.)

The Man with the Golden Gun—The newest and most dispirited of the Bond series. This one is set in the Orient; the production is a little snappier than in the preceding voodoo one ("Live and Let Die"), and this time Guy Hamilton's direction isn't quite as crude, but the script lacks satiric insolence, and the picture grinds on humorlessly. The villain Christopher Lee's fanged smile is the film's only attraction. With that iceberg Roger Moore as Bond, Britt Ekland, Maud Adams, Hervé Villechaize. (Symphony; starting Feb. 12.)

Mary of Scotland (1936)—Not a vintage year for Katharine Hepburn films; this was one of three flops. John Ford directed, and Dudley Nichols adapted the Maxwell Anderson play. And poor Fredric March was enlisted to play the fighting Scotsman Bothwell, who loved Mary and proved to be her undoing. The picture drips prestige. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 8.)

Medea (1971)—From the play by Euripides, with Maria Callas, directed by Pier Paolo Pasolini. In Italian. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 7 and 9.)

Men's Lives—A documentary, directed by Will Roberts and Josh Hanig. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 6.)

Mississippi (1935)—W. C. Fields is Commodore Jackson, boss of a riverboat, tie and collar wrenched by sex-crazed girls, but the lettering "CAPTAIN" firmly on his cap. With Bing Crosby, Joan Bennett, and Gail Patrick. The grumpy commodore cheerfully exploits Crosby, whom he calls "the singing killer." Score by Rodgers and Hart. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)

Mr. Majestyk—With Charles Bronson and Al Lettieri, directed by Richard Fleischer. (Symphony; starting Feb. 12.)

Mr. Ricco—With Dean Martin, directed by Paul Bogart. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1, Trans-Lux 85th St., and Cinema Studio; through Feb. 11.)

Murder at the Vanities (1934)—A backstage musical with a murderer loose in the theatre—an unusual mixture of thriller and musical that is moderately effective both ways, though the doubling of the thirties conventions makes it plot-heavy and doubly antiqued. Starring the late, dimpled international idol Carl Brisson (who sings "Cocktails for Two"); with Jack Oakie, Kitty Carlisle, Victor McLaglen, Gail Patrick, Dorothy Stickney, and some sumptuous footage of Duke Ellington and his orchestra. Mitchell Leisen directed, for Paramount. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 10.)

Murder on the Orient Express—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (34th St. East, Baronet, and Paramount.)

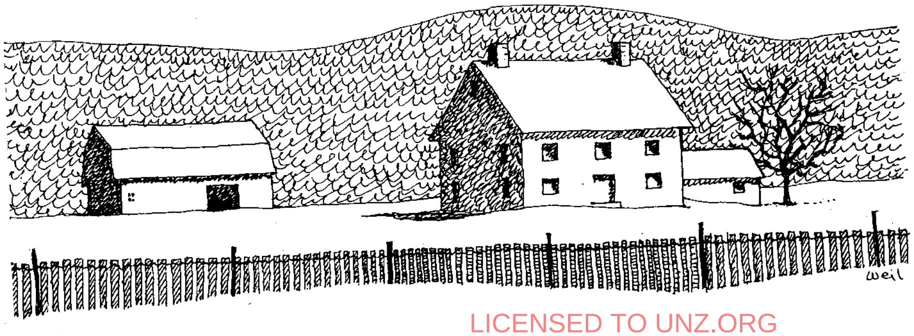
The Naked Night (1953)—One of Ingmar Bergman's most powerful and erotic early films, but also one of his most masochistic and mawkish; life is a circus, people are gross clowns suffering through rounds of frustration and humiliation, and so on. Ake Groenberg is the circus owner, and the voluptuous Harriet Andersson is his mistress. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 11.)

The Night Porter—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something about the spiritual destruction caused by war is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (10/7/74) (Juliet 2.)

Nothing by Chance—Directed by William H. Barnett. (Fine Arts; through Feb. 6.)

The Odessa File—With Jon Voight and Maximilian Schell, directed by Ronald Neame. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

Of Human Bondage (1934)—Bette Davis had a great slouch in the role of Mildred, the scheming, deceitful Cockney waitress who sinks her hooks into the sensitive hero, Leslie Howard. (Howard was the man-born-to-be-betrayed until Dirk Bogarde came along.) Davis makes her role work through sheer will; she doesn't let it happen, she makes it happen—and, boy, you'd better watch! Her peroxide-blond Mildred may be too showily *mean* to be convincing, but Davis's energy was, for the first time, fully released on the screen, and the role made her a star. John Cromwell directed this careful, rather stilted version of the Somerset Maugham novel. The other women in the hero's life are played by



the lovely young Frances Dee and the unusual, wry Kay Johnson. With Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, and Alan Hale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting Feb. 12.)

On a Clear Day You Can See Forever (1970)—Barbra Streisand, fitfully alive, in a musical about reincarnation. A fey notion, gussied up with Cecil Beaton gowns and Vincente Minnelli staging, and weighed down by Alan Jay Lerner's atrocious script. With Yves Montand at his worst. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 13.)

Page of Madness (1926)—Not seen for over forty years, this Japanese silent film has a recently added musical sound track. Directed by Teinosuke Kinugasa. (Quad Cinema; through Feb. 11.)

Paperback Hero—There is an idea behind this film, set in Saskatchewan: it's an attempt to show how a small-town hockey hero and womanizing brawler (Keir Dullea) is destroyed by his fantasy that he's a mythic hero figure as big as the hero of "Gunsmoke." And the Western Canadian prairie country is an unusual locale. But the film is feebly written, and the director, Peter Pearson, can't do anything with the scenes involving a college girl (Dayle Haddon) who speaks what are clearly meant to be bitter truths. The film has been very successful in Canada, where its view of prairie life and of living on American fantasies probably strikes nerves. Here, the film's intentions look wobbly: for example, Pearson's periodic reliance on cut-in reaction shots of the townspeople is an amateurish embarrassment. The film also makes passes at the soft-core porno market in scenes between Dullea and Elizabeth Ashley (his long-suffering, still hopeful girlfriend), but though these scenes are fairly explicit they are so unerotic that it's difficult to know why they're there at all. (Festival; through Feb. 8.)

The Passion of Anna (1970)—Ingmar Bergman studies the ebb and flow of spirit in four people living on an island. The moral landscape is totally modern, with barely a modern object in sight. With Liv Ullmann, Bibi Andersson, Max von Sydow, and Erland Josephson. In Swedish. (Thalia; through Feb. 11.)

Persona (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Thalia; through Feb. 11.)

Rafferty and the Gold Dust Twins—A charmingly inconsequential film with a sidewise vision that sneaks up on you. Two girls (Sally Kellerman and Mackenzie Phillips) kidnap a man (Alan Arkin) and force him, at gunpoint, to drive them from Los Angeles to Arizona; the film is about how they begin to care for each other. The script, by John Kaye, is slight, and the situations are familiar, but the director, Dick Richards, has a feeling for momentary encounters; he's a very companionable sort of director, and the humor is based not on desperation but on affection. Well acted by the three principals (Alan Arkin loosens up, for a change), and also by Alex Rocco as a scrounger who attaches himself to the scruffy trio, and by Harry Dean Stanton. (2/3/75) (Beekman.)

Rebel Without a Cause (1955)—James Dean as the classic misunderstood kid, in the generation-gap soap opera that had more emotional resonance for kids than many much better movies. With Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, and—remember?—Dennis Hopper. Nicholas Ray directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 8.)

Report to the Commissioner—With Michael Moriarty and Yaphet Kotto, directed by Milton Katselas. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

Repulsion (1965)—Roman Polanski's clinical horror film, recording the deterioration of a murderous, terrified girl, played by Catherine Deneuve. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 10-11.)

Richard III (1956)—Laurence Olivier makes Shakespeare's "son of hell" such a magnetic, chilling, amusing monster that the villainy arouses an almost immoral delight. As director and star, Olivier succeeds with the soliloquies as neither he nor anyone else ever did on film before; they're intimate, yet brazen. If the film were all malevolent crookback Richard, it would be a marvel; unfortunately, he was plagued with quantities of associates and relations, and even when impersonated by Ralph Richardson, John Giel-

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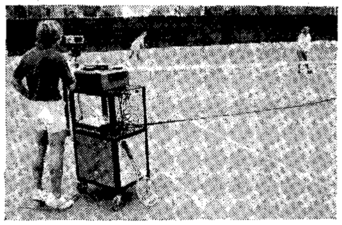

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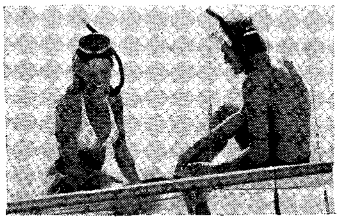

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gud, Cedric Hardwicke, etc., they're a dull lot. The William Walton score is unimaginative, and the Book-of-Hours camera setups decompose into common calendar art. But none of this matters very much when you can watch Olivier's lewd courtship of Claire Bloom and hear the inflections he gives lines like *"I am not in the giving vein today."* He must be the wittiest actor who ever lived. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 9.)

La Rupture—With Stéphane Audran, Jean-Pierre Cassel, and Michel Bouquet, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy.)

La Salamandre (1971)—A Swiss film (made in French, with English subtitles), directed by Alain Tanner from a script that he wrote in collaboration with an English art critic and novelist named John Berger. There are three main characters: an imperishable little lizard of a girl called Rosemonde (Bulle Ogier), a huge-framed, goofy-looking journalist named Pierre, with a lopsided face and a hopeful view of life (Jean-Luc Bideau), and a low-key, lovable writer called Paul, with a lugubrious mustache like a Victorian bather's (Jacques Denis). The film is full of intellect and gay clarity. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 11-13.)

Scenes from a Marriage—Bergman's picture of the intimacies and misapprehensions between Johan (Erland Josephson) and Marianne (Liv Ullmann, never more beautiful), originally made for TV as six fifty-minute sequences, here cut into a triumphantly coherent two and three-quarters hours of film, photographed by Sven Nykvist. Johan has a touch of the priggish about him, and also a touch of the weak; Marianne, apparently the victimized one, turns out to be the stronger. The movie constantly catches at minute tugs of affection or impatience between the long-married, whose eventual divorce by consent is oddly cancelled out by their continuing comprehension of one another. In Swedish. (9/23/74) (Gramercy, 8th St. Playhouse, and Olympia; through Feb. 11.)

The Seduction of Mimi—Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller. A very funny bedroom and church-step farce, set in Italy and Sicily, about a sexual round robin, with the Mafia intervening. The hero is dead serious, above a subterranean freneticism, about his cold wife in Sicily and his Cranach-faced mistress in Turin and Catania. His wife vengefully gets pregnant by a tax officer; the hero makes love back to the tax officer's mountainous wife, who already has five children before this sixth one by him. The Mafia plants a murder on him, and he emerges from a jail sentence to find even his mistress and their beloved growing son disappearing into the distance. In Italian. (6/24/74) (New Yorker; through Feb. 11.)

Shadow of a Doubt (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considers this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film, and he may be right. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 10.)

Shampoo—With Warren Beatty, Julie Christie, and Goldie Hawn, directed by Hal Ashby. (Coronet; starting Feb. 11.)

Sinners in Paradise (1938)—With Madge Evans, John Boles, and Bruce Cabot, directed by James Whale. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 11.)

Stavisky—Alain Resnais' death song for thirties elegance, featuring a silver Hispano-Suiza, an Art Deco diamond necklace, baskets of white hothouse flowers, and silvery white skies. The film seems to be a reverie on façades and contrasts, in which the swindler-charmer Stavisky (Jean-Paul Belmondo), who hides his past, is paired with his friend Baron Raoul (Charles Boyer), whose character is enriched by his background. Resnais directs as if vitality would be a sin against art, and the characters are no more than emblems. He has a beautiful technique, but it's not an expressive technique. This is an icy, high-minded white-telephone movie. The script is by Jorge Semprun. In French. (1/20/75) (Cinema II.)

The Stepford Wives—With Katharine Ross and Paula Prentiss, directed by Bryan Forbes. (Loews Tower East; starting Feb. 12.)

The Sting (1973)—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties: the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (U. A. East; through Feb. 11.)

The Street Fighter—A martial-arts film from Japan, in dubbed English. X-rated for its violence. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

Sylvia Scarlett (1936)—This Katharine Hepburn film, directed by George Cukor, was not a success—and, fascinating as it is, you'll know why. Taken from a Compton MacKenzie novel, and set in Cornwall but actually shot on the California coast, it features an oddly erotic transvestite performance—Miss Hepburn is dressed as a boy throughout most of the film—and a peculiarly upsetting love affair between Edmund Gwenn, as her con-man father, and an uncouth young tease (Dennie Moore). The movie seems to go wrong in a million directions, but it has unusually affecting qualities. Cary Grant and a fearfully smirky Brian Aherne are the male leads, and the beautiful Natalie Paley is the bitch-villainess. The extraordinarily free cinematography is by Joseph August; no other Cukor film of the thirties ever looked like this one. But this is a one-of-a-kind movie in any case: when the con artists weary of a life of petty crime, they become strolling players, and at one lovely point, Hepburn, Grant, Gwenn, and Miss Moore sing a music-hall version of "By the Beautiful Sea." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 7.)

The Taking of Pelham One Two Three—The director, Joseph Sargent, doesn't just make points—he drops weights. The picture is full of noise and squalling and "dirty" words used for giggly shock effects; the one element that keeps it going is the plot, taken from John Godey's thriller about how a New York subway train is hijacked and the passengers held for ransom. As the Transit Authority Police detective, Walter Matthau, who just coasts through, seems an oasis of sanity. With Robert Shaw and Martin Balsam. (10/28/74) (8th St. Playhouse; starting Feb. 12.)

Tell Me Lies (1968)—Performed by the Royal Shakespeare Company, directed by Peter Brook. (Elgin; Sunday, Feb. 9, one performance, at noon.)

That's Entertainment!—An invigorating movie made up of clips from old M-G-M musicals. The linking commentary sounds a bit like an Oscar evening promoting M-G-M (the comperes include the present-day Mickey Rooney, James Stewart, Frank Sinatra, Bing Crosby, and Liza Minnelli), but the things that are linked together are terrific, especially the clips of Gene Kelly, in the incomparable Comden and Green movie "Singin' in the Rain;" the melting, featherweight Fred Astaire; Jeanette MacDonald and Nelson Eddy, that inimitable dollop of soup, ham, and classy yearning, their love-filled eyes slipping around to the camera to check what they look like; and Esther Williams, swimming in larger and larger pools, and rising from the chlorinated M-G-M water regally wet. (6/10/74) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting Feb. 12.)

Theodora Goes Wild (1936)—Irene Dunne was better in comedy than in her smug, sacrificial roles, and in this movie and "The Awful Truth" she was at her best. She's too bright—she's almost shrill in her brightness—and she does something clever with her teeth that makes one want to slap her, but she has energy, and this comedy about a small-town girl who writes a best-seller and charms a city sophisticate (Melvyn Douglas) has a corny vitality that almost passes for wit. It was a hugely successful popular entertainment. Richard Boleslavski directed, from Sidney Buchman's screenplay. With Thomas Mitchell and Spring Byington. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 6. . . . ¶ Elgin; Feb. 12.)

They Shoot Horses, Don't They? (1969)—Horace McCoy's nineteen-thirties novel about the Hollywood extras who enter a marathon dance, here turned into another savage nightmare of American life. Jane Fonda gives a good, strong performance, and Sydney Pollack's direction keeps the nightmare lively. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 7-8.)

The 39 Steps (1935)—Hitchcock's suave, amusing spy melodrama, directed with so sure a touch that the suspense is charged with wit. Robert Donat and Madeleine Carroll are the pair handcuffed together until hate turns to love. Peggy Ashcroft and John Laurie are the couple joined together by marriage chains, and the villain is Godfrey Tearle, looking astonishingly like F.D.R. From the John Buchan novel. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 10.)

Toni (1935)—A wonderful early work of French everyday realism by Jean Renoir. In French. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Feb. 12.)

The Towering Inferno—Disaster blockbuster, with each scene of someone horribly in flames presented as a feat for the audience's delectation. These incendiary deaths and the falls from high up in the hundred-and-thirty-eight-floor tallest skyscraper in the world are the film's only feats. Paul Newman and Steve McQueen mutter heroic sentiments, and Faye Dunaway manages to look goddessy-beautiful through it all. John Guillermin directed, Irwin Allen produced. Sterling Silliphant wrote the series of bloopers that comprise the script. (12/30/74) (Trans-Lux East.)

Les Violons du Bal—A romantic memoir by the French writer-director Michel Drach about his childhood during the Occupation and about the efforts of his gracious and beautiful mother to save the family—which is Jewish—from the Nazis. Drach re-creates the Nazi period in terms of what his vision was when he was a little boy, and his memory seems to burnish everything: everyone in the family is tender, cultivated, and exquisitely groomed. The film gets off to a fast start as Drach tries to arrange financing to make this autobiography; this first sequence is done in a playful, jump-cutting shorthand, but afterward everything is lyrical, glassy smooth, and innocuous. Drach has cast his wife, the lovely Marie-José Nat, as his mother, and his own son as the blithe little treasure he imagines he was. With Jean-Louis Trintignant. In French. (1/20/75) (Regency.)

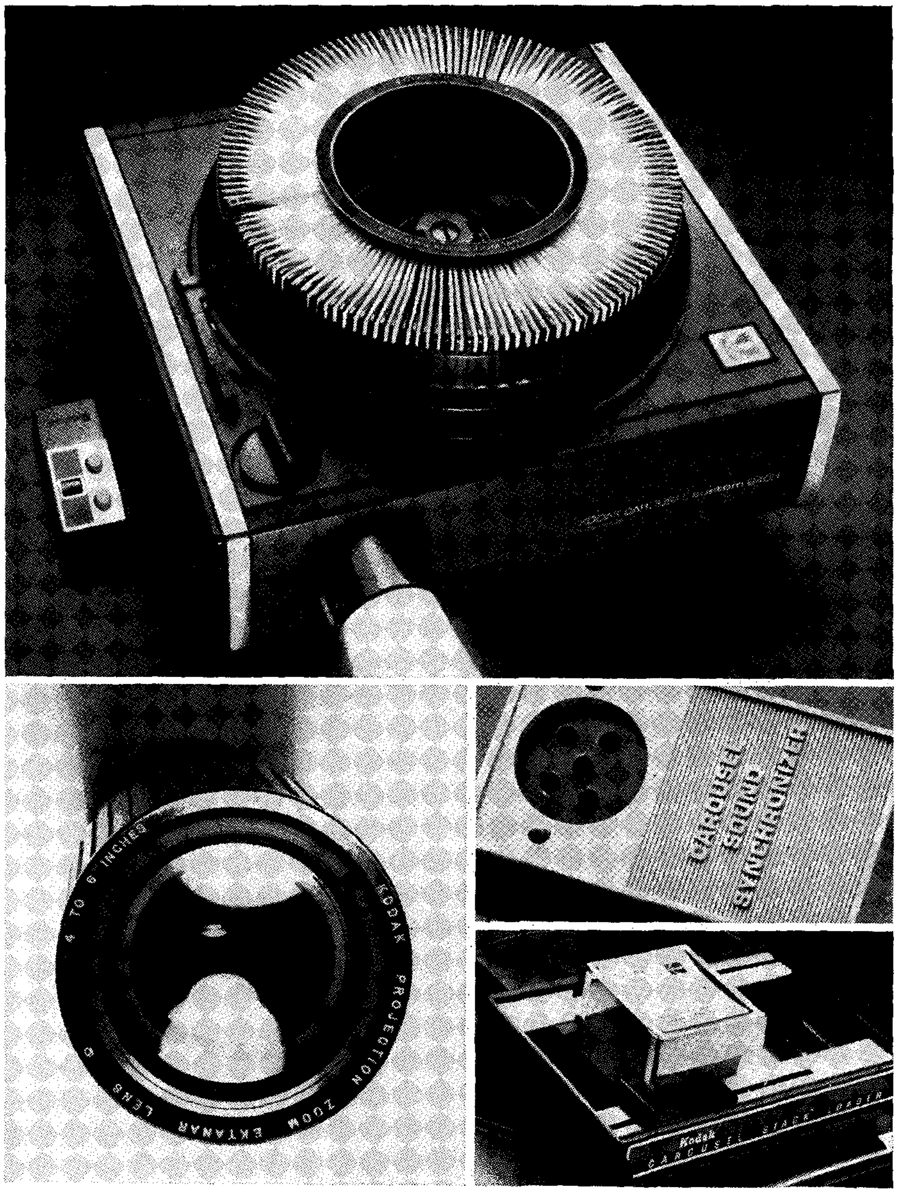
The Wild Child (1970)—François Truffaut's film, set in the late seventeen-nineties, about a doctor (played by Truffaut himself) who grows passionately interested in teaching human skills to a boy who has spent eight or nine years learning to live like an animal in the forest. The picture is precise, moving, elegantly speculative. In French. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 5-6.)

Witness for the Prosecution (1958)—Billy Wilder's moderately entertaining version of the Agatha Christie courtroom thriller, with Charles Laughton wiggling his wattles, and Marlene Dietrich, Tyrone Power, Elsa Lanchester, and Una O'Connor. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Feb. 5.)

A Woman Under the Influence—The writer-director John Cassavetes is under the influence of R. D. Laing, and he presents an illustration of Laing's scapegoat theory of schizophrenia, with Gena Rowlands as the helpless victim of a bullying husband (Peter Falk) and a repressive society. Cassavetes swathes the Laingian romanticism in wet blankets; the scenes are often unshaped, and so rudderless that the meanings don't emerge. Rowlands externalizes schizophrenic dissolution: she fragments before our eyes. But her prodigious performance is enough for half a dozen tours de force, a whole row of Oscars—it's exhausting. Nothing she does is memorable, because she does so much. (12/9/74) (Columbia I, and Columbia II.)

Young Frankenstein—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think: you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's financée, who becomes the monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the pictures it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Loews Orpheum.)

You're Telling Me (1934)—W. C. Fields as a small-town inventor who's also the town's souse and scandal. In the funniest scene, he returns home in despair and plans suicide on the train. With Buster Crabbe, Adrienne Ames, and Joan Marsh. Directed by Erle C. Kenton. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Feb. 9.)



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Kodak Carousel projectors. Kodak

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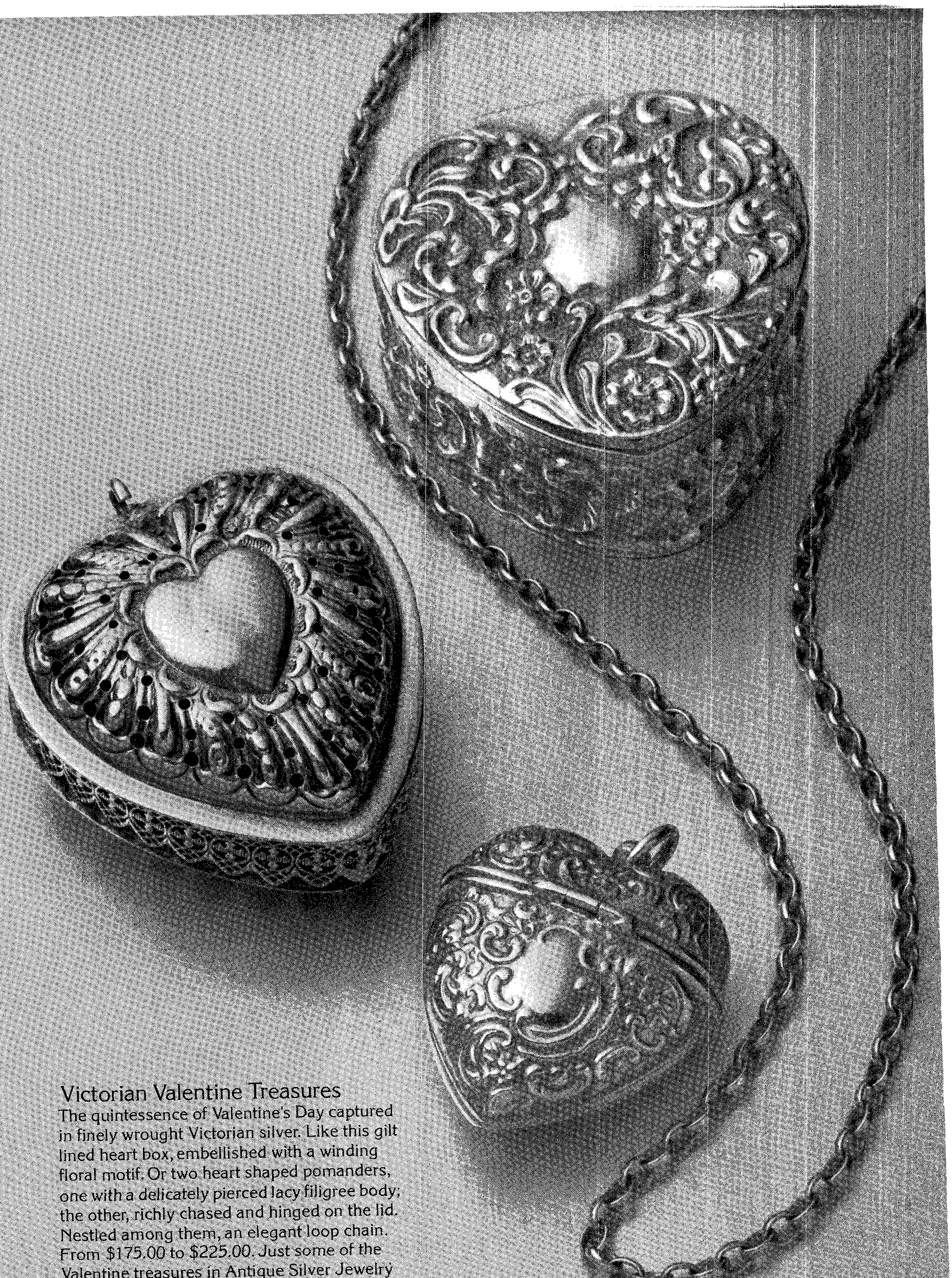

Victorian Valentine Treasures

The quintessence of Valentine's Day captured in finely wrought Victorian silver. Like this gilt lined heart box, embellished with a winding floral motif. Or two heart shaped pomanders, one with a delicately pierced lacy filigree body; the other, richly chased and hinged on the lid. Nestled among them, an elegant loop chain. From $175.00 to $225.00. Just some of the Valentine treasures in Antique Silver Jewelry on One. Marshall Field & Company, 111 North State Street, Chicago, Illinois 60690.

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There's nothing like it back home.

THE
NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE were interested to read the other day that Richard Nixon is thinking about getting back into politics. Senator Barry Goldwater had just had lunch with him, and reported that the former President might like to be a Republican "Party spokesman." Goldwater thought it sounded like a good idea. "My mail shows there's no lessening of interest in him within the Party," he said. "After all, he had millions who voted for him." That same day, we read that President Ford was asking Congress for a three-hundred-million-dollar increase in American aid to South Vietnam. In Saigon, President Thieu was granting "exclusive" interviews to quite a few American newsmen and was telling them all that without the new aid the North Vietnamese might take over. Just a few weeks ago, of course, when Phuoc Binh, the capital of South Vietnam's Phuoc Long Province, was falling, an American naval task force was discovered heading toward Southeast Asian waters from the Philippines, and there were rumors that the United States was contemplating a more active role in the war. We've been hearing it said that the people in Washington haven't come up with enough new ideas recently. But here are two: a new political career for Richard Nixon, and a new, expanded role for the United States in Vietnam. Mr. Nixon's timing may be opportune. If the United States is getting back into the war, we can't think of a better man to lead the way.

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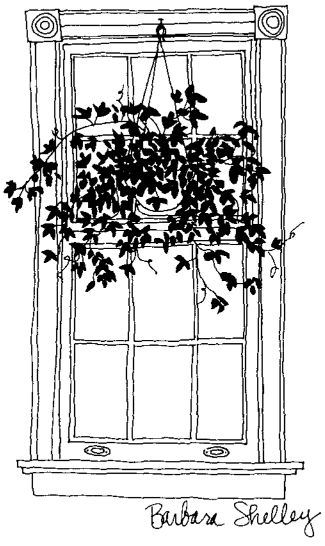
Grand Central

LAST week, a few days after Irving Saypol, of the New York State Supreme Court, decided that Grand Central Terminal was no longer a New York City Landmark, and that the Penn Central Railroad and its building associate, UGP Properties, Ltd., were now free to move the station underground and put up an office building on the site, we ducked into the newly refurbished and flourishing Grand Central Oyster Bar to think this thing out over a few bivalves. The station is probably in no immediate danger—who's going to start putting up another office building this year? There's a new one on Sixth Avenue not far from our office which has recently decided not to open its doors; it will be cheaper to keep the building closed than to go ahead and provide heat, light, and water for the few tenants who have signed up. But the Grand Central area—the station and its surrounding hotels and clubs and shops—is the heart of Manhattan, and it needs to go on beating. We began muttering to ourself about how one of the major accomplishments this magazine could definitely lay claim to in its several decades of existence was that in the late forties we managed to get the New York Central Railroad to stop playing Muzak and commercials in Grand Central Station. What, we groaned, could we do now?



"Well, you might ask me," said the man on the next stool at the Oyster Bar. We looked around. By happy chance, he was Ernest M. Frimbo, the world's leading railroad buff and our good old friend. "I'm a man who remembers the *second* Grand Central Terminal, which was being demolished when I first arrived in New York, to make way for the present, third Grand Central Terminal. The first time I walked into the concourse of *this* building—which I love very much—would have been in 1914, when I was coming down from Boston, where my family then lived, to go to school at Friends Academy in Washington. My father, who knew someone in the architectural firm that designed the station, was along, and he took me up to one of the offices high above the ceiling of the concourse, which were reached by a walkway through the huge, seemingly solid glass wall on the south side of the concourse. Glass on each side of the walkway. It was an eerie experience, because you looked up, and there right above you was the zodiac that adorns the ceiling of the great concourse of Grand Central—and in those days the zodiac was atwinkle with little electric-bulb stars. Nowadays, only one or two of these stars are ever shining, and they are eclipsed by the noonday sun of the huge Kodak display. And below you, on the walkway, sixty or eighty feet down, was the floor of the concourse. And just this seemingly thin glass wall on either side. It was a thrill for a little bit of a boy, and I remember I held on to my father and took every step with great care. I felt that perhaps this was a trap, and when we reached the offices I asked if there wasn't some other way of getting down out of the building. There was, of course.

"Later, as a grown-up railroad buff, I was part of a group that had the use of one of these offices, at a nominal sum, for a little meeting place, through the courtesy of one of the last good presidents of the New York Central—F. E. Williamson—when the New York Central was one of the classic railroads of the world. A little cubbyhole halfway up to Heaven where we could keep railway records, show photographs, and entertain railway officials from abroad. And then, on a Sunday morning, it was a great event to go down the street to the old Murray Hill Hotel for breakfast with all the young bloods and their young ladies.

"I'd say that in a way we're lucky to have had old Grand Central—I'm already calling it old—as long as we have had it. Because a dozen years ago or so the New York Central, no longer a classic railroad, came up with a scheme for discontinuing service from Harmon, thirty-two miles north of here, into the city, on the ground that since people were accustomed to taking buses and taxicabs in from New York City's airports, they should, uh, accept the privilege of taking a bus or a taxicab in from Harmon. If *that* scheme had gone through, there wouldn't have been a Grand Central Terminal to demolish today. Just as, with the Bicentennial coming up next year, we are turning Union Station, in Washington, into a visitors' center and removing the passenger trains therefrom. The passenger trains to our nation's capital will terminate nobody knows where—at a station somewhere near the visitors' center for which no plans have yet been drawn. And *that* is supposed to happen next year.

"The interesting thing is that Grand Central, if it is invited to remain with us, will be a very busy place in another couple of years. The Oyster Bar, as you can see, is already almost turning away customers, and, thanks to the bond issue passed by the voters of New York State last November, the night train to Buffalo, Cleveland, and Chicago is to be restored, and high-speed service to Albany and then west along the Mohawk Valley as far as Buffalo will be installed for the first time.

"But you want to know how to save the station? We talk about restoring the city, making it more playful. Here's my scheme: restore Grand Central to what it was in the beginning, restore the elevated line that used to run across Forty-second Street and down to Thirty-fourth Street, then over to the East River, restore the steam ferry across the East River to Long Island City, restore the Long Island Rail Road Pullman cars from Long Island City to Montauk Point, restore the Forty-second Street trolley cars over to the old West Shore Railroad piers, restore the piers, and restore the steam ferry to Weehawken. It will be kind of a green belt in this perishingly overbuilt city, running all the way across from New Jersey to Long Island. It will attract millions of visitors—don't forget, there's going to be a huge new convention center right on West Forty-second—and it will be just what advanced thinking says we need, what I've always said we need: a kind of little playground, a restful spot in the middle of an overgrown city.

"By the way, everyone was delighted when we got rid of those slowpoke old trolleys back in LaGuardia's day and replaced them with new buses. Those who bothered to examine the schedules given to the drivers of the new buses replacing the slowpoke old trolleys were aghast to discover that the scheduled running time across the city for the buses—from the Hudson to the East River—was seventeen minutes longer than the scheduled time for the slowpoke trolley cars. The choice is yours."

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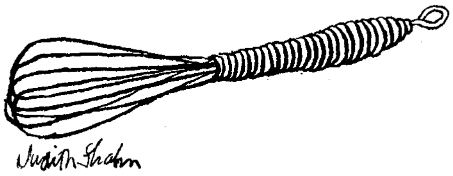
As a bullet seeks its target, shining rails in every part of our great nation are aimed at Grand Central Station, heart of the country's greatest city. Drawn by the magnetic force of the fantastic metropolis, day and night great trains rush toward the Hudson River . . . and then . . . *Grand Central Station!* . . . Crossroads of a million private lives.—*Introduction to a radio series of the forties.*

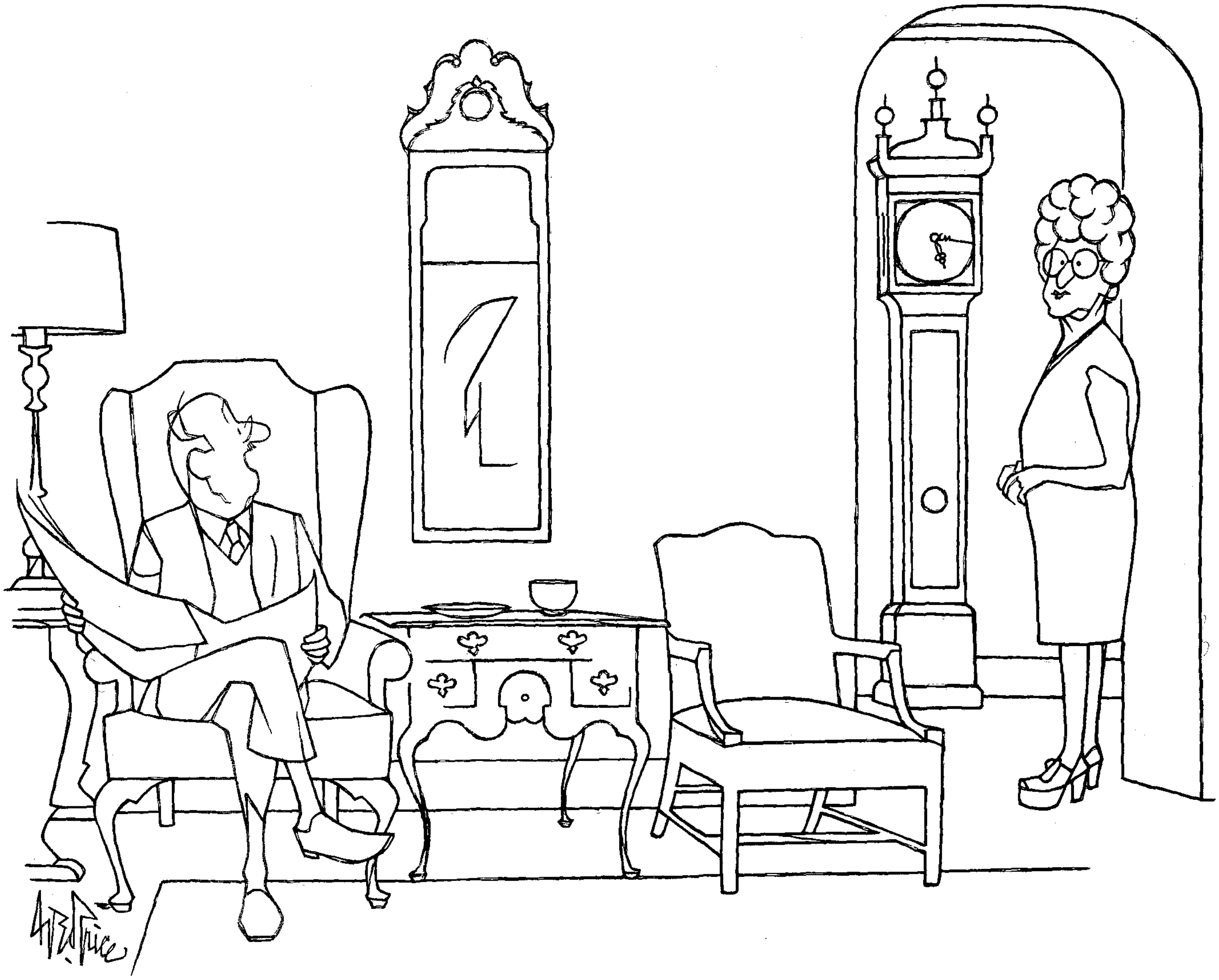
IT now turns out that lots of people have a hidden commitment to Grand Central. Maybe everybody has. Hurting Grand Central inflicts millions of private pains as well as one big civic one. Suburban ladies who put on white gloves and a hat to meet at the Biltmore, commuters, children who go away to school—it is impossible for them not to realize that when they come to (or come back to) New York they are greeted not by any small or neutral experience but by a marvellously accessible grandeur, thoroughly democratic but vast enough to encompass the most outlandish aspiration. People are less careless now about what they let people do to things they care about. Proprietors who show no love for what they own are in disrepute. There is now a committee (formed under the sponsorship of the Municipal Art Society) not just to "save" Grand Central but to bring to light ways in which the grandeur of the place and its vitality can be restored. The committee is off to a good start: former Mayor Wagner chairs it, Mrs. Onassis is on it, and so are the architect Philip Johnson and Representative Ed Koch, and so are a number of professional people, like Hugh Hardy, who has written an intelligent book called "Reusing Railroad Stations."



The committee had a press conference the other day—terse and vigorous—in the Oyster Bar at Grand Central, and, once more, we were there. Members of the committee sat at a table against one of the new wood walls under the nice old coffered ceiling. Their feeling for Grand Central informed what they said, but what they talked about was nonsentimental—about the greatness of the terminal as a piece of architectural and economic design. One man—*not* a member—asked the committee if it wasn't "inevitable" for the terminal to come down if it "couldn't support itself." This made us think once more how painfully shortsighted the American commercial view of the "inevitable" is, and a fact sheet we picked up at the meeting reminded us that in 1960 it was proposed that the south waiting room be layered into four floors, and that three of these floors be given over to bowling alleys. What would those three floors of fifteen-year-old bowling alleys be like now? Congressman Koch, by the way, had a good answer for the "inevitable" man. "Central Park doesn't support itself," he said. "God forbid we should ever think of it in that way." Philip Johnson was direct. "Europe has its cathedrals," he said. "We have Grand Central."

After the press conference, we walked through Grand Central with Mr. Johnson. Tired proprietors of great buildings, he said, frequently launch campaigns of demoralization to persuade the public that it is "inevitable" for a great building to be demolished or altered. "They eat away at a building," he said. "They hide its greatness, and then they say, 'What greatness?' " In the concourse, Mr. Johnson looked around—at the giant Kodak display, at the Chase Manhattan Bank branch, at the freestanding Merrill Lynch display near the west end. "Kodak is bad because it ruins the light," he said. "The Chase thing is bad, too. But I think Merrill Lynch may be the worst of all. The wonderful thing about a grand space is that there is nothing in the middle of it. I wonder if Merrill Lynch would like to open an office in the middle of the Piazza San Marco."

We asked Mr. Johnson if the information booth—part of the original



"Will you lay on the Boilermakers or shall I?"

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design—interfered with the space. "Does the altar bother St. Peter's?" he asked.

We walked on a bit. "No, I think that Manufacturers Hanover clock is the worst," Mr. Johnson said. "It destroys the light completely. Right now, this space looks like—like St. Patrick's lit up for television. This building was designed to have a certain dramatic light. Sunlight streaming in from the high windows. As the old photographs show it. And where that awful clock is you are meant to see through the piers into the bays. Through the glass—which hasn't been cleaned in twenty-five years—into the waiting room, through the waiting-room windows into the sun. But now, of course, all you see is the clock."

We walked a bit more. "The only thing kept up well now is the floor—because human feet are a marvellous cleaning agent. But wait! Have you seen the concourse where it runs under the Graybar Building? For some reason, they've cleaned it! And taken the bookstore out! And taken out the place that sold those purses! And it's wonderful. It's like Paris after Malraux scrubbed it."

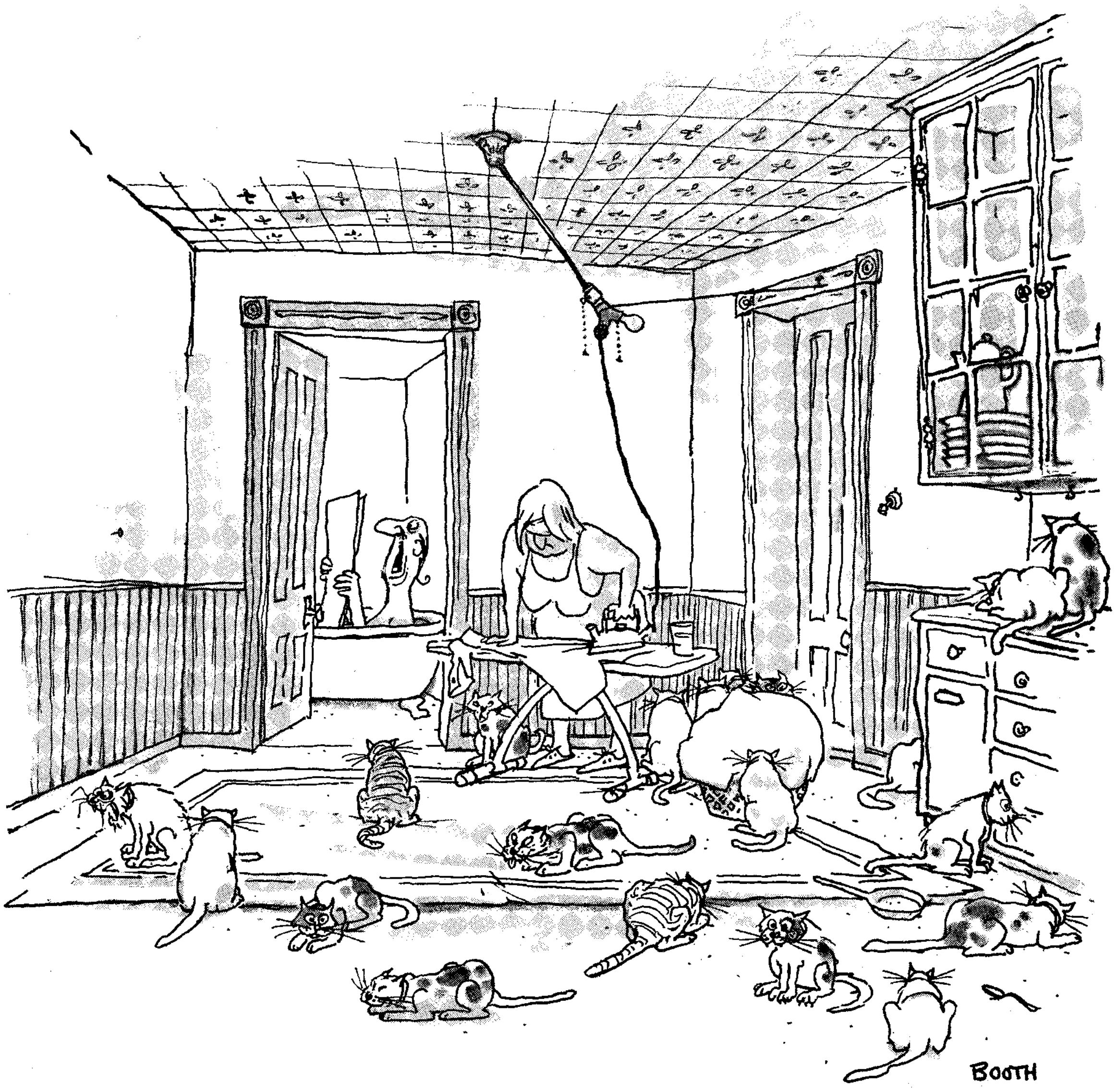
We walked with Mr. Johnson to see the Graybar concourse, and it was indeed splendid. "You know, when they tore down Pennsylvania Station, there were just *six* of us trying to save it," Mr. Johnson said. "We stood outside the station as people went in and out, and they all wanted to know if we were kooks or what. We told them we were trying to save the station. 'What station?' they said. That won't happen this time."

What Makes a Party Work

DOWNSTAIRS at the Americana Hotel, there is a dining room called the Royal Box, which does not look at all like a royal box but which *does* look like a V.I.P. lounge at Kennedy, only bigger. Not long ago, Lois Fenton, an authority on home entertaining, gave a speech in the Royal Box to a group of women who were attending (with their husbands) the annual convention of the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks, at the Americana. Mrs. Fenton, we decided, looked just like a head stewardess, only better. Mrs. Fenton's topic was "What Makes a Party Work." Here is some of what she said:

"The first rule of home entertaining is that there really *are* no rules of home entertaining. There are no rules which you can follow and automatically end up with a great party—you have to use your instincts, and do what you're good at. But if you don't trust your instincts, or if you don't have any instincts, certain rules can be helpful.

"First, it is important to establish a festive air. I like to do that with candles. You can't use too many candles. And if you have special candles in special holders—candles that you usually never light—either light them or remove them. I hate to go to somebody's house where it looks as though they're saving the candles for somebody more



"I'm with Governor Carey. 'The days of wine and roses are over.'"

important than me. Men say they hate candles, and sometimes they say they're going to get the flashlight out of the car so they can see to eat. Don't listen to them. Men look better in candlelight, just like women. They're just as vain as we are.

"Background music can also help give your party atmosphere. It's all right to turn on the radio, if it's a good-music station, but *don't* turn on the television. The only two times a television should be on during a party are on Election Night and on New Year's Day, when the men will all want to watch the football games.

"I also like to give my party a light touch—something funny or unusual, like a cute invitation or rhyming place cards. Just be sure that it's not too sweetsie-poo. Also, don't get carried away."

Surrounding Mrs. Fenton on the demi-stage of the Royal Box were several tables with decorative centerpieces—the nuclei of maybe four or five potentially terrific parties—and as Mrs. Fenton discussed table-arranging and the construction of centerpieces she moved from one to the next. She showed how to use modelling clay to make candles stand up straight, and how to trim that much-maligned flower the gladiola into an attractive arrangement. She cautioned against the use of paisley napkins with paisley tablecloths ("That's just too busy, busy, busy"), and she said that a purple-felt-and-chrome design scheme was very dramatic-looking. Finally, she showed us a centerpiece that she said was kooky and way out. This centerpiece had as its constituent elements an elm root, a feather, two dried protea blossoms, and an iron lamp stand. It looked like something that might get stuck on a boat anchor off the Florida Keys. "This is kind of a different one," said Mrs. Fenton. "I wouldn't do it for my Aunt Tillie."

"I wouldn't do it at gunpoint," said a banker's wife from Canton, Mississippi, who was sitting on our left.

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The P-1800

JOSEPH MARTIN, a computer methodologist at the *Times*, has been pursuing for some years what he describes as "the ideal philosophy of creating a newspaper." According to the ideal philosophy, you start by "capturing the keystroke at the origin." Keystroke? The reporter, at the typewriter, hits the original keystrokes of a story. Martin aims to absorb them electronically, retain them in a computer, and eliminate all the laborious and manifold retypings that now occur as a piece of writing makes its way, typically, from reporters through bureaus to the home office to the desks of editors and eventually to linotype machines. The ideal philosophy also calls for the elimination of the typing paper that writers write on, which is regarded as an unnecessary and archaic encumbrance. Following suggestions of reporters and editors, and with the help of an electronics firm in Westchester, Martin has coaxed into being a device that can actually do all this. The *Times* is just up the street from us. We went over there the other day to have a look.

In the third-floor newsroom, we found routine cacophony: a large open space as aswarm with bodies as the floor of a stock exchange, copy paper in motion everywhere, copy editors looking like physicists with crooked cigarettes and feral eyes, reporters hugging telephones or already down in the trenches—sporadic bursts of typing. The machine that was going to tranquillize this scene was locked away in a quiet cubicle. We were led to it by Joe Martin, a slim and somewhat solemn man with graying crewcut hair, and by Socrates Butsikares, an editor of decades' experience on various news and feature desks, who now coordinates editorial-staff interests with those of the rest of the company and is thus deeply involved in the electronic innovation. A big man, Butsikares wore a bright-yellow shirt, and there were lemons on his tie. We were joined as well by Israel Shenker, who is an old friend of ours and is one of the *Times'* bright-star reporters and most skillful writers. Shenker had not previously seen the machine that was designed to change his world.

At thirty-two pounds, it rested heavily on a table. Resembling a small blue suitcase, it was eighteen inches by thirteen by seven. It would fit under an airline seat. Its name was Teleram P-1800 Portable Terminal. Butsikares unpacked it. Its principal components were a TV-like cathode-ray tube and a freestanding keyboard that had the conventional "qwertyuiop" arrangement of a typewriter keyboard plus flanking sets of keys that had designations such as "SCRL," "HOME," "DEL WORD," "DEL CHAR," "CLOSE," "OPEN," and "INSRT."

Butsikares plugged the keyboard unit into the TV-screen unit, sat down, and began to write. As his fingers fluttered, words instantly surfaced on the screen, up to forty-four characters per line:

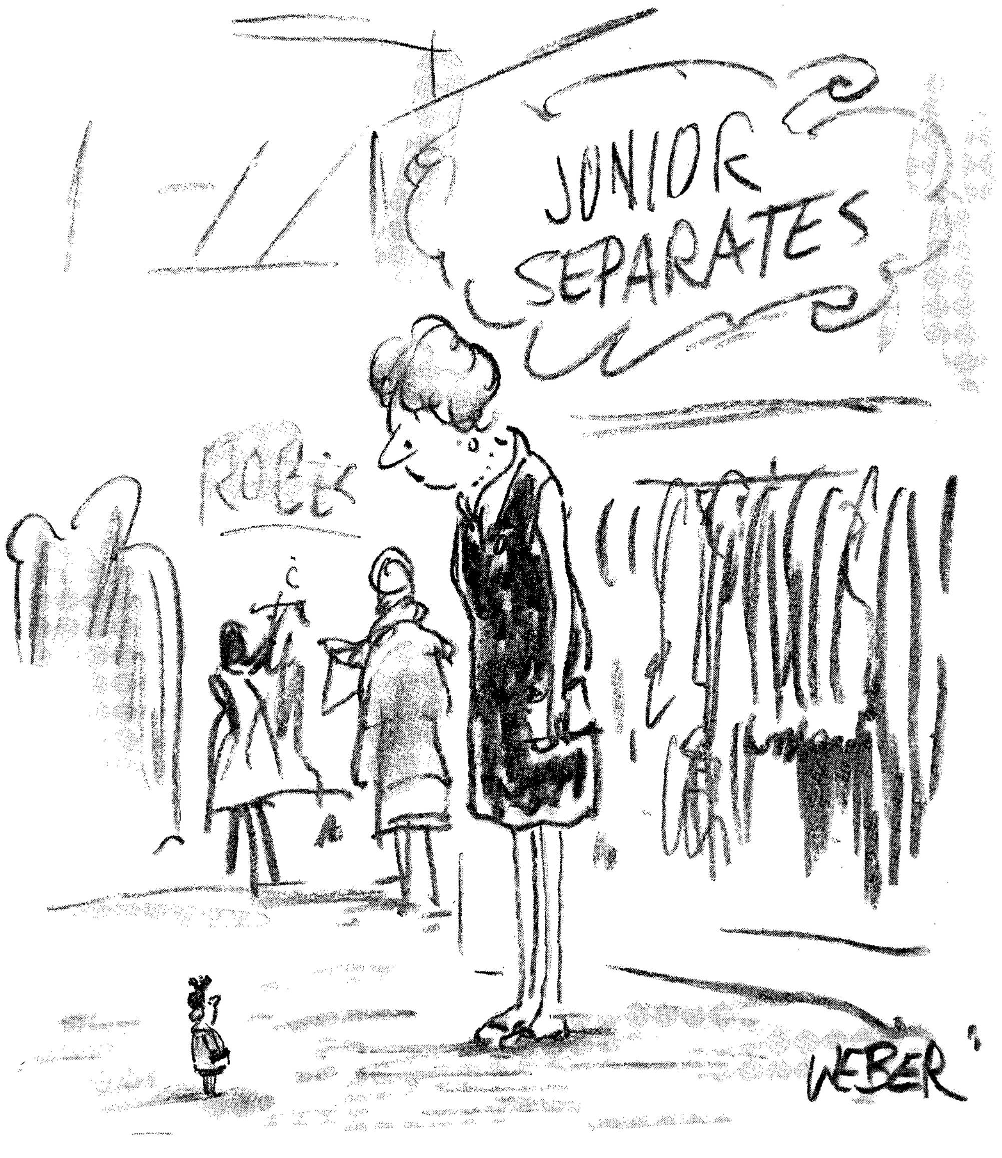
> WASHINGTON, D.C.—President Ford said today that he would no longer ask the Congress to soak the poor while his fat-cat rich friends take away the wealth of the Republic.

"Now, suppose you want to get a little color into this," Butsikares said, and he began tapping keys—marked with arrows pointing up, pointing down, pointing sideways—around the word "HOME." A tiny square of light known as the "cursor" began to move up the face of the tube. It was something like the bouncing ball that used to hop from word to word in song lyrics on movie screens. It climbed to the first line, then moved left until Butsikares stopped it in the space between "Ford" and "said." He tapped the "INSRT" key. He then wrote:

> , who was wearing his faborite blue suit and his soup-stained blue tie,

The new words came into the space after "Ford," and to accommodate them the cursor kept shoving to the right all the other words in the sentence. They went around corners and down the screen. Butsikares moved the cursor until it rested upon and illuminated the "b" in "faborite." He pressed the "DEL CHAR" (delete character) button, and the "b" vanished. He replaced it with a "v." "Now, suppose you want to take a word out," he said, and moved the cursor to the word "away." "All the cursor has to do is touch any part of the word," he went on. "Then you hit the 'DEL WORD' key, and it's gone." Away went "away," and the words to either side moved to within a space of each other. Similarly, the cursor could—if directed to—eat whole lines, whole paragraphs. "What you have written is not set in cement," Butsikares said. "You can change anything easily. If I had my druthers, I'd rather write on this thing than on any typewriter I've ever seen."

When the screen fills (it holds about a hundred and twenty-five words), the writer just keeps going. For every new line that comes on at the bottom, a line disappears at the top. To go back and look things over, just hit the "SCRL" key. The whole composition will roll backward or forward like a scroll. In blocks of some three hundred and thirty words (a little less than half a *Times* column), the developing story is transmogrified into sound frequencies and drawn off into a cassette. If the writer needs to see what is in the cassette, that, too, can be brought back to the screen. At the end, after the cursor has made its final tour through the text to help polish up the prose, the reporter goes to the nearest telephone. The P-1800 contains couplings that will fit over the telephone's earpiece and speaker, and the reporter straps these into place, then dials (212) 556-1330, the computer's number. At three hundred words per minute, the P-1800 sends words as bleeps to Forty-third Street. If the story is, say, seven hundred and fifty words long, the computer has it all in a little over two minutes. An editor, sitting at an "editing terminal," can then call for the story and see it instantly. The editor's machine is much like the reporter's—a



"I'm a teeny."

"We're all out of garni."

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rolling scroll, a dancing cursor. The editor can perform extensive changes, condensations, paragraph-shufflings, and meddlemuddles, but the editor *can never destroy one word of the writer's copy* (writer's italics), because, deep in its tissues—Butsikares is now assuring Shenker—the computer will preserve the original version "until Hell freezes over." While the temperature is dropping, though, the editor's version goes into the newspaper, because the computer stores both, and it is the editor, in the course of things, who ultimately presses the button that causes the computer to set the type that readers will read. The story—written by a reporter and then fed through wires, transistors, and brains—has been fussed with along the way but never recopied.

"Try it, Shenk," Martin said.

"It's a new world, Shenk," Butsikares said.

Shenker, wearing a dark, neatly tailored pin-striped suit, looked less like a reporter than like a banker being approached for a loan. He sat down, shot his cuffs, and addressed his fingers to the P-1800. Butsikares and Martin watched expectantly. Shenker wrote smoothly, swiftly, and without hesitation, his words lighting up on the screen. He wrote:

> Israel Shenker doesn't think that this is the answer to gunpowder.

"It is easier to work with than paper," Butsikares said.

Shenker kept going, words leaping to the screen:

> It may replace the electric train as a gift to youngsters at Christmas.

"The machine saves half an hour on deadline," Butsikares told him. "Reporters would *no longer* have to call in stories and dictate them to tape recorders, as many do now, trusting transcribers to retype them correctly on paper."

Shenker went on writing:

> The machine could be useful if it allows one to sleep later or get to the office late. But my considered judgment is that if we got up a half hour earlier or worked a little harder we wouldn't have to strain our muscles carrying around a large machine and searching for a harder way to do a story.

"This is only a test model. They cost five thousand dollars apiece, and we are not placing our full order until the weight is down to around twenty-three pounds."

> Then again, this is an ideal machine for editors. It will prolong their joy at the spectacle of reporters struggling with something that they don't understand.

Squat and bull-shouldered, Butsikares had the appearance of a lineman some years retired from a defensive platoon. "If you take a device like this out with you and you find you don't like it, Shenk, don't use it," he said. "You have to ask yourself, 'What am I trying to do? What am I covering? Is time of the essence? Will the machine help?' It is perfect for wars, riots, golf matches, conventions. Gordon White has already used it to cover three football games, including the Cotton Bowl, and he would have missed deadlines if he hadn't had it."

"The white man's burden," Shenker muttered, and went on typing:

> I suppose the only thing this machine won't do is eliminate editors. Let us have a machine that gives the reporter his due.

Shenker at last sat back. "Have you tested this for radiation?" he said.

"Yes," said Butsikares. "You can be a father."

"You can write on it, but you can't think on it," Shenker commented. "It would be great for Mozart, who used to compose in his head and then write what he saw there, but not for me." Struck with an afterthought, he went back to the keyboard:

> Do not wire until you see the flights of their whys.
>
> Do not sire until you flee the plights of their lies.

"Shenk, if someone had come to you *once* saying, 'Listen, kid, I've got a great machine—it will do away with the quill and the inkwell,' you wouldn't have liked it." Shenker's fingers were still in motion:

> What hath overwrought God?

On our way back to our office, we stopped at a phone booth, coupled our ear to the earpiece, and dialed 556-1330. After a moment came a clear, high, piercing response in F-sharp major—the sort of thing only German shepherds are supposed to be able to hear. Since we were not a cassette, there was nothing we could say. The phone, held close to the ear, caused pain.

THE ULTIMATE DIARY

(Further Daily Jottings of a Contemporary Composer)

Monday

Drinks here. Picasso, Colette, the inevitable Cocteau, Gide, Valéry, Ravel, and Larry. Chitchat. God, how absolutely dull the Great can be! I know at least a hundred friends who would have given their eyeteeth just to have had a *glimpse* of some of them, and there I was bored, incredible lassitude, *stymied*. Is it me? Is it them? Think latter. Happened to glance in mirror before going to bed. Am more beautiful than ever.

Tuesday

Horrible. After organ lesson at C's, he burst into tears and confessed that he loved me. Was mad about me, is how he put it. I was embarrassed. I respect him, he is a great *maître* and all that, but how could I reciprocate when I, myself, am so involved with L? I tried to explain. He said he thought it would be better if we discontinued our lessons. How am I ever going to learn to play the organ? Came home upset. Finished *Barcarolles*, *Gigue*, *Danse Fantastique*, and *Cantata*. Writing better than ever. Careful of self-congratulations. So somebody said. John Donne? Fresh mushrooms. Delicious.

Wednesday

Drunk at the dentist's. He removed a molar, and cried when I said it hurt. *Très gentil.* I think he has some feeling for me. The sky was like a red blister over the Dome. Streaks of carmine suffused the horizon. Sometimes I wonder if I shouldn't have been a writer. Drunk as I was, I caught a glimpse of myself in a bakery window. No wonder so many people love me!

Thursday

Arletty said something profound at lunch. "The trouble with homosexuals is that they like men." She sometimes gets to the heart of the matter with all her superficiality. She is leaving M. Talked and talked about it. I found my attention wandering, and kept seeing the unfinished pages of the *Symphony*. It is a great hymn to world peace, a kind of apotheosis of calmness, though it has a few fast sections. Drank a lot, and can't remember much after lunch. Woke up in Bois. Think something happened. But what? To relieve depression, dyed my hair again. Must say it looks ravishing. *Ravissant.*

Friday

Calls from Mauriac and Claudel. Why don't they leave me alone?

Friday, Later

Larry back from Avignon. Seems changed. Felt vague feeling of disgust. To camouflage, worked all day and finished *Pavane*, *Song Cycles*, and *Sonata*. Dedicated latter—last?—to Princesse de N. She sent me a Russian egg for my name day. How know? Malraux, Auric, Poulenc, and Milhaud dropped by.

Saturday

Stravinsky angry with me, he said over phone. I must never stop working, working. What about sex? L has left. Should I call C? Thinking of it. Press clippings arrived. Is there any other composer under seventeen whose works are being played in every capital of Asia? Matisse said, jokingly at lunch, that I was too beautiful to live. Genius is not a gift; it is a loan.

Saturday, Later

At state banquet for de Gaulle, misbehaved. Slapped his wife in face during coffee. Drunk. Terribly depressed, but am I not also not a little proud? Contrite but haughty, sorry but pleased? Can't remember issue. Something about Monteverdi? Sent her a dozen white roses as apology. The Princesse says I should get out of town for a while. I WILL NOT RUN AWAY! C back. We are both more gorgeous than ever. Finished *War and Peace*. A good book.

Sunday

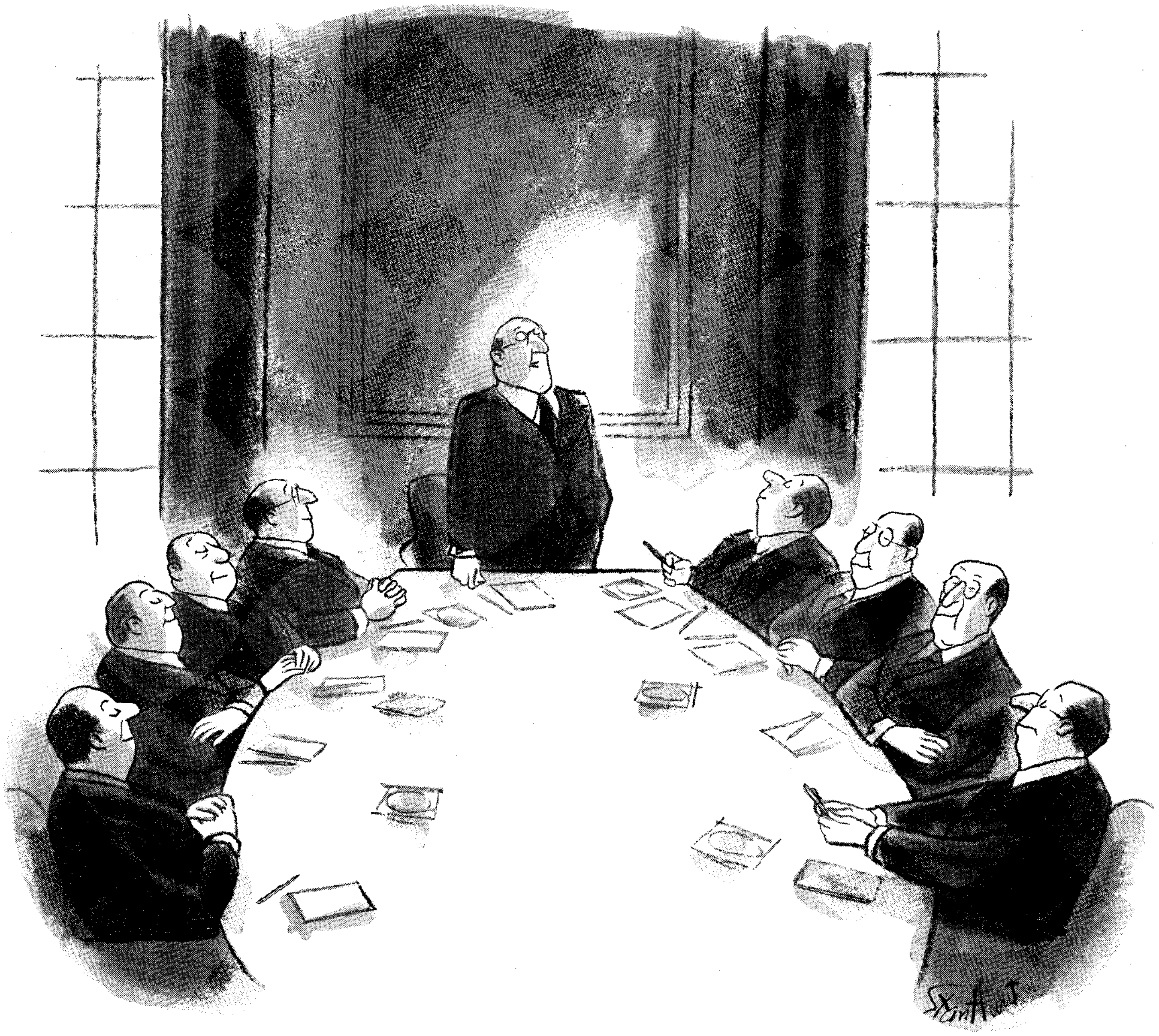
Pneumatique from Mallarmé. I will not answer. C and I had pique-nique. Fell asleep on Seine bank. Dream: Mother in hippopotamus cage, crying. She said, "If music be the feast . . ." and then gobbled up by crowd of angry deer. What mean? Shaken. C bought me drink at Deux Magots. Sweet. Told me he thought there had never been a handsomer man placed on this earth. Forced to agree, after catching tiny glimpse of myself in café window. How often are genius and beauty united? They will hate me when they read this diary, but I tell the truth. How many can say as much?

Monday

A name even *I* cannot mention. . . . And he wants me to spend the summer in Africa with him! C angry. Finished *Concerto Grosso* and *Hymn to the Moon*, for female voices. Something new, a kind of rough susurration, here and there, a darkening of strings. It is raining. Sometimes I think we are more ourselves in wet weather than in dry. Bought linen hat.

Tuesday

Gertrude, Alice, James, Joyce, Henry Green, Virginia Woolf, Eliot,



"Gentlemen, let us pool our expertise."

• •

Laforgue, Mallarmé (all is forgiven!), Rimbaud's nephew, Claudel's niece, Mistinguett, Nadia, Marais, Nijinska, Gabin, and the usual for drinks. I did it with Y in the pantry while the party was going on! Ashamed but exhilarated. I think if THEY knew they would have approved. Finished *Sixty Piano Pieces for Young Fingers*. Potboiler. But one has to live!

WEDNESDAY

Snow. Hideous hangover. Will never drink again. Deli dinner with Henry Miller.

THURSDAY

Half the Opéra-Comique seems to have fallen in love with me. I cannot stand any more importuning. Will go to Africa. How to break with C? Simone de Beauvoir, Simone Signoret, Simone Weil, and Simone Simon for drinks. They didn't get it!

FRIDAY

C left. Am bruised but elated. Dentist. I was right. I wonder if he'll dare send me a bill. *Now*, I mean. Tea with Anaïs. *Enchantant*.

SATURDAY

René Char and Dior for lunch. Interesting. Clothes are the camouflage of the soul. Leave for Africa with X tomorrow. Had fifty tiny Martinis. Nothing happened.

SUNDAY

Barrault, Braque, Seurat, Mayakovski, Honegger, and René Clair saw us off. Very gala. I think I am really in love for the first time. I must say I looked marvellous. Many comments. Wore green yachting cap and cinnamon plus fours. Happy.

WEDNESDAY

Dakar: Tangled in mosquito netting. Getting nowhere with *Chansons d'Afrique*.

SATURDAY

Back in Paris. God, what a fool I've been! Someday I will write down the whole hideous, unbelievable story. Not now. Not when I am so close to it. But I will forget *nothing*. Leaving tonight for Princesse de N's country place. Green trees, green leaves! The piercing but purifying wind of Provence! Or is it Normandy? Packed all afternoon. Long bath, many thoughts. Proust called. . . .

—HOWARD MOSS

THE NEW WORLD

POSSIBLY it occurs to others among us, from time to time, and perhaps even to more than one of us at the same time and within sight of each other, to look up, for some reason afterward as irrevocable as a dream, from the gestures and the entire labors that will never really seem natural to us, now in our lifetimes, and remember the queen as she was when we were there, rather than as we have come to imagine her. Then instantly, for all of our polishing of the handles with our palms, we may feel, each of us separately, a roughness as though the wood were unpeeled and our hands were back without the calluses again. At such moments we seem to have straightened too suddenly. We are dazzled. We are overdone. We hope no one notices. What has betrayed us, or what have we betrayed? The gestures from which we look up belong to labors that we have chosen deliberately and even willfully, and apparently we had imagined that our choice had put us beyond doubt or even surprise. But when we came to choose those labors we were no longer children, and childhood is the time to learn such things so that they become shapes of the growing body. Once that is no longer possible, we have entered upon age, with its fragments. By the time we were old enough to choose, we could not help but doubt.

The ways we perform our present labors are not even the ways of our own country, for that matter. What we have learned that is of use to us here we have garnered from foreigners, illiterates whose names we can scarcely pronounce, watching them every day as though they were new, and picking up, with what appeared to be the essence of the actions, the local and personal idiosyncrasies, rehearsing the combinations awkwardly, feeling foolish, but going on, having to get the job done before the end of its unpredictable season. Certainly they are not gestures that we were born to—whatever that means, and it is something that we have come to question more and more often, though this too only to ourselves. It is hard to think of anything in our childhoods preparing us for these actions, and yet it is always this adult that the child was busy making. It is true that in those days we had not met the queen. For some of us she was not yet born.

We look up then, touched by some impulse that is indeed ours but which we do not recognize and cannot later retrace, from a labor upon which we are voluntarily engaged, and which we have undertaken in her name, though she is aware of it only distantly if at all. It is some work that we have learned to do in the course of doing it: our different awkwardnesses have settled into habits, we have ceased to pay attention to our imitating and have developed primitive variants, original mistakes and graces that in due course were repeated and entered upon destinies of their own. And suddenly we are overtaken as by a chill or a dizziness on standing up in the sun, by the strangeness and lateness, the improbability of each of our movements and of the whole enterprise. And in that moment of awareness of the alien nature of what we are doing, it seems that we cannot have begun it for the reason we imagined but must be working for something else perhaps inadmissible and even unknowable. All at once how unlikely, how preposterous it seems that she could ever set foot (that foot like painted china) in these muddy paths, and spend her days among these raw fields beside the river of hard water yellowing its stones, these caked and matted animals, and these attempts to repeat the shapes of palaces in logs which we have hewn ourselves—all of them things that have come to seem beautiful to us.

STARKE
29
STAR
DESIGN
29
STAR
RESTAURANT
TODAY
ALL STAR
CAST

Smitten by the oddity of our efforts, and face to face with the unlikelihood of her ever inhabiting the place that we imagine we are preparing for her, we glimpse her for a while as we knew her—and ourselves as we knew her—and remember how silly she sometimes seemed to us, how ordinary, to tell the truth, and how undignified on occasion, how capricious and shallow, how ignorant her accent sounded in certain of the stone rooms, so that we tried to avoid her there. But also how we managed, in those days, to refer to such things among ourselves, and to laugh at them even though we had been brought up to regard the person of the sovereign as beyond reproach, like one of the elements. Now, of course, we scarcely dare credit such thoughts, even when we are alone. No, we accuse the sudden lucidity itself of being a disguised temptation to surrender, if only for a moment, a disloyalty to the entire undertaking and to the hope that was behind it, and in time we find ourselves examining that hope, also. But meanwhile we are here, and the winters come sooner than those we remember, and there is no one to prepare for them but ourselves.

And yet those who came here first, and chose the place, were right. She will not be able to stay on where she is, where we were children. She will be forced to leave, even to give up everything. She will bring it upon herself, perhaps by those very frivolities that we have managed to escape at last, here, and—it seems—almost to forget. A place must be made ready for her, and its preparation has become the abiding and cheerful purpose of our lives. A place which she will have read about but in which we will have learned to survive. Some of us have brought our families—but it must be said that others, even some of the founders, have gone back, in spite of everything.

Most improbable of all, at moments, are the decorations, which we have fashioned in the winters, without experience or skill, from strange materials, but according to her taste as we remember it, or after drawings of objects that she is known to be fond of. Baskets of flowers cut into the log walls, wooden wreaths pegged to the cow barns. A set of carved steps painted with her flower and her initials in a crown, which we plan to use in the great throne room, when we have time to build it.

—W. S. Merwin

PASSAGE TO ARARAT

II—VOICES

IT had been agreed that around ten in the morning my wife and I should go with Sarkis—our new friend and unofficial guide in Erevan, capital of Soviet Armenia—to the Institute of Ancient Manuscripts: the Matenadaran. But by the appointed time, and even thirty minutes after the appointed time, Sarkis had not shown up, so for a while we milled aimlessly around the steps in front of the hotel—an area, scantily shaded by two or three frail trees, where, as always, a certain proportion of the male population appeared to spend part of its mornings, leaning against the wall or standing in little conversational groups beneath the low branches.

My wife seemed irritated with me anyway. I wasn't sure exactly why. I thought, Perhaps because I woke her up with a nightmare the night before. Then I thought, Perhaps because I embarrassed Sarkis in getting him to tell us the story of why he had left Egypt to come to Armenia, and of his being in love with an English girl. I asked her if that was it. Naturally, she said no. A bit later—we were still pacing about in front of the hotel—she said, "Well, of course. When someone like Sarkis puts his chips on the Soviet Union, on Soviet Armenia, it's the bet of his life. You can't just *talk* about it. I mean, it's not a matter of easy choices—like does one prefer Coke or Pepsi."

"I didn't think that we were talking about that," I said.

"I know. You thought you were talking about Egypt. Egypt and his English girl. But you kept raising these *questions*."

"Is that bad?"

"I don't know," she said. "I've never been in his position. But I'm sure that's why he hasn't shown up."

"I'll go and call him," I said.

"He doesn't have a phone," she said.

We waited a little longer. There didn't seem anything else to do, and it was entertaining, in a way, to observe the drama—or, rather, the non-drama—of the shifting, leaning, standing, quietly talking groups of men. There seemed to be more tourists in the hotel, too. Two days ago, we had seen a handful of elderly French people—with a little tricolor provided by the management upon their table—seated primly in the noisy restaurant, surrounded by Armenians, but they had soon vanished as mysteriously as they had appeared. Now onto the steps emerged some German businessmen with dour faces, carrying briefcases and wearing raffish, strangely knitted suits. And then, unmistakably, there were some English. Evidently not businessmen but tourists. They stood there on the hot sidewalk in front of the hotel—oh, unmistakably English! First the voices. Then the *aspect* of the group, which numbered about a dozen. The men were middle-aged, save for one or two, and wore safari jackets, thick twill trousers, and sort of fly-fisherman hats. The women were of comparable age, surely wives, and were dressed in cardigans and tweed skirts. Some wore what seemed to be hiking boots. There was a pile of boots and other gear behind them on the steps.

"Perhaps they're spies," my wife said. "Trying to blend into the surrounding countryside."

They seemed quite marvellous. Only yesterday, I realized, I had been cursing the English, sharing Sarkis's bitterness—in fact, extracting his bitterness to somehow accompany my own. And now here they were—an English touring group in Armenia. I decided to talk to one of them, and went over to an elderly fellow standing about, puffing at his pipe.

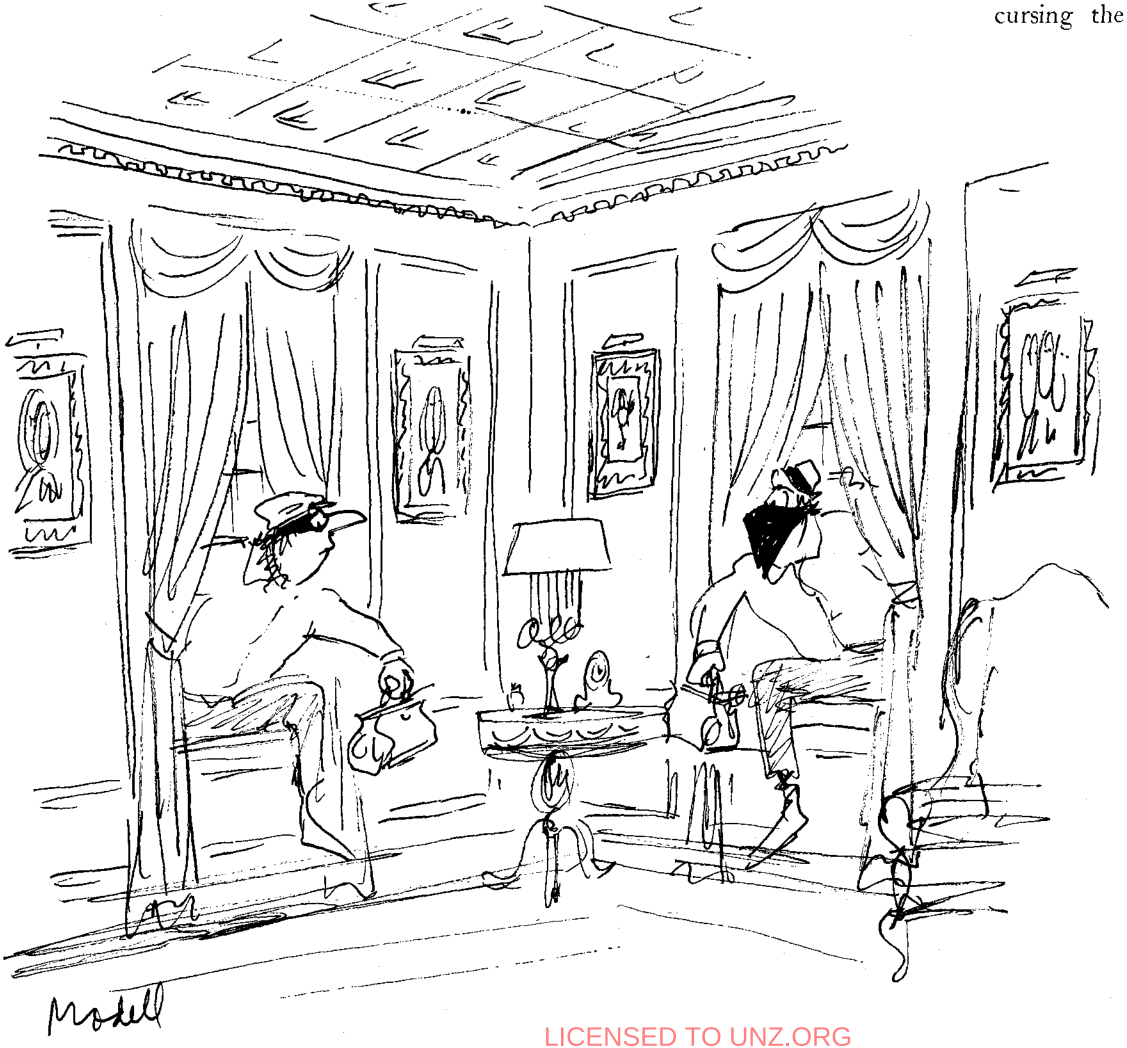
"Are you going to be here long?" I asked.

"In and out," he said. "We'll be in and out."

It turned out that they were members of a Yorkshire bird-watching club and were engaged in a spot of hiking and bird-watching around the Caucasus. "Last year, we went to some of the southern regions of America," he said. "By any chance, are you American or Canadian?"

"American," I said.

"Well, then you must know the Carolinas. Simply extraordinary shorebirds. I knew we'd be in for a treat, but I had


Modell

no idea of the actual *variety* of the specimens."

I asked him what he thought of Armenia.

"Oh, fascinating. A fascinating place. Yesterday, we were climbing that mountain—what is it? Not Ararat. The other one."

"Aragats," said a woman in a duck-shooting jacket, who had joined us.

"Yes, Aragats." I reminded myself that Aragats itself was more than thirteen thousand feet high. "About halfway up, some of our party—I regret I was not one of them—spotted *two* varieties of hawk that I must say none of us even knew existed in this part of the world."

"One variety," said the lady. "The other turned out to be a rough-legged hawk."

"Oh, yes. Well, it was a rough-legged hawk after all. Not so rare, but still rather unusual in my opinion."

"And how do you find the Armenians?" I asked.

"Which Armenians?" said the man. "Oh. The people?" He took a puff at his pipe. "Fascinating," he said. "Utterly fascinating."

"They're really quite charming," said the lady.

"Of course, I wouldn't *haggle* with any of them if I were you!" said the man, with a laugh.

My wife was tugging me by the arm. "Come on! Come on!" she said. "Vartan is waiting."

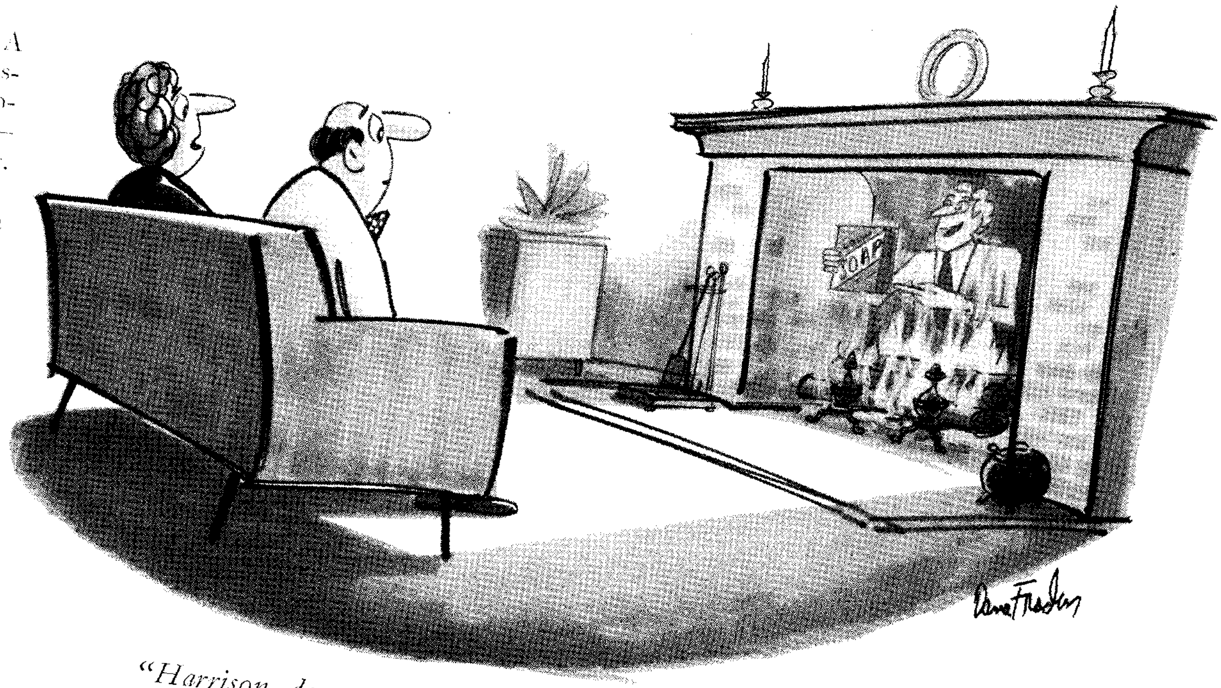
You bastards, I thought. "Those bastards!" I said to my wife. And "Why did you pull me away just then?"

"I don't know," she said. "I didn't think you were interested in birds. Besides, Vartan *is* waiting."

Vartan, our official guide, stood beside a car. In the last few days, he had apparently acquired a slight suntan. His hair was tousled, and he seemed hot—although he was coatless and tieless, for a change, which gave him an almost sporty look.

He said, "Sarkis is indisposed, and so he has asked me to accompany you."

We decided to go, as scheduled, to the Matenadaran. "I am not too familiar with the books," said Vartan, "but I will try to be helpful."



"Harrison, do you see what I see in the dancing flames?"

• •

"I really just want to look inside it," I said.

It was a large and churchlike building set against the side of one of the hills. Within were a number of people, mostly schoolchildren on a tour—giggling young faces, the girls with great red bows in their hair, everyone being shushed by the teachers. The old manuscripts were locked away in glass cases. There were displays of tiny Bibles, no larger than a couple of thumbs, and of huge volumes in ancient, hand-worked leather.

"How strange and delicate the workmanship is," my wife said.

I thought, How strange and delicate and obsessive. I remembered those tiny carved boxes in the apartment of the old man on Thirty-third Street. His whole apartment had a kind of miniature, concentrated, hand-carved look—obsessive, and airless, too.

We looked for a while at the bright colors of the illuminated pages: the tiny, glowing figures in red, blue, and gold; the angular Armenian lettering of the Gospels. It was hard to know what it all meant. The manuscripts and old Bibles rested serenely under the glass. The schoolchildren giggled and poked one another. "Here," said Vartan, and he read dutifully from a display card, "This is part of the Bible from the Armenian church at Van, which was smuggled away by two sisters when they fled from the Turks. When one of the sisters died by the roadside, the other one retained the Bible and brought it here." The book in question was a considerable volume—perhaps two feet in length. There were dark stains across one of the pages. It was hard to know what any of it meant.

Vartan was clearly not in his favorite milieu, although he was trying to be polite. "Let's take a walk somewhere," I said. Outside, it was an odd kind of day. Gray clouds were moving across the hills, and a cool wind blew.

"Perhaps you would like to see the new football stadium?" said Vartan. Obviously, Vartan wanted to see the new football stadium.

"All right," I said.

We left the car where it was, and walked for a long while down streets—streets with old buildings, streets with new buildings. Flower boxes hung from most of the windows. I said to Vartan, "Have you ever thought of yourself as a trader?"

He looked at me, smiling, uncertain. "What is that—a 'trader'?"

"A merchant," I said. "Somebody who makes deals."

"Who makes deals?" said Vartan. He laughed. "No. Why should I think that?"

We had come to the stadium. It was an enormous place, obviously very new: one of those molded-concrete structures, with a great bowl of seats rising up in a futuristic design, the oval of deep green far below.

"It is beautiful, don't you think?"

TO MY GOD IN HIS SICKNESS

I

A boy is as old as the stars
that will not answer
as old as the last snows
that blacken his hands
though he wakes at 3
and goes to the window
where the crooked fence is blessed
and the long Packard
and the bicycle wheel
though he walks the streets
warm in the halo of his breath
and is blessed over and over
he will waken in the slow dawn
he will call his uncles out
from the sad bars of Irish statesmen
all the old secret Reds
who pledge in the park
and raise drinks
and remember Spain

Though he honor the tree
the sierra of snow
the stream that died years ago
though he honor his breakfast
the water in his glass
the bear in his belly
though he honor all crawling
and winged things
the man in his glory
the woman in her salt
though he savor the cup of filth
though he savor Lake Erie
savor the rain burning down
on Gary, Detroit, Wheeling
though my grandmother argues
the first cause of night
and the kitchen cantor mumbles his names
still the grave will sleep

I came this way before
my road ran by Your house
crowded with elbows of mist
and pots banging to be filled
my coat was the color of rain
and six gray sparrows sang
on the branches of my grave

II

A rabbit snared in a fence of pain
screams and screams
I waken, a child again
and answer
I answer my father
hauling his stone up the last few breaths
I answer Moses bumbling before You
the cat circling three times
before she stretches out and yawns
the mole gagged on fresh leaves

In Folson, Yacoubi, alone before dawn
remembers the long legs of a boy
his own once and now his son's
Jimmy Ray holds my hand to his heart
in the black-and-white still photograph
of the exercise yard
In the long shadows of the rifle towers
we say goodbye forever
Later, at dusk the hills
across the dry riverbed
hold the last light
long after it's gone
and glow like breath

I wake
and it's not a dream
I see the long coast of the continent
writhing in sleep
this America we thought we dreamed
falling away flake by flake
into the sea
and the sea blackening and burning
I see a man curled up, the size of an egg
I see a woman hidden in a carburetor
a child reduced to one word
crushed under an airmail stamp
or a cigarette

Can the hands rebuild the rocks
can the tongue make air or water
can the blood flow back
into the twigs of the child
can the clouds take back their deaths

III

First light of morning
it is the world again
the domed hills across the gorge
take the air slowly
the day will be hot and long
Jimmy Ray, Byron, Yacoubi
all the prisoners have been awake
for hours remembering
I walk through the dense brush
down to the river
that descended all night from snow
small stones worn away
old words, lost truths
ground to their essential nonsense
I lift You in my hand
and inhale, the odor of light
out of darkness, substance out of air
of blood before it reddens and runs

When I first knew You
I was a friend to the ox and walked
with Absalom and raised my hand
against my hand
and died for want of You
and turned to stone and air and water
the answer to my father's tears

—Philip Levine

• •

said Vartan. He seemed much pleased.

"Yes, it certainly is," I said.

"I come to all the games," he said.

We wandered about the great gray concrete seats, solitary dwarf figures in an empty coliseum. Some bulldozers were still working on something down below.

"What did you mean about the 'trader'?" said Vartan. "I do not think I understand."

"I'm not sure myself," I said. "In other parts of the world, Armenians are often thought of that way—as traders. Buying, selling . . ."

"I have not heard," said Vartan. He pointed down toward the distant scoreboard, which had lettering on it in Russian as well as Armenian. "Our next game is with the Ukraine," he said. "At the present, our team is No. 2, but, of course, the Ukraine is very good."

It began to rain lightly, and we walked back in the drizzle. Gray water ran down the gutters, and the leaves on the trees looked fresh and almost glistened.

"I should have brought the car," said Vartan.

"No," I said.

We all knew it was nice this way.

Back in front of the Matenadaran, Vartan said, with a smile, "This buying and selling—I know. You mean 'businessmen.'"

"I suppose so," I said.

"Yes, we have *businessmen*," said Vartan, relieved at having cleared up the problem. "But I am not one of them."

We said goodbye at our hotel. "Did you like the football stadium?" said Vartan.

"Yes, very much," I said.

"It is a good stadium," he said. "We will win a lot."

Inside, Sarkis had left a note and a book.

The note, in thick, measured handwriting, said, "I am compelled to give a special lesson today. But I know that you will go to the Matenadaran with a guide from the Cultural Committee,

"Mr. Jenkins is en sauna. Can I have him call you back?"

• •

and so you will not understand anything or learn anything. Therefore, you will do this for me. You will examine the book of colophons I enclose. For there are voices in this book, and you must try to hear them. Your friend and kinsman, Sarkis."

THAT evening, I took up the book that Sarkis had left—"Colophons of Armenian Manuscripts, 1301-1480." It was in English, fortunately, and well printed, although at first glance it seemed an obdurate and unlikely thing to read. Colophons, after all, were short notes or messages "written, as a rule, by the scribes upon the conclusion of the production of a manuscript," according to their translator, Professor Avedis Sanjian. "Occasionally, they were written at the end of long sections of a text; there are also brief colophons which appear on the margins." My wife was sitting on the bed reading a book about the California Gold Rush. Outside in the square, there was the familiar sound of loudspeaker music. A casual crowd of people seemed to have gathered by the fountains—men and women idling in the warm summer's night. I began to read:

"VILLAGE OF SERKWILI: At this time there occurred a massacre of innocent Christians. . . . For, instigated by Satan, Djihānshah Mīrzā, of the Scythian race, assembled many legions of troops, besieged the citadel for four months, and caused them much anguish, for many died of grief."

"MONASTERY OF SEWERAK: . . . The accursed dog [from the nation of] archers, Shāhrukh Mīrzā, arrived with numerous . . . troops. He devastated Armenia, carried off many into captivity and slaughtered them, he demolished and burned, and forced many to renounce their faith."

"MONASTERY OF HERMON:

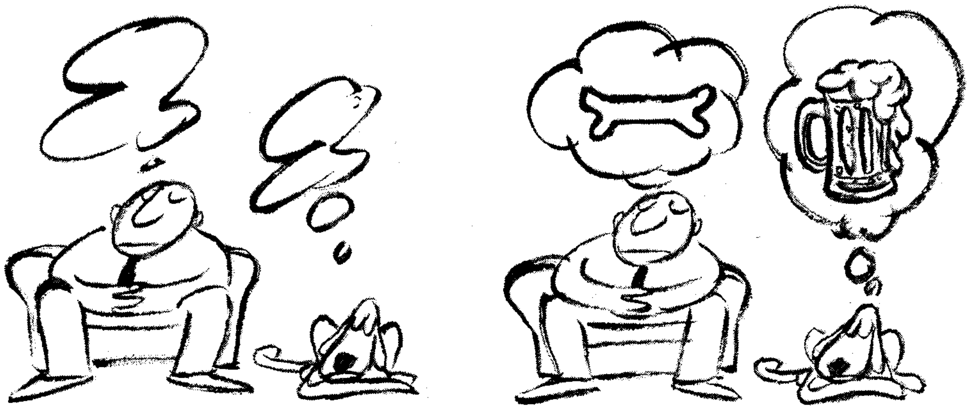
> . . . In bitter and grievous times,
> When many in the land were
> persecuted,
> Some dwelt among bushes,
> Some fell prey to the wolves,
> Many became victims of the famine,
> Fathers disavowed their children."

"VILLAGE OF SORI: . . . This holy Gospel was copied . . . in bitter and anxious times, during the khanate of Uzun Hasan, who in this year . . . shed much blood."

"ALTʿAMAR: . . . [This was copied] during the khanate of Iskandar Mīrzā of the nation of the archers, a Turk by race, who . . . caused ineffable and unrecountable bitterness throughout our land, and I cannot describe in writing the destruction of our country and the decimation of its population. For this is the tenth year that the tempest of God's wrath has visited our country on account of my multitudinous sins."

Page after page was filled with such notations. Brief jottings, as it were, from a bygone time: from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—that period, known to us in the West as the Renaissance, when in the East the plains of Asia Minor and the Armenian plateau were at the mercy of various Turkish, Mongol, and Arab invaders.

At first, I found these colophons difficult to read, for there seemed to be no "story" to them, no order, no purpose. A list of messages from a remote time: disjointed messages, messages of woe and anger about unknown persecutors and nameless victims, about long-vanished, exotic-sounding



tyrants. Djihānshah, Iskandar, Uzun Hasan, Bayandur Beg, Shāhrukh, Kara Yūsuf.

“And in this year there occurred a severe plague in our land. . . . And for two years he [Iskandar] ransacked and plundered our country. . . . We took to flight and wandered about in numerous places.”

The sense of misery—for it was a litany of lamentations—appeared endless.

“It was a sight to behold the awesome moaning and lamenting over the dear ones, for the mother wept over her son, the sister over the brother, the bride over the bridegroom; and they received no consolation from any quarter, neither from God nor from man.”

All the same, I kept reading, and I soon realized that I was strongly affected. Perhaps it was the mood of the evening—although, as I remember it, the only quiet was in our room, for the night's street noises continued for a long while unabated outside the open window, and at one point you could hear a dance band from the hotel's dining room playing nineteen-forties American foxtrots in a cheerful, stately measure. Perhaps, too, it was that something had changed between Sarkis and me, for he had asked me to try to *hear* something in these colophons. I believe “hear” was the key word, for what had at first seemed like dry words upon a page—a catalogue of dry words—now began to come through to me as voices.

I thought of the history I had read in the past few months, with its careful narrative of events and wavelike happenings. Battles. The death of kings. “At this time, there occurred a massacre. . . . In this year, there arrived locusts.” I thought, too, of the ancient Armenia I had read about: the kings of Nairi; the sturdy mountaineers who clambered around the rocks above Xenophon's army; the horsemen and horse breeders; old Narses at the gates of Rome; even Thoros and his double-shirted ceremony. I had supposed that all that was real enough, and had clutched it as if it were some solid family tree, some solid *warrior* family tree that I might hold on to and be enhanced by. But surely *this* was real, too—these bitter and anxious times, these Hasans and dread Iskandars and poor, shame-ridden monks huddled in the cellars of their dark churches. More real, perhaps.

“This Holy Testament was begun and completed in bitter and anxious times, when we were quivering at the hands of the infidels, for charity and mercy among men have disappeared.”

“Sultan Mahmat . . . raised an intense storm upon the Christians and also upon his own people, by transplanting them from place to place, by imposing levies, and by causing other anguish.”

Sultan Mahmat, I remembered, was the Sultan Muhammad II, who finally wrested Constantinople from the last, shadowy Byzantines; who transported eighty sea galleys overland to the Golden Horn; who employed the greatest cannon anyone had seen in the world; who was a leader of warriors, a collector of Greek books. The man who captured the One Great City, the city whose magic presence even the Turks Greekified—εἰς τὴν πόλιν (“ees-teen-polin,” or “to the city”), which five centuries later officially became Istanbul—and who instantly decreed its improvement, commanding the “importation of the skilled artisan populations of the Greeks and Armenians.”

I thought, But what do I care about this Sultan Muhammad, with his fine cannon and his Greek books? What I care about are the people buried in the historian's sentence—the “skilled artisans,” the Armenians.

By then, it was late at night. Over on the bed, my wife was long asleep. The lights in the square had gone out. The music had stopped. The summer crowd had vanished. A white moon had moved halfway across the sky.

As I read the colophons, I thought, They are like messages in bottles, messages from some long-ago sea wreck, messages written by men.

“They put the wondrous bishops to the sword; they ground the heads of the pious priests between stones; they cast the flock of Christ as food for the dogs. . . . Like the threshing-floor of flails, they thrashed the children with their horses; and, in place of grain, rivers of blood began to spring forth, and in place of straw the bones flowed forth like dust.”

I thought, Perhaps strangest of all is now to be a modern man, an advanced citizen of an advanced country, and to scarcely conceive of the possibility of an unreceived message, a communication without a communicatee, a bottle that does not drift up to shore—some friendly shore somewhere.

The sky outside my window was clear, blinking with stars. But just then the darkness of the world seemed overwhelming, as did the sense of unheard voices.

A CONVERSATION with Sarkis.

I said, “I would like to know more about the Turks and the Armenians.”

“The Turks are a despicable race,” said Sarkis. “They massacred our people.”

“Yes, I know that,” I said. “But there must have been more to it.”

“*More* to it!” exclaimed Sarkis. “What more can there have been? Murder is murder, is it not? Did you read the book of colophons I left for you?”

“Yes, and I was very moved by them,” I said. “The Armenians seem to have suffered a great deal.”

“You see, even *then* they were killing our people,” said Sarkis. “For hundreds of years, we were persecuted by the Turks. What is it you want to know?”

“I want to know why.”

“Because the Turks were savages,” said Sarkis. “Have you not read what they did to us? To our women and children? Were these not the acts of savages?”

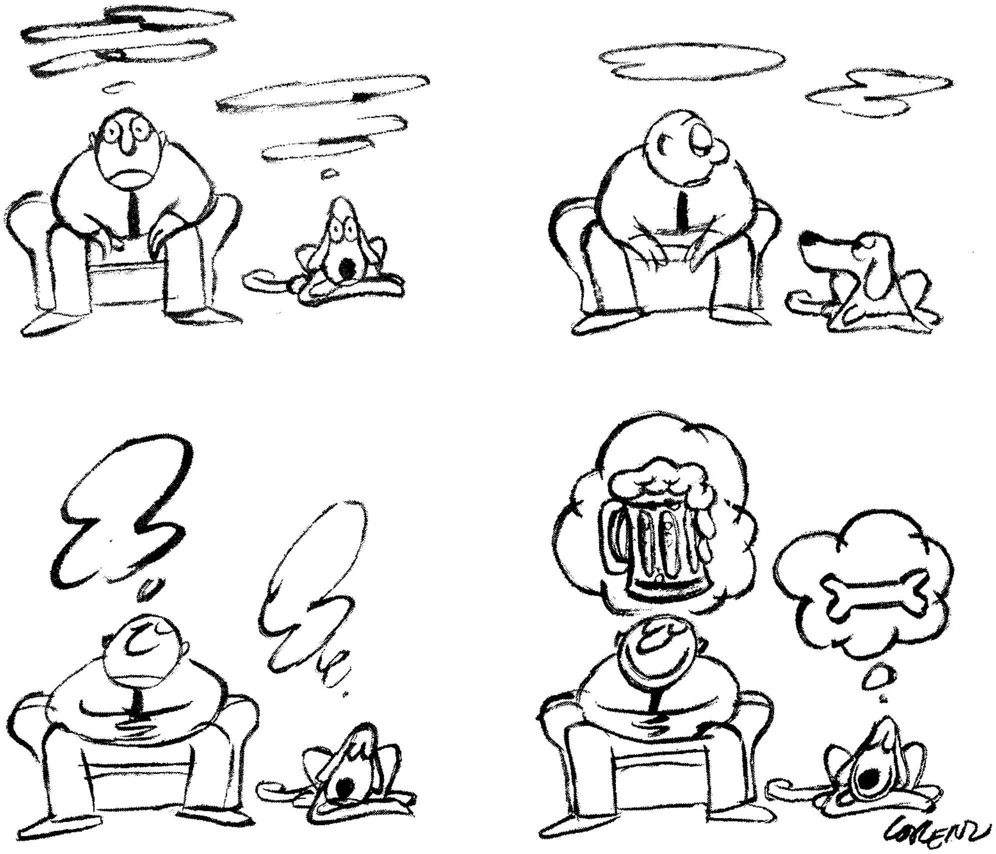
“But what did the Armenians do?” I asked.

Sarkis looked at me. “What do you mean—what did they do?”

“What did they do?”

“The Armenians did nothing,” said Sarkis. “They were the slaughtered.”

I thought, It keeps coming back to that. The Armenian refrain: “We



were murdered. We were innocent. We were slaughtered. We did nothing." It was supposed to evoke compassion, I knew, and each time I willed the compassion forward, but it would not come. I felt a shame before Sarkis and myself. I also felt, There is something amiss with that refrain.

WHO were the Turks? I tried to read about them in books. For example, in "Turkey" (Geographical Handbook Series): "Chinese annals also record in A.D. 545 the rise of the Tukiu clan of the Hsiung-nu . . . who gathered other tribes and settled before 600 near the Caspian Sea, extending their rule thence to the Sea of Japan." And Professor David Bivar, in an anthology entitled "Central Asia": "The expulsion of the Juan-juan dynasty from the Mongolian steppe was the result of the rise of the Turks, who thus make their first appearance in history. . . . The founder of the Turkish empire was the chief called in the Chinese sources Tu-men."

The Turks had been a huge association of nomad peoples, an amalgam of families and tribes, some strong, some weak, some primitive, some more advanced, most of them warrior-herdsmen shifting about on the ocean of the central Asian steppe, doubtless much like the North American Indians of long ago—sea creatures of the great land mass, drifting, grazing, hunting, fighting, propelled periodically by waves (of competition or of hunger) toward a distant shore, which in the case of the Turks was generally westward. Among the great nomad tribes were the Oghuz, the Uighur, the Kirgiz, the Pecheneg, the Kipchak, the Khazar. Even the names, at least in Anglicized form, had a somehow American Indian sound to them. The Oghuz in western Asia had been conquered by the Arabs and converted to Islam. At the beginning of the eleventh century, about the same time that the Byzantine Emperor Basil II was dismantling the native garrisons of the Armenian plateau, the Oghuz overthrew their Arab governors, and one of their more advanced and aggressive clans—that of the Seljuks—moved farther west, across the formerly Arab-dominated regions of Iran, and then north into Armenia and the Caucasus, and south to the Persian Gulf. From "Turkey": "Though originally not very numerous, and wandering herdsmen rather than warriors, the Seljuks easily imposed their rule over the settled populations . . . while they adopted Arab and Persian cultures and combined them with Greek craftsmanship, as their fine buildings show. They left no literature; but their Ottoman successors owed much to their administrative experience."

"THE Turcophiles are always speaking about 'the glories of Turkish civilization,'" said Sarkis. "There has never been a 'Turkish civilization' to speak of."

"What about the Ottoman empire?" I asked.

"To begin with, the Ottomans were a minority among the Turks," said Sarkis. "By far the majority were the Turcomen—bandits and barbarians. But the Ottomans were cleverer than the majority. Do you know how they became so great? They persuaded the Turcomen to do the fighting for them. The *razzia*, they called it. The raid for plunder. The ignorant Turcomen did the fighting, and the Ottomans advanced their empire."

"Then the Ottomans were civilized?"

"They were civilized for Turks," Sarkis said.

The tribe of Osman, it was once called. The Arabs spoke the name as "Othman." The Byzantines transformed it again, to "Ottoman." The Ottoman Turks. By all accounts, they were one of history's great success stories. Back in the thirteenth century, Osman's tribe had been granted a small fiefdom in western Asia Minor by the dominant Seljuks. One hundred years later, the Ottomans controlled most of Asia Minor. Soon, they overran the Balkans. In 1453, Sultan Muhammad II captured Constantinople. His grandson Sultan Selim I defeated the Persians in the east, and took Syria and Egypt from the Mamelukes—in the process becoming the protector of the sacred cities of Mecca and Medina. Selim's successor, Sultan Suleiman I (the Magnificent), pushed farther into Europe, capturing Belgrade, defeating the Hungarians, and reaching the gates of Vienna. By the end of the sixteenth century, the empire of the Ottomans was at its peak. The Ottoman Navy roamed from the Persian Gulf to Libyan Tripoli and Algiers. Ottoman beys governed territory that reached from the Armenian plateau across the extent of Asia Minor, Egypt, Libya, Greece, and the Balkans—an empire larger, even, than that of the Byzantines.

It was hard to consider this empire

of the Ottomans without a certain astonishment. For it was so extensive, and powerful, and disorganized—and full of paradox.

I MADE some notes about the Turks:

From the start, the Ottoman state was autocratic, militarist, and religiously conservative. Temporal and spiritual leadership were combined in the person of the sultan, who was regarded as "the Shadow of God on Earth." Beneath him was the grand vizier, who managed the government—called "the Sublime Porte"—with the exception of the royal palace. In charge of religious matters was the sheikh-ul-Islam, who from the time of the magnificent Suleiman was head of the Ulema (Assembly of Learned Ones), and who did not manage the royal palace, either, although in some respects he was superior to the sultan, for only with the sheikh's final consent could a "holy war" be declared or the sultan himself be deposed.

The Janissaries: The name comes from the Turkish "*yeni cheri*," which meant "new troops." As the wars in Christian Europe ended, thus ending the supply of slaves, a policy of *devshirme* ("tribute children") was institutionalized. Young boys were taken from Christian parents, especially in the Balkans, and were farmed out to Muslim families in the provinces, converted to Islam, and then removed to Constantinople. The most physically fit were inducted into the Janissary Corps. They were trained rigorously in the arts of war, and lived apart from the regular army, in their own barracks. They were a dangerously independent élite body of troops. On initiation, they took a vow of celibacy and kept religious vigils. They prayed frequently, and doubtless furiously, and practiced "mortal combat" on one another, and in the heyday of the Ottoman empire they were the most feared—the cruellest and most efficient—body of troops in the world. By the sixteenth century, they were becoming decadent and more trouble than they were worth. Celibacy ended; free-born Muslims were admitted, many of these the sons of Janissaries; and the membership grew to an unwieldy peak of a hundred and thirty thousand. In keeping with the original savage monkishness of the order, their military titles were drawn from humble kitchen nomenclature. Thus, the senior commanders were Soup-Men. Other officers were Cook, Head Scullion, Water Carrier, and so forth. One of the traditionally dreaded moments of Ottoman political life was when the Janissaries overturned their giant soup kettles in the barracks square—symbolically indicating their displeasure with some recent action of the government's, and the likelihood of an imminent coup d'état. The corps came to an end when masses of Janissaries were cannonaded to death by a fed-up sultan in 1826—an event referred to in Turkish history books as "the Auspicious Incident."

The Harem: The word originally derived from the Arabic "*harām*," which meant "that which is unlawful." For example, the area around Mecca and Medina was said to be *harām*—and so consequently the word came to signify "holy," "protected," "sacred," and, finally, "forbidden." The Ottomans did not invent the harem, for it had existed as far back as the empires of Assyria and Persia, but, as with many features that they borrowed from other cultures, they formalized and expanded it. The nominal head of the Ottoman harem was the sultan's mother, the *valide sultan*. Beneath this august personage stood the various mothers of the sultan's children. Beneath them were the favorite ladies, the novices, the female slaves, and also, as the enterprise grew, the royal princes, who received vague educational courses in Islamic doctrine and court protocol. The actual head of the harem was the chief eunuch, who after the sixteenth century was invariably black. He was known as the *kislar agha* and was a considerable figure in the royal harem—or, rather, in the seraglio, which was the name given to the entire palace complex of fourteen mosques, military school, ten kitchens, two bakeries, two hospitals, sports fields, arsenal, and harem. As a child, he had probably been sold into slavery by his parents somewhere in Africa; then he had been castrated en route to Constantinople at a desert stopping place along the Nile, with everything removed by knife or sharp stone, and the patient permitted a few days to heal, buried in the sand. Now, with such traumas behind him but surely never completely out of mind—for it appeared that even total castration, if it took place after the onset of puberty, did not always remove sexual desire—the *kislar agha* was both a political and a military power in the capital. He had a small private army of his own, and three hundred horses for his personal use, and he

"As the days dwindle down to a precious few, I say to hell with everybody!"

"*Al got the idea from President Ford. Once a month he has some friends in for leisurely conversation and reflection, putting things in a philosophical context, and obtaining a broader historical perspective.*"

also had his own jail and torture chamber. He maintained a steady level of income by his right of "inspecting" the funds of the imperial mosques. He alone might be the confidential messenger between the sultan and the grand vizier. He alone might approach the unapproachable sultan at any hour of the day or night.

It seems odd to think of the notions of masculinity and virility so often associated with this fussy and peculiar institution, which in fact contained the corrupt and neurotic *aghas*, the hundreds of aimless and unoccupied women, and the young princes, almost actively barred from any kind of serious education. To be sure, now and then there were some Moments of Truth. "It has been repeatedly affirmed," wrote N. M. Penzer in a wonderful book, "The Harem," "that when . . . favoured concubines enter the sultan's bedroom, which is not allowed until his Majesty has already retired, they approach the foot of the bed, lift up the coverlet, and raise it to their forehead and lips. They then creep in humbly at the foot of the bed, and gradually work their way upward until they are level with the sultan." Still, for both parties—the man in the bed as well as the girl crawling up it—it must have been the strangest of prisons.

The *Millets:* The Turks followed the Arabic pattern of dividing society into religious rather than national units. After the capture of Constantinople, each of the major *rayas*—or "flocks," as the non-Muslim populations were officially called by the Turks—were formed into separate religious entities known as *millets*, or "communities." Thus, all Greek Orthodox members of the empire were placed under the Greek patriarch, and all adherents of the Armenian Church were placed under the Armenian patriarch. In a sense, this office of patriarch was a considerable one, although—as with an ambassador from a foreign state—it was apart from the mainstream of official Turkish life. Even so, the Armenian patriarch, for example, ranked on a level with the higher Turkish pashas. He maintained a small police force of his own, and a private jail (although presumably not a torture chamber). Moreover, he was responsible not only for the spiritual life of his community but also for such matters as public education, civil administration, and the collection of taxes—the taxes due to his own administration as well as the "annual tribute" owed to the sultan.

This *laissez-aller* policy of the old Ottoman empire was a peculiar thing to observe. On the one hand, there was the autocratic sultan, and a rigid state belief in conservative Islam. On the other hand, there was the Armenian patriarch, with his own police force, collecting taxes. What did it mean? From "The Emergence of Modern Turkey," by Bernard Lewis: "The Ottoman empire was tolerant of other religions, in accordance with Islamic law and tradition, and its Christian and Jewish subjects lived, on the whole, in peace and security. But they were strictly segregated from the Muslims. . . . Never were they able to mix freely in Muslim society. . . . If the convert was readily accepted and assimilated, the unconverted were extruded." One thing it seemed to mean was that the Armenians were second-class citizens.

I TRIED to discuss this matter with Sarkis—not to complain about the situation, Lord knows, although that is what I felt like doing, but because there were things about the position, or role, of the Armenians in the Ottoman empire that were not yet clear to me.

I said, "You know, in some of the books I've been reading the Armenians don't seem to have come off too well beside the Turks."

"Of course they didn't," said Sarkis impatiently. (We were sitting on a bench near the middle of Lenin Square.) "The Armenians were *conquered* by the Turks. The Turks conquered everybody in those days." He stared down at a spot between his shoes. "Savages!"

"I meant afterward. When the conquering had stopped."

Sarkis looked up. "The *conquering* never stopped. The Turks were the masters of Asia Minor, of Armenia, of the Balkans. They had their governors everywhere; their militia—"

"Well, that's what I meant." I don't know why I wanted so to pursue the matter then, when I could see that it offended Sarkis. I think I felt that there was some clue to be found. "At least, from what I've read," I continued, "it seems to me that the Turks were very much the masters, and that the Armenians had only a very token independence."

"What did you expect?"

"I don't know," I said. "But it seems to me the Armenians were placed in a subservient position. They accepted subservience—"

"You are wrong!" said Sarkis, suddenly red in the face. "You are wrong! You have read very wrong! The Armenians were better than the Turks. The Turks knew nothing! All they cared about was making war, and soon they stopped even doing that. The Armenians were civilized. In this so-called Ottoman empire, it was the Armenians who knew about administration, who knew about business, who knew about architecture, and agriculture, and—" Sarkis paused. I had never seen him so angry or upset. He looked at me, his eyes quite hard. "You come here to Armenia and all you care about are the Turks," he said. "What is it you want?"

"Maybe you won't understand this," I said, "but I want to know everything about the Armenians, and that seems to include knowing something about the Turks."

"I know what you want," said Sarkis. "You want to tear down your father."

"It has nothing to do with my father," I said, feeling angry myself.

"Of course it has," said Sarkis. "Fatherland, father. It is the same thing."

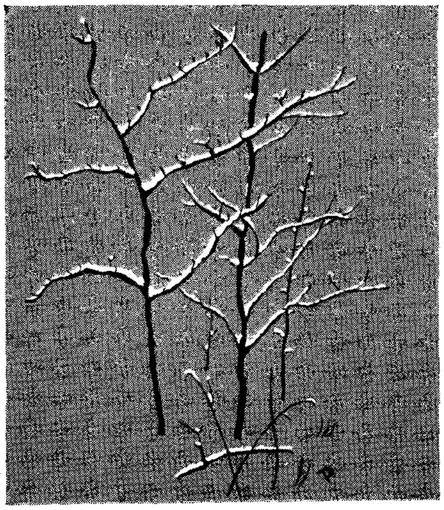
"My father is dead," I said. It seemed an insane argument. "Besides, I love him. I've always loved him." I knew that the last was not true, but I hated Sarkis then.

"Is your father dead?" asked Sarkis sarcastically. Then "I could tell this from the start, when I first saw you. All that Anglo-Saxon coolness and detachment. Yes, that detachment! Not like a proper son!" I looked at him. He seemed to be shaking—his thick, compact body rocking forward at the waist. I wanted to say to him "How dare you?" or some such thing. But then he turned his head away. "Your father was an Armenian," he said, in a voice that seemed quite hoarse. "You must respect him!" And then Sarkis suddenly took my hands in his, and I looked into his face and saw that he was crying.

AFTER Sarkis had left—for he claimed a meeting or appointment at his school late in the afternoon, and soon departed by bicycle down one of the side streets, pedalling in a slow and stately fashion, his brown-jacketed back vanishing in the traffic—I wandered off on my own across the square, past throngs of men and women on their way back from work, past small children playing tag beside the fountains, past a gathering of Armenian policemen in Russian uniforms standing solemnly around a broken green motorcycle, past newspaper kiosks selling only *Pravda* and coffee shops selling only tea, and, not wishing to walk farther or to stop anywhere along the street, I made my way almost by chance into the museum.

Inside, it was quiet and nearly empty. Two elderly guards in rumpled uniforms sat at a card table near the entrance playing dominoes and drinking soft drinks. Behind them I glimpsed the hall with the war chariot and urns which Sarkis had led us through some days earlier. Downstairs, it was a museum of brittle artifacts and of domino playing. Upstairs, the wood floor of the exhibition rooms stretched out, gleaming and lately polished, beneath my feet. Costumes and pieces of faded peasant dress hung from the walls.

What in hell had Sarkis meant, I wondered. I knew what he had meant about my "coolness and detachment," because I had heard that many times before—indeed, had heard it for much of my life, had come to know such a quality in myself, for apparently it was part of me, a segment of my nature, a character trait that friends could spot and discuss perceptively. *You're very analytical, you know. You have this detachment.* I knew that on a deeper level I wasn't detached or cool. I was anything but cool. But I also knew that I often seemed that way. It was a kind of curse, which I tried to escape from in my writing.

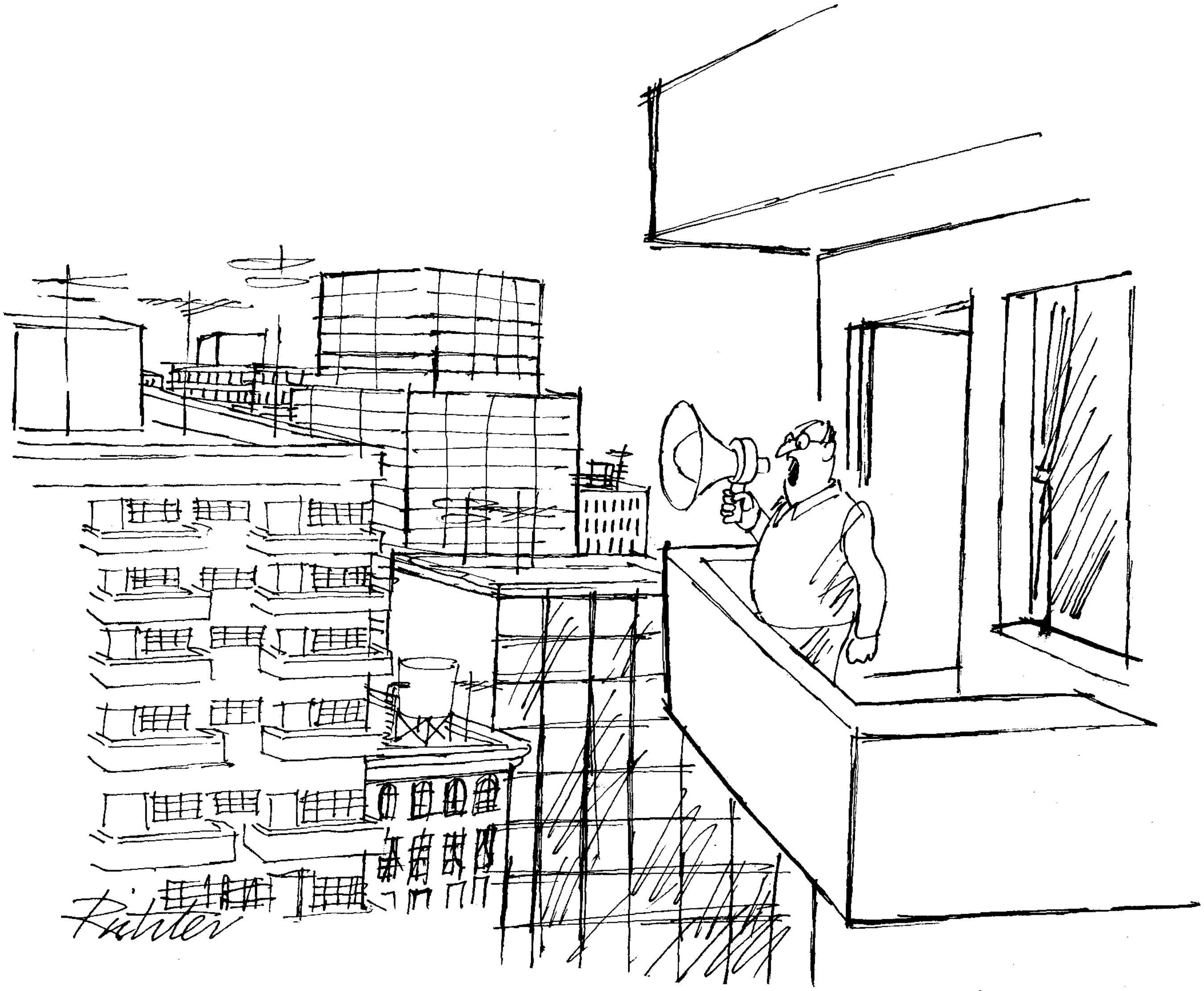


I padded through the strange museum, alone in the empty halls, the floor shining like ice and having an air of inutility about it, like the floor of some aristocrat's ballroom. I attempted to keep my mind—or, anyway, my eyes—on the exhibits, with a view to educating myself and learning more about Armenia, not wasting the moment, and so forth. There were displays of metal bowls that had been made (or so a card declared) by Armenians in Persia. Some embroidered jackets from Armenians in Poland. Some wooden boxes from China. Armenians were surely everywhere—blown like poppy seeds, sending back obscure handicrafts instead of postcards.

You must respect your father. The phrase ran through my head. It still made me angry that I should have been told this—by a stranger, by this Sarkis, this volunteer kinsman and friend! Did I not already respect my father? Did I not love him? To be sure, at times I experienced the reverse of such feelings—the child-rage of a forty-year-old son who had once felt threatened by his sire. But was this not common? And even these hard emotions were surely dwarfed by the compassion I had learned to feel for this man, who I knew had himself suffered greatly in his life, his fortunes, his career. If anything, I thought, I respected him too much.

By then, I had walked nearly to the end of the floor. I was about to turn around when, down a small corridor to the left, a solitary portrait suddenly caught my eye. Indeed, it did more than that—it gave me quite a jolt. At first, I thought it was a trick of lighting or perception. Then I thought it was a trick of the mind—my recent preoccupations having somehow jammed my optic nerve. There, at any rate, at the end of this narrow corridor (which led, as far as I could see, nowhere), hung a painting of a man in period costume. The background of the painting was dark and nondescript. The face of the man, however, was well lit and visible, either from the coloring of the paint or from the museum lighting: my father's face.

As I came closer to it, my sense of normality returned, for clearly it was



"Attention out there! We now bring you an opposing viewpoint to a CBS editorial!"

• •

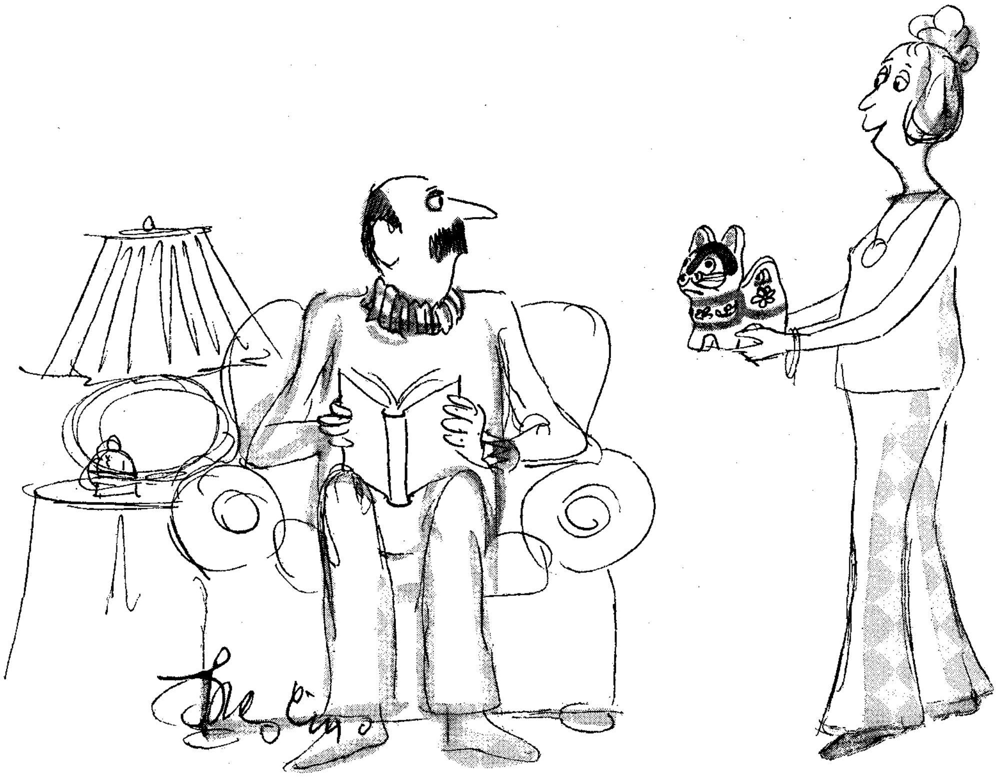
a painting of someone else, someone particular. The typewritten title card, taped to the wall, read, "A Merchant of Erzurum, Eighteenth Century." But the face seemed uncannily like my father's.

I stared at the canvas closely, trying to see the markings of the artist's brush, the placing of the pigment, as if by observing it as an object, as paint on canvas, a man-fashioned likeness, I might separate the two presences.

It was a simple portrait, really—on the whole, pleasingly and conventionally done. The merchant wore a hat of dark-blue velvet and a ruffled white silk shirt. A gold chain hung from his neck. The look of the dress was *soigné* and European. The face itself was small-featured and intelligent, with a not large but definite nose, a thin mouth, and quiet, glowing eyes. The expression of the face was composed. Over all, the appearance of the merchant was of a man assured, elegant, in control. But how remarkable was the quiet, almost withdrawn brightness of the eyes!

I thought of my father, and, as I so often did when summoning him back from death, from incorporeality, from inside my head, my dreams—whatever "memory" is—in my mind I saw his face (was it from a photograph, an actual scene, an imaginary moment?) looking wordlessly back at me. Not really looking at me—just *looking*, looking out from somewhere, from himself, the way he often did. "Impassive": that word always came to mind. Yes, composed, elegant, coolly assured. And then I saw the eyes again, for if there was a silence to his eyes, there was also a glow, a heat, the most noiseless of passions. The eyes seemed almost to burn out at me. Burning eyes in a frozen face! I thought suddenly, It wasn't coldness or coolness that I had felt in him. It was never coldness. It was— How might one put it? An absence of temperature. A redirection of temperature—inward. But whose face was it I was looking at—the face in my memory or the face on the canvas? Or both?

The merchant of Erzurum stared down from the pale-green wall. Erzurum: I knew it from my readings as a moderate-sized provincial capital on the western edge of the Armenian plateau. Once, it had been the site of a Roman garrison. In Byzantine times, it had become a major caravan stop and the center of a flourishing textile and carpet industry. Since then, it had been under various Turk and Mongol administrations culminating in its capture in the sixteenth century by the Ottomans. I wondered how our composed and elegant merchant had fared with the Turks. From the dignified presence in his portrait, he had done reasonably well. Clearly, he was a man of substance, one of the top businessmen of the town—doubtless a leader of the Armenian *millet*. Did he sometimes have dinner—or, anyway, take coffee—with the Turkish bey, and



"Do you remember this darling thing I found in the attic? Is it mine by my second husband or yours by your third wife?"

discuss the new tobacco taxes and the gossip of distant Constantinople? Did he send away for shirts? Did his wife read aloud to him in French? Did he mind it that he could never have a serious place in governing his country, or that his Turkish neighbors sometimes called his son *"giaour"*—"infidel"? Or did he set his expression, freeze part of himself, his face—all save the eyes, which no man can control—and tap his finger on the coffee cup, and nod, and curl and uncurl his hand inside his well-cut pocket . . . and *manage*?

For an instant, I tried to imagine my father in the merchant's blue velvet hat. At first, I thought of it as a game, a conceit, but then, strangely, my imaginings seemed all too apt, even obvious. The obviousness of the image took my breath away. A merchant! Why not, I thought. The remote, vivid, controlled expression looked back at me from the dark canvas. I thought suddenly of Sarkis, standing on the stone wall in the graveyard, talking, gesticulating, waving hands and arms, profuse, volatile, excessive. So far removed from control and impassivity. And it came to me then and there that, all along, the two sets of mannerisms had been a variant of a single response—this cool, "un-Armenian" control and the shrill, "Armenian" excitability. They were twin symptoms, one bursting wildly outward, the other absorbed coldly inward. The merchant, my father, Sarkis—and how many others?—were the same.

I realized at that moment that to be an Armenian, to have lived as an Armenian, was to have become something crazy. Not "crazy" in the colloquial sense of quirky or charmingly eccentric ("My crazy old man!"), or even of certifiably mad. But crazy: crazed, that deep thing—deep where the deep-sea souls of human beings twist and turn.

It was near twilight. The sound of an old man coughing in a distant room sounded like falling china. I could not bear to stay in the museum any longer, and went down the stairs, past the empty card table, out into the soft and choky dusk, walking quickly across the square, as if on important business, and back to the hotel.

Up in our room, my wife had recently returned from buying fruit and bread at the market. The hotel radio was playing Russian folk songs—the sounds of static and a balalaika. It was a tranquil domestic scene.

"Sarkis phoned," she said. "He was concerned that he'd offended you. What's been going on?"

"Nothing much," I said. "We were talking about Turks. Turkish civilization."

"You'd think that two Armenians could talk together about that without fighting," she said. She had a pile of strawberries beside the sink and was washing them. She seemed in a happy mood, and tapped her foot to the scratchy music. "A while ago, you didn't seem to want to get involved with Turks and Armenians," she said. " 'All that massacre business,' you called it."

"I never called it that."

"Oh, you did. But what do you suppose changed?"

"I don't know," I said. "Maybe it's not a very easy subject to jump into."

"I guess it isn't," she said. "But I'm curious. What bothers you most about it?"

"You know, I don't think I'm really bothered," I said.

"Is it that the Turks were such bastards? Does it remind you of the Germans and the Jews?"

"All that," I said. "And the fact that the Armenians were so helpless."

She sat at the wooden table, plucking the green sprigs off the strawberries and putting the berries in a bowl. "How do you know they were?" she said.

"Because everyone says so."

She looked at me. "Maybe," she said. "But I don't believe it." And then "You know, I wish just once in this whole damn time you'd *admit* to being really bothered!"

I thought of the frozen man in the blue velvet hat. Perhaps I, too, was the man in the blue velvet hat. And how could I explain to anyone about that?

WE went on an expedition to Byurakan. Very touristic and semi-official: five of us packed into the ancient, run-down limousine, which was driven, fortunately, not by Sarkis, who—along with Vartan—sat in the front, generally silent, with a straw hat on his head, but by a tall, elongated teacher of mathematics named Arak, a "professional colleague" from the school, who smoked cigarettes incessantly and evidently enjoyed himself rushing through the yellowing countryside.

Byurakan—it was a little village, about an hour's career from Erevan, and also the site of a great observatory. The little village possessed such charm as similar places everywhere possess—which is to say, largely in the eye of the beholder. Tiny plots of dry soil with a goat, perhaps; some frantic chickens; one or two fruit trees bearing little bulbs of orange. The houses were of stone, and many of them contained new window frames but no windowpanes.

"Look," said Arak, puffing wreaths

"Wind surfing the waves at Moorea is easy... if you happen to be a contortionist."

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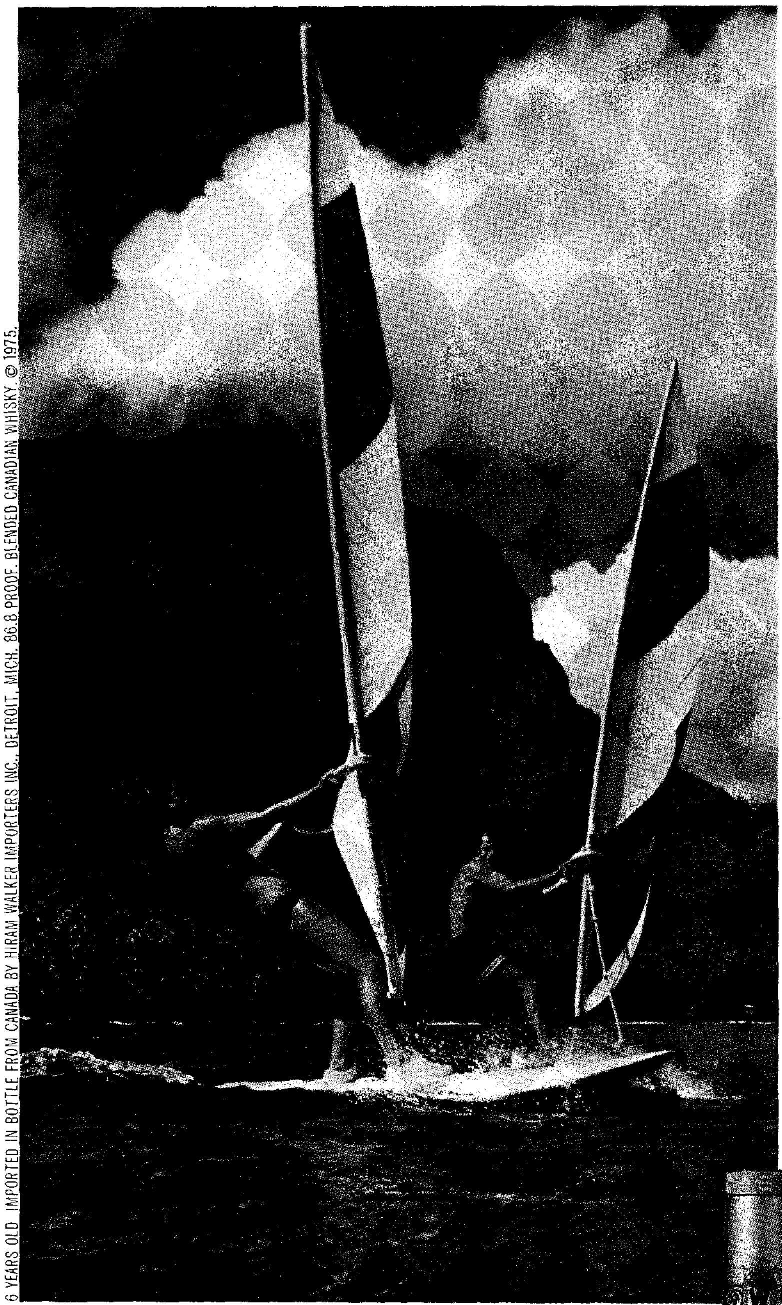
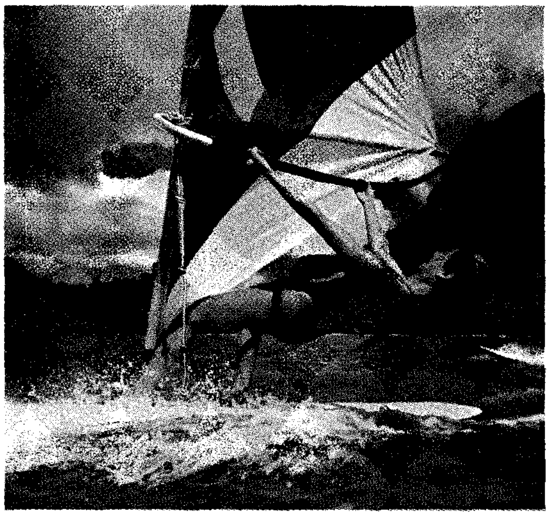


6 YEARS OLD. IMPORTED IN BOTTLE FROM CANADA BY HIRAM WALKER IMPORTERS INC., DETROIT, MICH. 86.8 PROOF. BLENDED CANADIAN WHISKY. © 1975.

"In the Polynesian Pacific, the wind can be a devil. Because the breezes seem to blow from all directions. And when you're wind surfing . . . that means the wind keeps getting knocked out of your sails. So you have to be part tightrope walker, part acrobat and part contortionist.



"We were racing along feeling pretty cocky that we'd mastered the sport. Then, from out of nowhere, what seemed like a mini-hurricane struck . . . wiping us out. And two wind surfers suddenly became two deep-sea divers.

"Later, we toasted our adventure with Canadian Club at the Bali Hai Hotel in Moorea." Wherever you go, people with taste agree C.C. is the only Canadian. For them, it has a unique smoothness, mellowness and lightness no other Canadian whisky can match. For 117 years, it's been in a class by itself. "The Best In The House"® in 87 lands.

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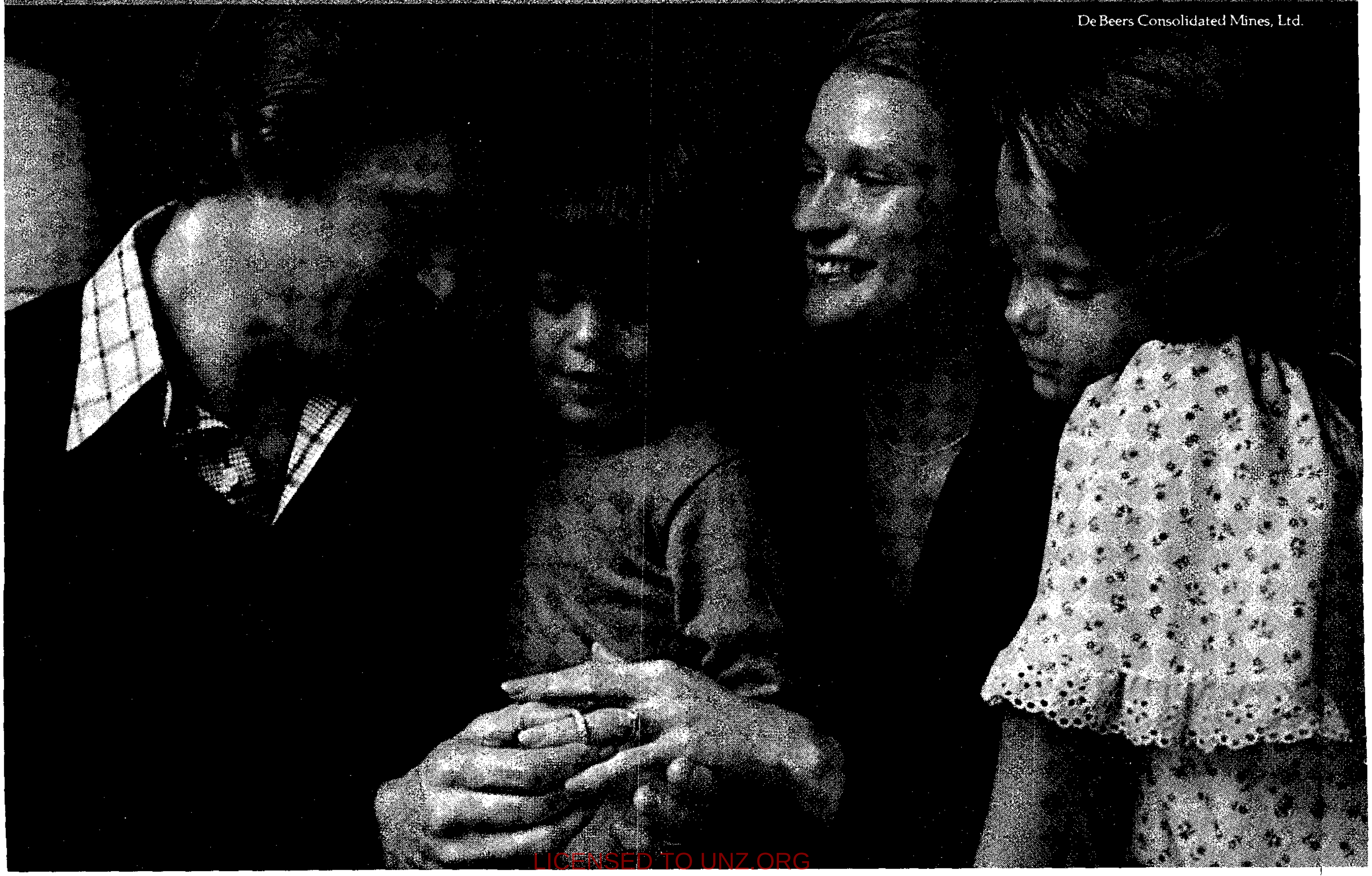

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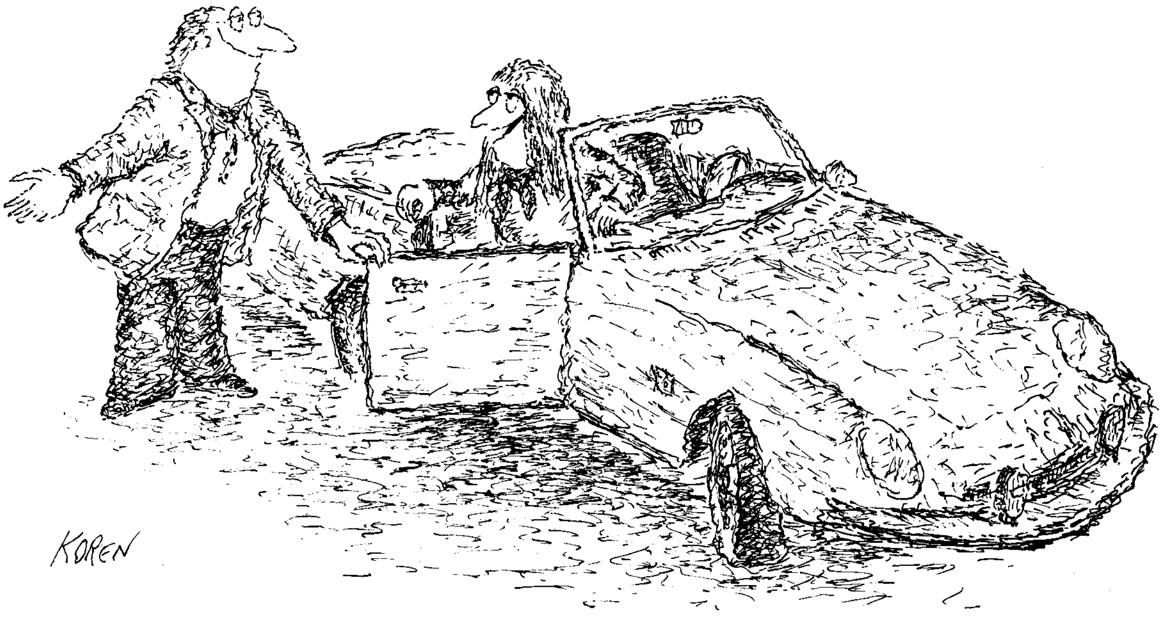
of smoke. "They will not have windows by Christmas. In my mother's village, it required two years."

"Christmas is six months away," said Sarkis, as if imparting official information. "They have things speeded up this year."

"Ah, yes," said Arak. "I can see."

A cluster of old women—or, anyway, of women who looked old—stood near the road, some twenty or thirty feet into the field, leaning on their hoes. Arak waved a smoky hand. One of the women waved back—surely the wave of a younger sister. I thought of a passage in Osip Mandelstam's "Journey to Armenia," written during the dreadful nineteen-thirties, when the great and persecuted Russian poet was briefly "vacationed" to Armenia. It was about a visit to Byurakan, and it went like this (as translated by Clarence Brown):



"You may be a sexist, but you're sweet."

> Everywhere there were peasant women with tearful faces, shuffling movements, red eyelids, and cracked lips. They had an ugly way of walking, as if they had the dropsy or had strained a tendon. They moved like hills of weary rags, stirring up the dust with their hems.
>
> The flies eat the children, gathering in clusters at the corners of their eyes.
>
> The smile of an elderly Armenian peasant woman is inexplicably beautiful—there is so much nobility, exhausted dignity, and a sort of solemn, married charm in it.

I liked the part about the "exhausted dignity" and "solemn married charm," and wondered if it was true—although perhaps, as with van Gogh's pictures of country life, it was enough that the artist had seen whatever he had seen.

Mandelstam had not mentioned the great observatory, and so probably it had not yet been built. Or maybe they would not show it to him, fearing that the Jewish poet might spot some altogether marvellous Jewish star out in the cosmos and publish the news abroad in literary quarterlies. Or maybe Mandelstam had been uninterested in observatories.

In midmorning, we trooped about like schoolchildren through the scientific facilities. There is this to be said about observatories in general: they are inevitably disappointing, because of their lack of frightening equipment and size, and because when photographers take pictures of giant telescopes they usually try to please by making the telescopes appear far larger than they are, and so when you finally see a giant telescope up close, you think, So what? Although, not being a child, you do not say it but instead mutter, "Ah, very interesting." There was this to be said about the observatory at Byurakan in particular: it was certainly disappointing in the traditional way, but there was also something appealing in its lack of pretension. There were no intimations either of importance or of the lack of it. Everything looked as if it needed paint, although when you examined things closely this was not always so. Here were some filing cabinets, there some telescopic equipment, also several old chairs, a table, an urn of coffee, a studious young man who disappeared, two amiable women, and on the outside there were flowers everywhere.

One of the amiable women showed us photographs of whitish spirals, some of which were very poetic and familiar. The roof was made to open by a push button, much like a garage door, and revealed a wedge of pale-blue sky. As it happened, the chief of the observatory, Distinguished Scientist Ambartsumian, was not in residence. He was in Houston, Texas, delivering a lecture. And why not?

Thus, instead of being able to interrupt the Distinguished Scientist and drive him mad with witless questions, we sat on the green grass outside amid the beautiful flowers and had lemonade in paper cups. Behind us rose a dome of the observatory. There was an air of calm, and even laziness, around us. We were in the presence of science.

I felt sad for a moment, sitting on the rough grass and thinking one of those banal travellers' thoughts: that soon we would be leaving Armenia, and—

And what? And would never tour the observatory at Byurakan again? It was not a thought that one pursued relentlessly.

"It's too bad you didn't get a chance to see Professor Ambartsumian," said Sarkis, in his hortatory manner. "He is a great Armenian scientist. There are many eminent Armenian scientists." And so forth. After a while, Sarkis wiped his brow, took off his hat, and lay back upon several flowers.

We were on the top of a hill, looking down on a valley filled with green and haze, and it seemed that one might be able to see far away, into other places and countries.

I asked Vartan, who had been silent for most of the trip, if he had ever travelled outside Armenia.

"I have been to Moscow," he said. "It was noisy, with many huge buildings."

"Have you been outside the Soviet Union?" my wife asked.

"No," he said shyly, as if harboring a secret thought. Then "My wife wishes to go to California and see Mickey Mouse."

"Mickey Mouse!" said Sarkis.

"The amusement park," said Vartan.

"Amusement parks?" said Sarkis. "What foolishness! Listen to the dreams of these young people!" He sat up on the grass, blinking in the sun. "There is only one place to go, my friends. That is Paris."

"Ah, you and your Paris!" said Arak.

"It is truly the City of Light," said Sarkis. "Not even Leningrad can compare. Paris has everything—culture, beauty, beautiful gardens, exceptional food. I was there once, do you know?"

"He was there for two days," said Arak.

"Three days," said Sarkis. "What does it matter? I was at an educational congress—a congress of philologists. Many noted experts. We were in a tiny hotel, squeezed into rooms. They took us around in buses. But I was in heaven, every minute of it. I felt my soul purified."

"By the French women?" asked Arak.

"I was talking about my soul," said Sarkis. "The soul is the important thing."

"My wife would also like to see the Beatles," Vartan said.

"You know, I was inside the Louvre," Sarkis said. "All my life—in Egypt, here—I have heard about the Louvre. On the last day of our congress, I left our lecture—I was with Szabo, the Hungarian—and we raced to the Louvre. We looked at the 'Winged Victory of Samothrace.' Such a beautiful thing, although it was surrounded by Japanese. I said to Szabo, 'Can you imagine that we are inside the Louvre?' He was very happy, too. Then we had to leave right away, or we would have been missed. But I am going to go back one day and see the 'Venus de Milo.' "

"You will never go back," said Arak. "One rapture is enough."

"I have already applied," said Sarkis. "There is a linguistic congress in two years."

"In Paris?" said Arak.

"In Helsinki," said Sarkis. "It's not the same thing, but it's almost the same."

A matronly woman from the observatory appeared carrying two handfuls of paper-wrapped sandwiches, which she placed gently on the ground one by one, as if they were turtles, and then she beamed and ambled away. We opened our sandwiches in the warm sun. I thought of the poor poet Mandelstam wandering about Armenia in the nineteen-thirties. Across the valley, far away from us, there stretched another range of mountains, dim and gold. I wondered if Turkey was beyond those mountains.

"What was it like here in the nineteen-thirties?" I asked Arak, knowing that it was an impossible question.

Arak sat cross-legged on the grass, the sun glinting on his wide forehead. "It wasn't like this," he said. He started to eat his sandwich.

"How was it not?" I asked.

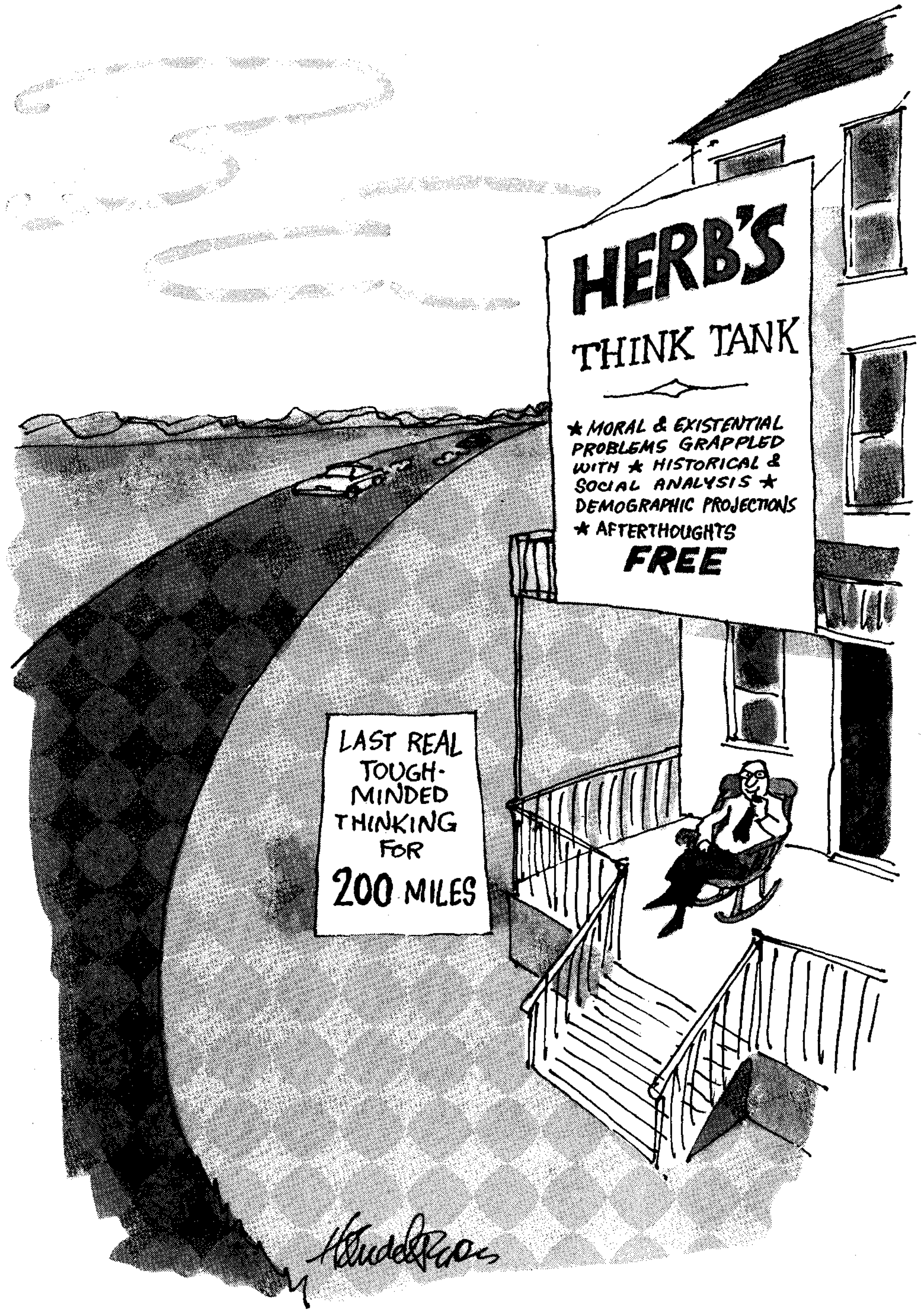
Arak looked at me as though to say, "If you have to ask the question, there is no way I can properly tell you." His face seemed very angular—chipped out of fine, hard wood and covered with pale skin. He put down the sandwich in his lap and said, "There was no food." He said it flatly, almost in an amused manner, as if recalling a certain feature of the landscape. "I remember other things, of course, because I was a child. But what I remember most is that there was no food."

"In those days, there were many problems with agriculture," said Vartan, in his guide's voice.

"Yes," said Arak. "I think there were many problems with agriculture. What do you think, Sarkis?"

Sarkis was silent; shook his head. "I don't know," he said.

Arak said, "You know, we lived in Alash, a small village about forty kilometres from Nakhichevan. My father was a schoolteacher. Later, he was killed in the war somewhere in east Poland. It was a poor village—turnips, radishes, and rocks. Some time past, I think there had been cattle—or, any-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way, people used to speak of it. 'We must get some cows or move,' my father would say, but, of course, we never did."

"Your mother is still in Alash?" asked Vartan.

"She was buried there," said Arak. "She was seventy-two." He stretched out his long legs. "One whole winter, she made us soup from grass. Grass soup! It was terrible. My mother didn't tell us at first. 'It is spinach soup,' she said. But, of course, there was no spinach. Then we saw her with the grass. My sister used to cry all the time, because she was hungry. Sometimes I think of that now and want to beat her with a stick, although she herself is now a grown woman with grandchildren. Imagine—a child who is always crying and you have no food to give it!"

"I have heard such stories," said Vartan, "but from earlier times."

"What do I know of stories?" said Arak. "But I will tell you about my mother's aunt. She was married to Melikian—old Melikian, they called him—and lived in the mountains. The village they lived in is no longer even there. Every springtime, we used to make the journey up into the mountains to visit them—the old people. The old man kept some bees, and he would make us presents of sticky combs of honey. Well, one winter it was very bad. It was the winter of the grass soup. Even in our valley we had almost no turnips left. And the snow was everywhere. The world was buried in snow! Nothing stirred. We tried to catch rats, you know, but even the rats had gone. My mother worried about the old people up in the mountains, because we heard reports from other villages of how bad it was. I can tell you that they did not tell the children much about it, but children always find out, do they not? And so one day—in March, I think, long before spring—we set out for the mountain village. It was right after a snowfall, I remember. We carried sacks of bread and also turnips. We could hardly find the village because of the snow, and when we got there the first person we saw was a woman huddled in shawls on a doorstep, crying in the cold. I think my father knew her, and he gave her some of the bread we had brought, and she took the bread and was eating it and crying."

"What about your mother's people?" asked Vartan.

"The old people," said Arak. "Yes. We came to their house. My father could tell right away. 'See, there is no

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smoke,' he said from the road. They must have been dead nearly a week—perhaps more. It was a good thing, too, that it had been so cold, for they were frozen solid. And their feet were bare. I said, 'Father, why were they not wearing shoes?'—because I had never seen the old people's feet like that, naked. And my father cuffed me with his hand, so that I nearly fell down. 'Enough of your questions!' I think he said. Have you ever eaten shoe leather, Vartan?" Arak asked.

"I never have," said Vartan.

"Me either," said Arak. "At least, I don't think so." He laughed and stood up, still holding his sandwich. He looked at it and began to eat. "Not bad," he said. "Our scientists have good mayonnaise."

It seemed to be much later than it was. There were a few white clouds in the sky. Far down in the valley, some cattle stood beside a grove of trees—black and brown shapes. Two slender birds, like swallows, turned in the cool wind.

"Let us be off," said Sarkis, hands in the pockets of his brown jacket. We trooped to the car, in single file, along the gravel path that led down from the observatory.

On our way back through Byurakan, we saw some schoolchildren standing by the side of the road throwing pebbles at a dry stream. "Do they still have many flies here?" I asked, thinking of the children in Mandelstam's journal.

"There are no flies here anymore," said Arak as the yellow fields sped by.

AS I thought about it later, there was something about Arak's coolness on the subject of those early hardships that took my breath away. For it wasn't necessary to have digested each word of "The Gulag Archipelago" to realize that death by starvation had been only one of the forms of horror visited upon the length and breadth of Russia during the Stalin years. (What estimate had Solzhenitsyn made—that one out of four citizens of Leningrad had been sent to prison or to a labor camp? One out of four!) Yes, one knew that death in the snowy silences of Armenia had been but one of the terrible acts that men had been required to contend with in those days, and that Arak's refusal to discuss the rest, to describe the whole of the iceberg—while somehow implying its presence—had been a stroke at once of bravery and of a frightening realism.

Beyond that, something else remained and worked in my mind as a result of Arak's story about the old people in the village. It was this: If Arak had been speaking the truth about the hunger and starvation of those times (and why should he not have been?), and if Solzhenitsyn had been writing the truth about the prisons and labor camps (and why should he not have been?), then how unbelievably terrible it must have been to exist anywhere in Russia—certainly in Soviet Armenia—during the long Stalinist nightmare of the nineteen-thirties and forties! Yet—and this was what I now noted—here was Arak, and here were how many others of his generation, and older, whom one saw every day on the street, overheard in cafés, observed standing upright on the buses returning from work, upright and proud. That was it! Not only had they survived the terrors and persecution but now they were on their feet, well on their feet: building soccer stadiums, pink stone apartment houses, statues, refrigerators, computers; fashioning fine, tall children; and talking of the past without that coloring of lamentation and self-pity which so many Armenians elsewhere seemed to employ when they talked about the Turks. For it seemed that even those who had not been personally involved, such as Sarkis, carried with them an "experience" of those earlier massacres—perhaps some racial memory of the events—like a poison.

I decided then and there to set down as directly as I could my understanding of what had actually happened between the Armenians and the Turks—in other words, to confront some of the things that I had read and thought about and kept myself detached from—and to see if some sort of meaning or coherence might not eventually emerge. Somehow, whatever had happened to the Armenians seemed to have been more than murder. But what, one wondered, could have been *more* than murder?

THE key to the puzzle lay, surely, in the nineteenth century, for it was toward the end of the nineteenth century that the so-called Armenian Question achieved a kind of international prominence, and that the proverbial roof started to fall in upon the Armenians in Turkey. It was strange to have studied nineteenth-century history so often in my youth but never with regard to Armenia. To be sure, Armenia did not occupy a large place in many history books. The Turks, for

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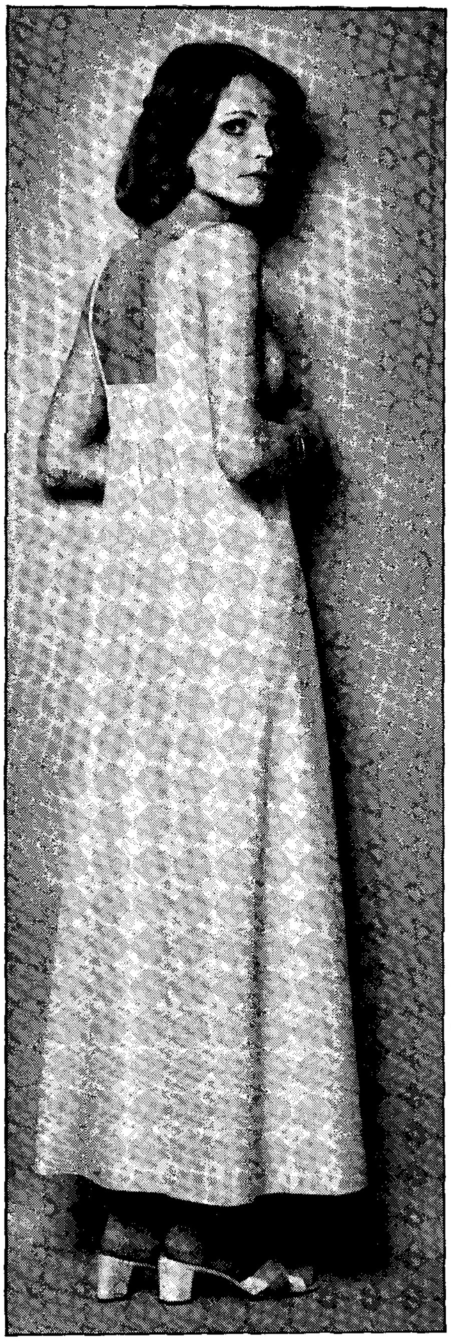

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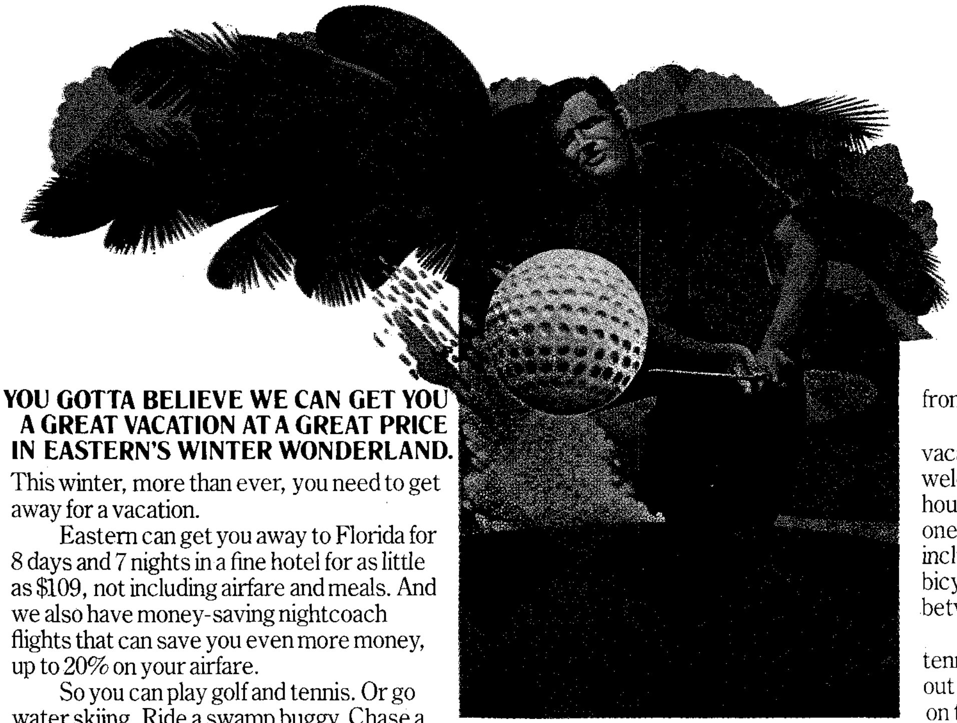

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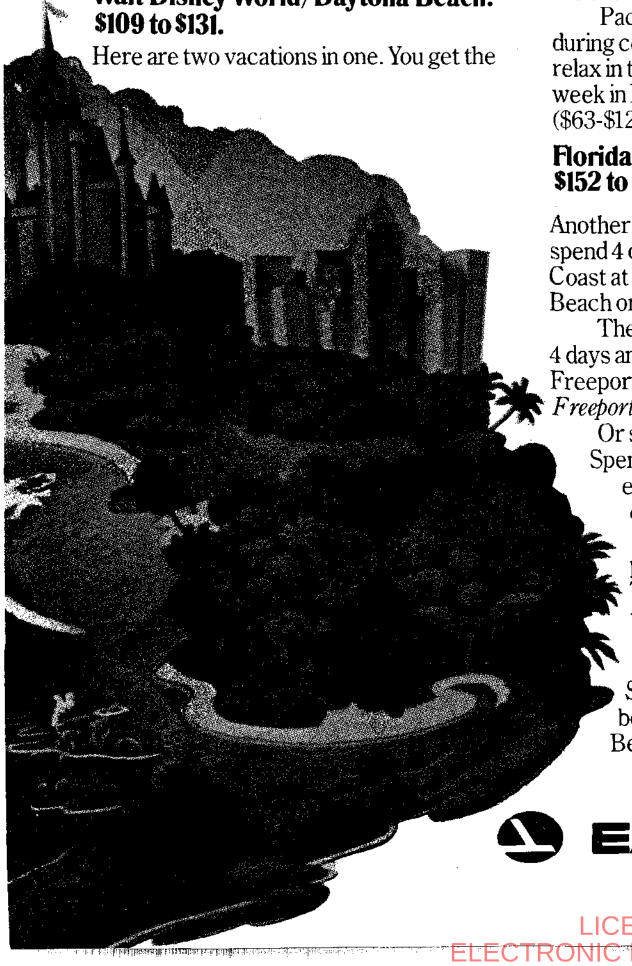

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example, generally ignored the subject, dismissing the Armenians as one among "many Asia Minor peoples" who for obscure reasons had betrayed the Turkish trust and created trouble. The Europeans, principally the English (who, after the English custom, journeyed to remote places and turned out obtuse, carefully phrased journals), took much the same line, with a few notable exceptions, such as Arnold Toynbee, and with the added angle that any misfortune that had befallen the Armenians had doubtless been the result of their low—and, presumably, un-English—instincts for "trade." The greater part of Armenian history books were in their way no more helpful than the Turkish accounts, or non-accounts. If the Turks ignored the subject, the Armenians usually overwrote it. That is, the Turks were innately murderous; the Turks were savages.

Much of the story of the Armenians in nineteenth-century Turkey seemed to be closely connected to the person and personality of the thirty-fourth Ottoman sultan, Abdul-Hamid II. When Abdul-Hamid succeeded to the sultanate, in 1876 (as a result of his older brother Murad's having succumbed to a "nervous disorder" after three months in office), he looked out upon a still large but disorganized and declining empire of roughly thirty-five million people, of whom around thirteen million were Christian subjects of the Ottoman provinces of the Balkans, and around two million were Armenians, also Christian—some of them in Constantinople, some in Europe, a few in Syria, most of them spread out across Anatolia and the classic Armenian plateau, which had been divided into the six *vilayets* of Turkish Armenia.

For years, the Balkan Christians had been in revolt—inspired by the example of the French Revolution, incited by the liberal movements in Europe, at times assisted by the autocratic, imperial-minded czars of Russia. Lord Byron had died for "Greek freedom" at Missolonghi in 1824, five years before Greece gained its independence. (Not the least remarkable act of Byron's life was that he had spent the winter of 1816-17 in a Venetian monastery learning Armenian.) The Russian czars spoke solemnly about "protecting" the Balkan Christians. The majority of the Ottoman empire's Christians might be restive; the Armenians were not. The Turks regarded the Armenians as the *millet sadika*—the "loyal community."

In May of 1844, while on a state visit to Queen Victoria, Czar Nicholas I had observed as follows to Lords Aberdeen and Palmerston: "Turkey is a dying man. We can try to keep him alive, but he will—and he must—die. I am afraid of no one except France. With so many tons of gunpowder close to the fire, how can we prevent the sparks from catching?" Thus, Turkey became known as the Sick Man of Europe, although its possessions were mainly outside Europe and although, as it happened, the word and concept of "Turkey" were still alien to the Turks. The French "Turquie" and the English "Turkey" derived from Medieval Latin: "Turchia" or "Turquia." However, the Turks thought of themselves as subjects of the Ottoman empire; "Turk" was a vaguely pejorative term applied to the peasantry. When, finally, in 1923, the Turks officially adopted the name, they transposed it from the European usage—"Türkiye."

By the time of Abdul-Hamid's accession to the throne—or, rather, to the sword of Osman—the "sickness" had grown worse. In part, this resulted from continued troubles in the empire's European provinces. More directly, it resulted from the magnitude of the Ottoman debt and the weakness of the Ottoman financial structure. Stated simply, European industry and capital were in the saddle. The Ottoman ruling caste, classic conservatives—themselves prisoners of a long-faded racial memory of war and plunder—had established neither; they had little to sell the world, and everything to buy. In the course of one twenty-five-year period, the rate of the Ottoman piastre relative to the pound sterling fell three hundred per cent. And when, in 1840, the government created a national bank, it fell hopelessly in debt within a few years, as it doubled and redoubled its borrowing—at the same time reducing its interest payments—so that the European central banks, which had gladly contributed to the "sickness," were compelled to take a more active role in Turkish affairs in order to protect their investments.

Abdul-Hamid's method of dealing with the problems facing him were as follows: He could do little about his European provinces' demands for independence except to try, with increas-

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ing trouble and bad publicity, to repress the demands, and, in the main, to watch with anger and impotence as the provinces broke away. He could do little about the financial mess—or, rather, *would* do little in the way of cutting down official expenses—and so was forced to accede to growing European control over the Ottoman treasury. In fact, for a while representatives of European banks administered the Ottoman debt from a special European office in Constantinople, placing liens against portions of Ottoman tax receipts in order to pay off their loans.

Impotence: an absence of potence. What little actual power Abdul-Hamid retained, he kept close to his vest and dealt out sparingly. He was an autocrat who liked surprises. For instance, soon after he became sultan the European powers and Russia held one of their conferences—in Constantinople, of all places—on what might be done about Turkey's disaffected European provinces and on the general question of Turkish reform. No Turks were invited to any of the high-level discussions. Abdul-Hamid remained quietly in his palace, playing Offenbach on the piano and watching the pennants on Lord Salisbury's yacht. One morning in the early days of the conference, while the delegates were seated at table drawing up their agenda, the guns of the Topkapi fortress commenced firing a salute. One hundred and one rounds. When the cannonading had stopped, the delegates were informed that the Sultan had just announced a constitution, which would make their presence no longer necessary. After the conference had broken up, Abdul-Hamid consigned the constitution to the limbo it had come from, and sent the Minister who had drawn it up for him into exile—and then had him murdered.

In many ways, Abdul-Hamid was an unusual man. Thirty-fourth Sultan of the House of Osman, Caliph of Islam, Shadow of God on Earth, he was of moderate height and slender build, with a pale, gravely handsome face, dark, watchful eyes, and a normally quiet and withdrawn expression. He was afraid of the dark. Also, fearing assassination, he rarely slept in the same room two nights in a row. For the same reason, on his weekly appearances in public—riding in a carriage to the Hamidiyeh Mosque—he kept a small child on his knee. No decent assassin, he reasoned, would be likely to kill a child. Indeed, Abdul-Hamid's feelings about assassination were such that he would not permit the word (or any of its synonyms) to appear in print. "So the Turkish newspapers attributed the sudden and simultaneous deaths of the king and queen of Serbia in 1903 to indigestion," wrote Bernard Lewis. "In the same way, the Empress Elizabeth of Austria died of pneumonia, President Carnot of apoplexy, President McKinley of anthrax." Abdul-Hamid maintained an extensive collection of pistols and other hand weapons, which he ordered continually from Europe, and one of which he kept at his side at all times. He was a good but impulsive marksman. On different occasions, several gardeners and a footman were shot by the Sultan as a result of coming upon him unawares. Also, the Sultan was fond of animals, and kept a private zoo on the grounds of Yildiz Palace. At Yildiz, too, he caused to be built two private cafés, which were modelled on ordinary Constantinople cafés and were at all times staffed with waiters, and where now and then the Sultan would stop (always the only customer), order a coffee, and express polite surprise that it should arrive so quickly.

If Abdul-Hamid felt impotent rage against the Europeans, who seemed to have a mortgage on his empire and were always trying to tell him what to do, his feelings toward the Armenians were more complex and, in the beginning, less visible. One of the least visible threads, perhaps, was this: Since birth, Abdul-Hamid had been dogged by the rumor that his own mother was Armenian. It was not impossible, in that the Ottomans favored non-Turkic *shiksas* for the royal harem. Rumor had it that she was either Jewish or Armenian. Her name comes down to us as Pirimujgan, which, at any rate, doesn't sound Jewish. No official announcement of Abdul-Hamid's birth was made until harem records were checked and rechecked. Finally, after an unprecedented three-day delay, the new heir to the throne was acknowledged, but a cloud hung over the event. Pirimujgan herself died of consumption shortly afterward, and Abdul-Hamid was said to have always thought fondly of her. But all his life his attitude toward Armenians remained oddly private and intense.

Who were the Armenians—this "loyal community"—in those days? Much has been made in novels and histories written by Europeans of the Armenian merchant and trader—the thorn in the side of the more manly and hardworking Turk. Thus, recently an English writer, Joan Haslip, noted in a biography of Abdul-Hamid,

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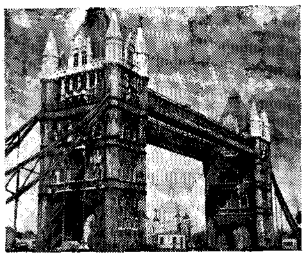
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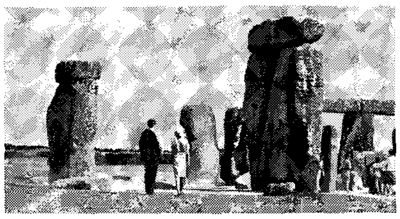
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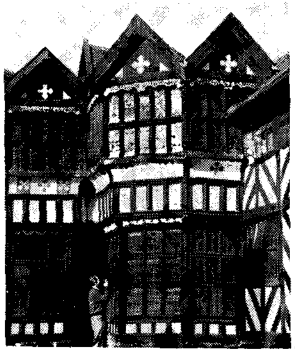
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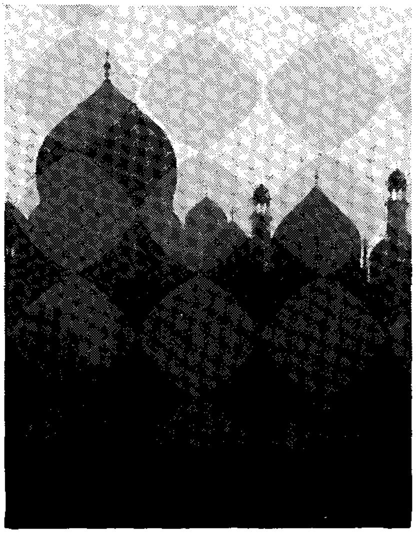

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"The Sultan," "Owing to the aversion of the average Turk to any form of commerce, most of the business of the empire was in the hands of either Greeks, Jews, or Armenians. . . . [Abdul-Hamid's] interest in every form of finance was so contrary to the tradition of the well-bred Turk as to revive the rumor of his mother's Armenian origin." Miss Haslip doesn't explicitly criticize the Armenians (or the Greeks or the Jews) for engaging in trade, but the implication seems fairly clear: The Turks were a jolly lot, perhaps not clever in certain ways, but good fellows, full of breeding—probably rode well, too. The Armenians were genetically mercenary and obviously *foreign.*

The truth of the matter seems to have been better and worse than that. In a majestically dry and scholarly book about Armenian communities in the Ottoman empire, written by the same Professor Sanjian who translated the colophons, there is this revealing passage: "In the Ottoman administrative system the high-ranking officials of the Porte and the provincial governors derived their income not from a government salary but from legal taxes and extortions levied on the population over which they had jurisdiction. Each official was dependent on a banker, usually Armenian, who furnished him with capital on interest for securing an appointment and for the surety required by the central government for the proper transmission of revenues to the imperial treasury." This implied a fascinating state of affairs. First, the Ottoman ruling caste, while expanding its bureaucracy in the modern manner, had retained its anachronistic traditional method of dealing with it—disdaining to pay its administrators salaries and instead letting them somehow make it up in the field, skimming taxes here, taking bribes there. Then, on top of that, the Ottoman state had required these officials to put up capital for their jobs, and to maintain them with additional deposits of capital (against tax receipts) throughout the year. Thus, since the warrior Turks (who had not been successfully at war for two hundred years) had neglected to develop either capital or a banking system, or even bankers, the result was that their growing civil service was virtually pushed by its own government into a debtor-creditor relationship with the Armenian merchants and bankers. What folly for the Turks to have arranged things so badly! What folly for the Armenians to have let it happen!

ONE has, then, a picture of a developing Armenian élite in Constantinople. The Turks needed the Armenians, who understood the new worlds of capital and commerce. Also, the Armenians, armed with a literacy taught by their church schools, spoke several languages. They were needed as translators and interpreters—as connections with the Western world. A relationship almost of dependency existed between Turk and Armenian, but it was a unique and dangerous sort of dependency. For the creditor Armenians were in the minority and were Christian, and the needful Turks were in the majority and were Muslim.

The mutual unawareness of these Turks and Armenians seems astonishing, albeit human. But the Constantinople Armenians were only a minority of their own people. The majority of the Armenians lived where they had always lived—in villages and towns across Anatolia and the Armenian plateau, side by side with the Turks, with whom they had shared their homeland for over four hundred years.

In a little book called "Travels in Armenia," by the Honourable Robert Curzon, published in London in 1860, and lent to me in New York by the writer Peter Sourian, I found the following description of the building of a "country house" in Turkish Armenia:

"When a house is to be constructed, a space of ground is marked out, perhaps nearly an English acre, and then part of the whole is excavated to a depth of five feet. Eight or nine tree trunks are placed in two rows as columns, with the larger branches planted across the columns as roof-beams. The center of the house is the stable. In a richer house, there are two stables and the roof is a snow field. A fire of dung, called *tezek*, is continually smoldering. There is a divan covered with the most beautiful carpets and large wooden pegs for pistols, guns, cloaks, anything else. The chimney rises two feet or so above the ground, with a stone on top to keep lambs or children from falling in, for these habitations are constructed on the side of a gentle slope with no fences to keep people off the roof."

Toward the end of the book, Curzon tells the brief story of Artin, the *oda bashi:*

"*In the month of August of last*

year, a [Turkish] merchant named Mehmed brought his merchandise to the inn, where he slept. Two soldiers were asleep next to him. In the morning, his merchandise had vanished and he accused the two soldiers of stealing it, but they denied it and were let go.

"As it happened, a woman had seen them burying the merchandise, and when these were ordered to be dug up and found incomplete, the soldiers said that the *oda bashi*—the inn-clerk—had stolen the other half. The *oda bashi* was an Armenian, Artin by name. When he denied the theft he was ordered to be tortured into the truth. A metal drinking cup was heated over a fire and placed over his head. Then a cord was tied around two pig's knuckle bones and this was tightened around his temples until his eyes nearly came out. His front teeth were extracted and pieces of cane placed under his nails.

"Unfortunately, under Turkish law only two witnesses are required for a conviction, and no testimony is accepted from women, foreigners, or Christians. I heard about this poor wretch's story and took the matter to the Pasha. He said it was not true and I believed him for I had found him to be at other times a straightforward and honest man. My servant, however, had looked in through the jail window and seen Artin's pitiable condition. I said to the Pasha: 'This man has been tortured because he is Armenian.' The Pasha again denied it, but the next morning released Artin, who was about thirty-five years old and bore terrible scars.

"A few days later I was writing at my desk, when I heard a most extraordinary shuffling and screeching, as if several cocks and hens were suffering from strangulation. Along the floor of my house advanced the most strange and incomprehensible procession of men and women, crawling on their hands and knees, each with a rooster in their hands! One woman grabbed hold of my foot and began kissing it. Being horribly alarmed, I kicked as well as I could and asked my servant to get rid of the unsightly group.

"Later he informed me that they were the family of Artin, the *oda bashi*, and although they were pained that I did not accept their poultry, they expressed gratitude to him that I had saved their kinsman. In truth, it is clear that fashions change everywhere, and that Turkey, like the United States of America, is no longer a land of laxity, where every free and inde-

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pendent citizen has the right to beat his own nigger, or where the Sultan could cut off fourteen heads a day!"

At first, I felt furious at this Englishman's story. Had he become "horribly alarmed" that those poor wretches were trying to kiss his feet? And, as for the rights of independent citizens to beat their own niggers, was he trying to say that the Armenians were the niggers of nineteenth-century Turkey? And was he right? That was a mind-stopping thought. In a rage, I read the story of the *oda bashi* to my wife. She said, "But what are 'niggers,' anyway, except people whom the ruling majority never looks at?"

I said, "But the Armenians seemed so badly off. Houses underground! Fires of dung!"

She said, "Surely their Turkish neighbors were as badly off, or worse. Look, Artin at least had an education. He could read and write. He was a clerk."

All the same, something seemed true and sad about the story—sadder, even, than the spectacle of the inn clerk being tortured. Indeed, the act of torture seemed but an outward sign of a far worse disease. For the first time, I had a profound sense of the depressed condition of the Armenians. "Depressed condition"—the phrase went through my mind. No, I thought, it had been worse than that: *depression.* Might not a people existing too long in an untenable position, a barely tenable position, a diminishing position, experience the same symptoms of clinical depression as an individual? Might not a *people* show signs of listlessness, a glazing of the eyes, a lack of motive, an inability to get out of bed in the morning and look for better work?

My wife was looking through the Haslip book on Abdul-Hamid. "Listen to this," she said. " 'Both Abdul-Hamid and his immediate predecessors had treated the Armenians with tolerance and justice.' " She closed the book. "Obviously, everybody has different standards of tolerance and justice," she said.

AS the nineteenth century wore on, Abdul-Hamid's troubles increased, and it happened that the Armenians did nothing to lessen them. For the winds of reform and European liberalism had reached even the *millet sadika*, the "loyal community." The first indication of a change in temper occurred during the Russo-Turkish War of 1877-78—a war disastrous to the Turks—when the Russians, eager to hasten the Sick Man to his grave, invaded not only the Ottoman Balkan provinces but also, on the other side of the Black Sea, Turkish Armenia. Abdul-Hamid, furious and helpless, was compelled to ask "the English woman," as he always called Queen Victoria, to stop the Russian advance, and after a display of Her Majesty's warships in the Dardanelles the Russians halted, and grudgingly pulled back from both fronts, although they were allowed to keep the three Armenian districts of Kars, Ardahan, and Batum. Abdul-Hamid was enraged to learn that some of the Armenians had actually welcomed the Russians. It was soon after this that England, anxious to keep Russia out of eastern Turkey, where it was always threatening to "protect Christians," became interested in the so-called Armenian Question—and Abdul-Hamid's dormant paranoia toward the Armenians intensified.

Liberal England, under Gladstone, was eager to take up the new Armenian cause. Conservative England, under Disraeli, preferred to accommodate the Sultan and keep the Suez route free of hazard. On either side of the issue, the English appeared to be involved. But what was the Armenian cause? It was a fairly modest one, by European standards: equality and freedom of opportunity within the Ottoman empire. Unfortunately, the European liberals, who were far away and remained far away, never seemed to realize that the implicit basis of the Ottoman empire was inequality. The sons of Islam had to be first. Therefore, somebody must be second.

What is interesting about this whole period is the mildness, almost the naïveté, of these early reform movements, with their political and literary ties to Rousseau and Montesquieu.

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  candles of our hearts. . . .
Your law informs the Sultan of
  his limits.

Thus went a Turkish political ode of the eighteen-fifties, which was considered dangerously radical. Inform the Sultan of his limits? *What* limits? Early Turkish and Armenian reform groups seem to have been very close, for many of the young Turkish and Armenian men had studied together in Paris and London, and shared a wishful admiration for European liberalism. The first Turkish group, which was established in 1865, called itself *Yeni Osmanlilar* (New Ottomans), or, alternatively, *Jeunes Turcs.* The Armenians, some years later, formed two parties, one called Hentchak

(Bell) and the other called Dashnaktsutiun (Federation). Though both were founded by Russian rather than Turkish Armenians, they were actively concerned with the plight of Armenians in the Ottoman empire. The chief aim of the Turkish intellectuals in those days was to obtain a constitution and a more representative government, and better controls on the state treasury. The chief aim of the Dashnaks—the more effective (and less Marxist) of the two parties—was to obtain religious freedom and tax relief, and also the right to serve in the armed forces. Neither Turks nor Armenians then seriously entertained the thought of abolishing the sultanate. Nor did most Armenians, unlike the Balkan Christians, express any wish to break away from the Ottoman empire. The great majority of the Armenian reformers—tinged, like the Young Turks, with varying shades of constitutional Socialism—wanted mainly to work within the system.

Abdul-Hamid's response to these new winds was probably predictable. Reform groups and political parties of any description were declared illegal and de-facto "revolutionary." Intellectuals, both Turkish and Armenian, were arrested, sometimes exiled, sometimes murdered. The Sultan seemed to have a special anxiety about the "Armenian revolutionaries"—the several hundred activists, mostly students. He forbade the Armenian language to be taught or to be spoken in public, and ordered that no mention of Armenia or reference to anything Armenian be printed anywhere in the empire. Also, he created an irregular force of Kurdish tribesmen—fierce, primitive Muslims who for years had drifted across eastern Turkey in a state of feud with the settled Armenian communities, which they periodically ransacked. These detachments of newly uniformed Kurdish cavalry were called the Hamidiyeh, and were posted as garrisons near the major Armenian towns, whose Armenian inhabitants Abdul-Hamid ordered to give up any weapons they might possess. In the meantime, the Sultan's private surveillance network was expanded to around twenty thousand agents, who dutifully filed reports with their employer; these eventually filled several rooms of the palace, and were read each day on their arrival by the Shadow of God, who soon read little else.

Abdul-Hamid's massacre of the Armenians began in the summer of 1894, with the capture by a Turkish patrol of two members of Hentchak

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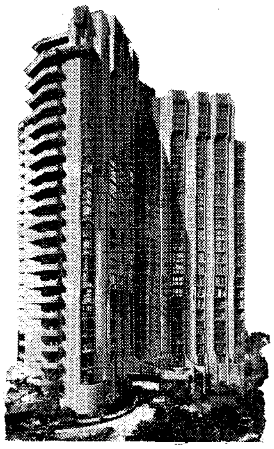

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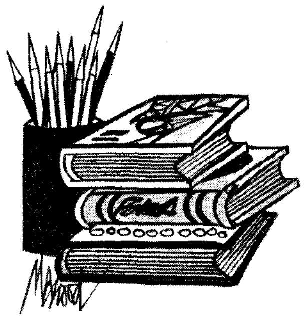
who were traversing the mountains in the Armenian district of Sassoun. Orders were immediately sent from Constantinople for Turkish troops, accompanied by a detachment of Hamidiyeh, to raid Sassoun, in order to uncover such additional "revolutionaries" as might be hiding out. As it happened, the district of Sassoun was a natural fortress—a collection of villages perched high in the rocky mountains and inhabited by hardy and independent-minded mountaineers. The year before, they had refused to pay their taxes, complaining that the Kurds had already exacted tribute from them. They had demanded that the Porte control the Kurdish chiefs. Abdul-Hamid had responded by sending in troops, who, after encountering unexpectedly heavy opposition from the Armenians, ended by killing nine hundred of them.

Now the people of Sassoun again resisted the advance of the Turkish troops, and again they resisted effectively. For two weeks, the Sultan's soldiers and the cavalry that bore his name were held at bay on the craggy mountainside beneath Sassoun—and some were killed by the Armenians. Abdul-Hamid, keeping himself more closely than ever within Yildiz Palace, reading his spies' reports, attending to the messages from his new telegraph, evidently believed that the moment he had feared and expected was now at hand: the Armenians within the Ottoman empire were in revolt. Down the same telegraph lines that had told him of the existence of the rebellion, word was sent to the beys of the eastern provinces to suppress the Armenian uprising before it could spread.



Far away from Constantinople, then, out of sight of the ambassadors of the European powers, a loosely organized process for the killing of Armenians spread across the towns and villages of Turkish Armenia. In some instances, an "official pretext" was found for massacre. For example, in the town of Bitlis a quarrel between an Armenian and a Turk over the price of two oxen resulted in the arrest and execution by Turkish police of a hundred and fifty Armenians as "revolutionaries" and the subsequent slaughter by an aroused Turkish mob of nearly two thousand. More usually, an Armenian was discovered—or merely suspected of—keeping a firearm or sword, whereupon a hundred or so of his neighbors might be rounded up and shot, as in Marash, or decapitated, as in Diyarbakir. In some places, hanging was preferred—Moush, for example, where twelve Armenian teachers of the local school were hanged, and left hanging. As time wore on, however, and there were no signs of interference from the ambassadors of tenderhearted Europe (who, to be fair, did not have their own telegraph lines to the eastern provinces), and no change of command from the Sultan, the matter of "official pretexts" came to be pursued ever more casually. That is to say, the idea of putting down a rebellion or of capturing dangerous revolutionaries seemed less and less to occupy the official mind. Instead, the procedure appeared to be generally like the following, which occurred in the town of Urfa.

There, one day, into the populous Armenian section rode the soldiers of the local Hamidiyeh regiment, which had been garrisoned some four or five miles out of town. Some Armenian shops were looted by these Hamidiyeh warriors. When a shop owner protested, his shop was set on fire. At one point, two Armenians tried with their fists and linked arms (since they had no weapons) to keep a group of the Hamidiyeh troops away from some Armenian girls. The two Armenians were seized and decapitated with cavalry swords. When other Armenians began to protest, the Hamidiyeh rode away, for they had done their job. And in an hour's time (some have said less) a mob of Turks approached the Armenian section. For two and a half days, this Turkish mob, soon joined by other Turks—all of them average Turkish citizens, ordinary co-inhabitants of the picturesque town of Urfa—roamed at will through the streets of the Armenian community. Most of the Turks carried clubs—thick hardwood implements that had the look (some said) of having been specially fashioned for the event—and not a few carried the *yataghan*, a kind of machete used in vine cultivation. Armenian men were killed wherever found. When some of the younger men attempted to fashion weapons with which to defend themselves, they were seized and killed in particularly horrible and degrading ways.

By the evening of the second day,

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many Armenians, especially women and their children (who had not been in any sense exempt from persecution), had taken refuge in their church, a moderate-sized and ancient edifice at the intersection of two streets. The Turks nailed broad wooden beams across the doors of the crowded church, so that they could not be opened from the inside, and then set fire to it. The blaze lasted all night long and into the morning, and, when it was over, it was estimated that around two thousand had perished inside—although some said later that the exact figure was closer to seventeen hundred but had been "rounded out," as is often done in matters pertaining to crowds and attendance. At any rate, none came out. Over all, in Urfa in those three days approximately ten thousand Armenians had been killed—a figure that has doubtless also been "rounded out" to some degree but that those who have studied Ottoman census and taxation records have in the main attested to.

This general procedure—of Hamidiyeh provocation followed by Armenian protest and culminating in rampage by Turkish mobs—was pursued, or, at any rate, by peculiar coincidence was adhered to, in most of the towns with large Armenian populations: Van, Bitlis, Erzurum, Diyarbakir, Marash, Trebizond as well as Urfa. After the Hamidiyeh troops had galloped away from the scene of looting and sudden violence, the Turkish mobs were never long in taking to the streets. Nor were the victims of these mobs always randomly selected; in numerous cases certain individuals, notably priests and schoolteachers, had clearly been singled out beforehand for special attention, of which death by hanging was not always the unkindest form.

In a period of two years, about three hundred thousand Armenians were thus put to death within the confines of the Ottoman empire—and in a peculiar kind of silence. There was a special quality to the silence that enfolded those "events." It was not the heavy historical silence that in times past had usually enveloped the murderer and his victim—the silence resulting from the remoteness of the deed and the ignorance of the listener, which had kept so many terrible actions hidden from the eyes and ears of the world. Think of the massacres of ancient history: tribes or armies caught in some unmapped valley far from home and slaughtered to a man, with no storybook messenger or herald to announce even the "facts" of the event. Think, for that matter, of the Armenian col-

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ophons: those despairing messages stuffed into the shipwreck bottles of history, actually buried in cellars—uncommunicated to anyone save God (who never answered), and scholars many hundreds of years later.

> Like the threshing-floor of flails, they thrashed the children with their horses; and, in place of grain, rivers of blood began to spring forth, and in place of straw the bones flowed forth like dust.

What loneliness and silence surrounded these words when they were written! But consider: By the year 1894, the silence of the world had become less complete. For instance, a species of modern traveller had come into being, assisted by the railway and the steamship, tramping about the globe, busying himself here and there, observing this and that. In the fall of 1895, a group of German and Swiss schoolteachers were travelling through eastern Turkey. They passed a village where not a soul appeared to be alive. "A terrible plague," explained the guide. The schoolteachers saw blood on the walls of houses, and a village square where jackals and vultures still fed off the unburied dead. The advanced nations of the world had evolved postal services, and from this development came the "correspondent"—originally a simple letter writer in a distant place, eager to use the new system, to communicate. For instance, a Swiss schoolteacher travelling in eastern Turkey. Then, too, there was the telegraph—the "long wire"—still in its infancy. Like many infants, it was closely guarded by its parents—not its true parents, for those were the inventors, but, at any rate, its adopted parents, as perhaps one might call the proprietary governments. Consider the role of this new invention in the Turkish massacre of the Armenians. It was in many instances the telegraph that had transmitted the "information" about the Armenian unrest and "revolutionary societies." It was the telegraph that had then transmitted the "information" about the suppression of this "revolutionary activity." Finally, it was the telegraph that speedily and efficiently communicated to the world the Sultan's denials of wrongdoing. For, because of this partly broken silence of the new era of communication, some word, at least, had reached the outside world of the murderous happenings in eastern Turkey. Travellers had written letters, which were then published in European newspapers. Minor consular officials of the great powers, stationed in towns such as Erzurum and Trebizond, had communicated what they had seen or heard of the massacres—at least, as far as their embassies in Constantinople. In Europe, hundreds of miles away, spokesmen of the liberal movement (which had originally given voice to the Armenian Question) now expressed moral outrage at the reported excesses of Abdul-Hamid's Turks. In England, in 1896, former Prime Minister Gladstone, then eighty-six years old, emerged from retirement to make the last speech of his life, in Liverpool, where he inveighed for ninety minutes against the plight of the Armenians and characterized Sultan Abdul-Hamid as "the Great Assassin." In France, Georges Clemenceau proclaimed Abdul-Hamid "*le Monstre de Yildiz*" and "*le Sultan Rouge*." Even Queen Victoria wrote a letter: "Her Majesty would earnestly beg of the Sultan to enquire . . ." But the Sultan would have none of it. In a rare interview, granted to a representative of the London *Times*, he declared that the reports of Armenian massacres were "gross exaggerations." To the mild inquiries of the English and French Ambassadors, the Sultan's Ministers replied politely, or sometimes not so politely, that the situation of the Armenians was an "internal matter," and that, in any event, it had resulted from Armenian provocation. How many times in the course of the yet more murderous twentieth century would the world listen in to such verbal remonstrances and such official excuses and denials: "exaggeration," "provocation," "an internal matter."

It almost seems as if with the arrival of communications it had in certain ways become easier to lie officially. Which is to say that a question-phrasing apparatus had been invented and developed, with its wires and transmitters and its appearance of communicating answers. But one man, or government, might still control the apparatus and the answers. And perhaps there was more to it than that. For previously the world had abounded in lies that no one heard. Now lies were heard all over the world, somehow dignified by their transmission through the apparatus, and even attended with a kind of respect from the machine's new listeners.

Meanwhile, across the eastern provinces of Turkey—a Turkey whose political health was an object of such concern to European statesmen—the Turks continued killing and persecut-

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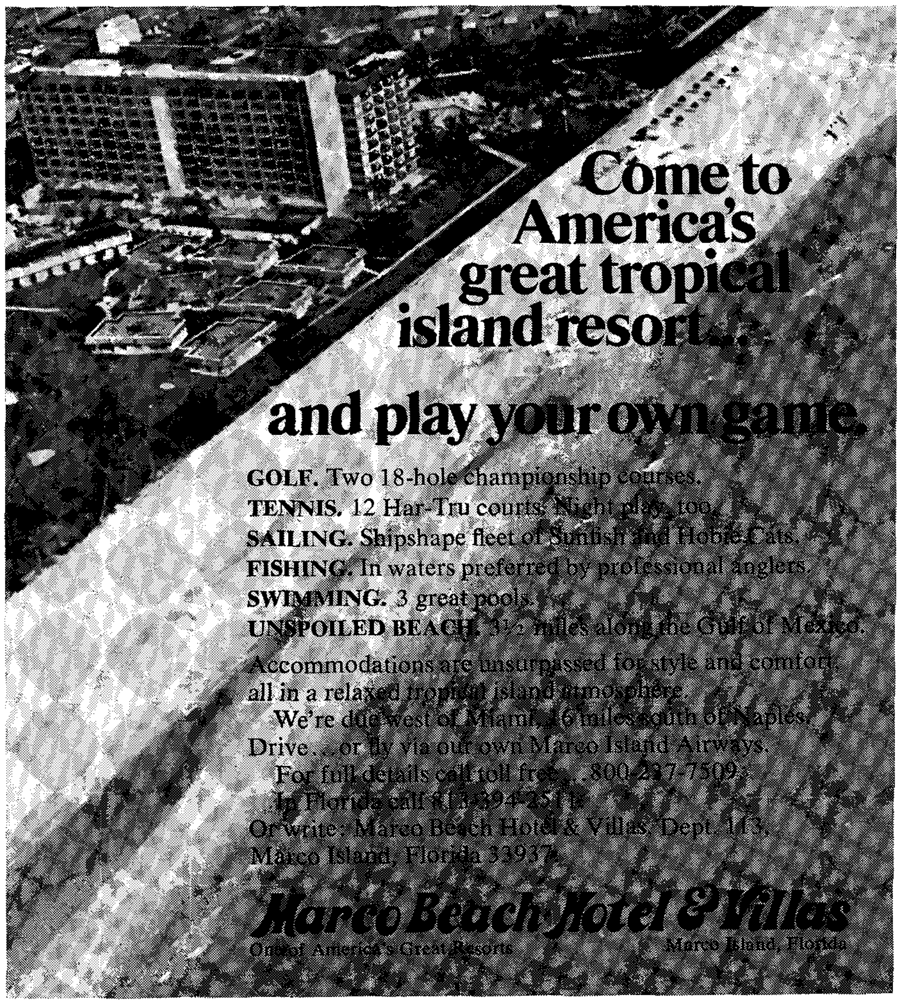

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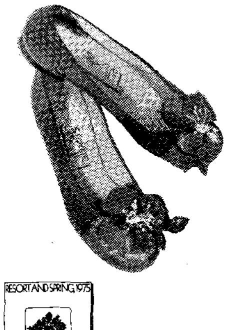

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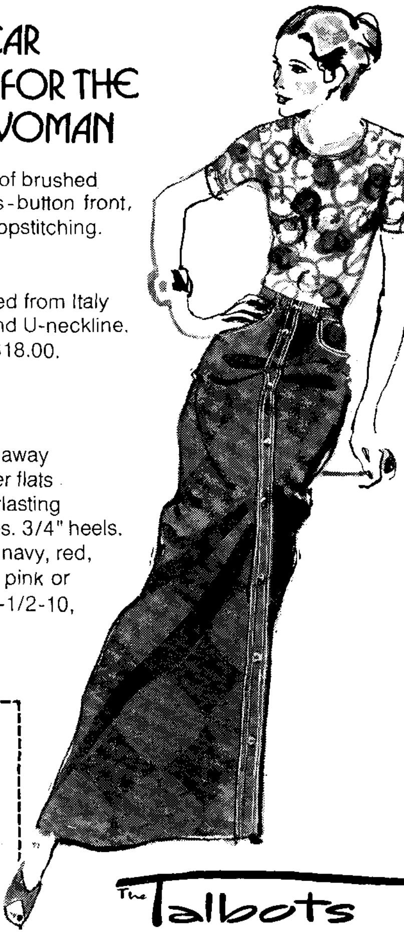

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ing the Armenians. A letter from another Swiss teacher, who had been travelling in Anatolia, and whose correspondence was printed in a Zurich paper, read partly as follows:

"In all the village of B—— I found not a sign of life. The houses all stood empty and the doors of the small shops were open as if waiting for customers who were never to arrive. It was as if life had vanished from that section of the world. Later, as we were on the road to K——, from behind some rocks appeared six women, although so emaciated and miserable it was hard to tell what they were.

"They were Armenian women who had survived or fled the massacre of their village by the Turks. We gave them pieces of bread which they stuffed into their mouths like wolves, or perhaps camp dogs. It was a pitiful sight. They said that their menfolk had been slain or else had fled north toward Russia, as one of them hopefully prayed. They asked us if we would somehow get word to the men that they might return, or get word to someone about what had happened. We said we would do what we could, and gave them more bread, and the poor wretches fled back behind the rocks."

Get word to someone. The modern prayer. At around the same time that the schoolteacher was writing to Zurich, the French Ambassador in Constantinople, M. Paul Cambon, was communicating as follows to Paris:

"The [Turkish] Government acknowledges that there has been widespread unrest in the eastern provinces between the disaffected Armenians and the Government troops, and doubtless excesses have been committed on both sides. But I am confident that the [Turkish] nation will soon return to stability and that it is not in our interest to engage more fully in the matter at the moment."

The termination of the Hamidian massacres occurred in this fashion: At one-thirty on the afternoon of Wednesday, August 26, 1896, a band of two dozen young Armenian activists armed with primitive revolvers and sticks of dynamite walked into the main office of the Ottoman Bank, in Galata, a Christian quarter of Constantinople, across the Golden Horn from the Turkish quarter of Stamboul, and seized the premises. The purpose of the seizure of so visible an institution, the Armenians declared, was to attract the attention of the European powers, who would then compel "constitutional reforms" on the part of Abdul-Hamid.

But clearly the Sultan had somehow been apprised of the plan beforehand, for as soon as the Armenians appeared inside the bank, a cordon of Turkish troops arrived to keep the Armenians within the building, sealing them off from the rest of the city. Then, less than an hour after the capture of the bank, mobs of Turks, armed with the same hardwood clubs that had been seen in the country, began storming into Galata. The Turks fell upon Armenians wherever they could find them. In some cases, specific individuals—usually leaders of the professions—were sought after and, when found, were dragged into the street for instant execution. Generally, the mobs roamed through the streets and houses, breaking up shops, clubbing the inhabitants until they fell to the ground. For three days, the destruction and killing continued. M. Tissot, an attaché of the French Embassy, wrote in a letter to *Le Matin* that the soles of his shoes had been sticky with blood from his walk to the office. A young secretary at the English Embassy, Henry Graves, wrote in a journal, which he subsequently published, that he had seen a "mob of several dozen Turks, among whom were two personal aides of the Sultan, stamping upon the dead or dying bodies of an Armenian family." There were reports of disembowelling, of heads being split by stones, of the rape of small children. An American clergyman, Dr. George Hepworth, who visited Constantinople the following year, wrote about this frenzy of killing for the New York *Herald:*

> It is difficult to obtain the number of those murdered, but it is clear that there were quite enough. My informants, who are by no means all Armenian, tell me that they lay in the streets by the dozen, by the score, and in some places by the hundreds. Cold, stark bodies of men who had committed no crime. . . . I inquired how the evil work was done? "Mostly with clubs," one of my friends answered. "There was rarely any noise, no shouting, only the soft thudding of the clubs. The Armenians, who had no weapons, fell like wheat before a scythe." I have often thought of the terror of that image: the "soft thudding of the clubs."

An hour or so after the bank's capture, the Armenians who had been virtual prisoners there, and whose presence had provided an "official pretext" for what the government described as a "public protest," began to throw out some of the dynamite, with a view to attracting European notice and support. One stick exploded, and damaged a cornice on one of the bank's walls—the falling stones from which were reported to have injured the arm of a

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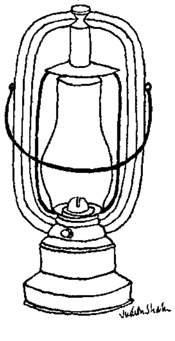
Turkish soldier. Apparently moved by the possibility of damage to the bank, its English director, Sir Edgar Vincent, requested the Sultan to give safe-conduct to the young activists. Finally, about midnight, they were permitted to leave the bank and were then convoyed to sanctuary on Sir Edgar's yacht.

For the next couple of days, Turkish mobs took to the streets of the Armenian neighborhoods, and by the end of the rioting the French and English consular attachés estimated that somewhere between five and eight thousand Armenians had been killed. On the morning of August 29th, an open telegram, written in French and signed by the major European powers, was delivered to the Sultan. The message said that it was the "advice of the Signatories" that the massacres "must cease immediately." It also stated that "continuance means danger to [the Ottoman] throne and dynasty." That was certainly the right note to strike with Abdul-Hamid. The same day, the command went out from Yildiz Palace, confirmed by the sheikh-ul-Islam, that the Sultan had "forbidden to kill."

I HAD the illusion of finally beginning to comprehend something important about the Armenians—something that might at least partly explain the peculiarly shrill and wounded quality of the Armenian response to the trauma of the Turkish massacres. For ever since I began my "investigations" of the Armenians I had been perplexed as to why so many of them, even today, still seemed inextricably fixated on the evil times that had befallen their people in Abdul-Hamid's Turkey, and later, in 1915, at the hands of the Young Turks. In a sense, I knew that this was an inexcusably insensitive thing for me to think or write—for me, a comfortable American in the nineteen-seventies, to wonder why my people (or any people) should still respond deeply or with passion to the fact of their countrymen's having been killed in the thousands, in the hundreds of thousands. And yet it was what I wondered.

It had never occurred to me that what happened to the Armenians was *worse* than what had happened to numerous other peoples, nations, creeds in the course of man's long inhumanity to man. What could be worse than death, worse even than death by pain? And was there an appreciable difference to the subject in being hanged, decapitated, clubbed, gassed, or starved, or undergoing any of the other nearly endless methods that men have developed for administering physical pain to one another? Even so, the response of the Armenians to the bygone brutalities of the Turks seemed of a different nature from the response of other groups to massacre. It was as if a particular poison had entered the system several generations back, and had remained within it: a poison that one might up to a point live with but that caused the limbs suddenly to twitch, or the mouth—perhaps in mid-sentence—to grimace grotesquely.

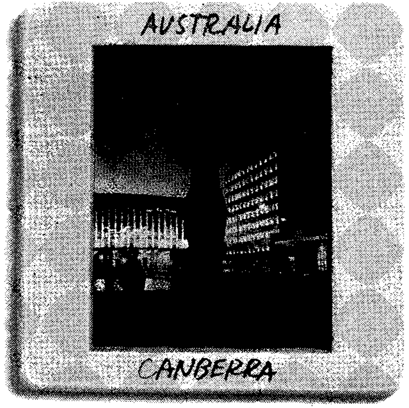
After all, what invisible "virus" was it that had reduced to tears that old man I talked with a few months earlier in New York, on Thirty-third Street, and that had brought so many other Armenians of my acquaintance to the equivalent of gnashing their teeth? What was it that had caused such a marvellously tough writer as William Saroyan to manifest an unearthly sweetness? What had driven my father to write about everything except his Armenian background, and all his life to refuse to weep over anything? What of Sarkis—surely also a tough and rational man—and his wild diatribes against "the Turks"? Some writers, I knew, had ascribed the emotional or ingratiating aspects of the Armenian temperament to the Armenians' long history of being a conquered people. But the main fact to emerge from the lengthy and curious history of the Armenians seemed to be that though much of the time Armenia had been controlled by a greater power, the Armenians themselves had remained independent of mind and spirit. They had been hardy mountain people first, perhaps not very cultured or clever—people who grow up in the mountains are rarely cultured or clever—but direct, practical, and physical. And if the depressing and isolating experience of several centuries of Ottoman Turkish rule had turned the Armenians inward, had sent them down the roads that were then most practical—the roads of trade and commerce, of interpreting, of "being useful"—today one might see for oneself on the streets of Erevan the still direct, clear-eyed, at times quite fierce look of younger Armenians, who were now left (more or less) to pursue their own instincts. No, it was not so simple a matter; one could not "explain" Ar-



Dear Jill,

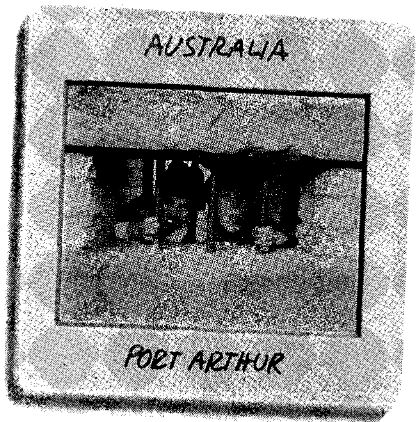
These are only 6 of Sydney's tourist attractions - there are lots more. And not only do they swim, they talk too. Tearing ourselves from the scenery, we went to Canberra for a little "Kulture". (In case you see mother.) We saw a fabulous "Richard II". That's not me singing its praises... it's the Ethos statue outside the theater.

AUSTRALIA
SYDNEY


AUSTRALIA
CANBERRA

On to Hobart, where we covered the waterfront, then drove to Port Arthur where they used to keep the convicts. No problem fitting into the local scene.

AUSTRALIA
HOBART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We escaped to Melbourne for the Moomba Festival. It means "having fun," and research proved it's no misnomer.

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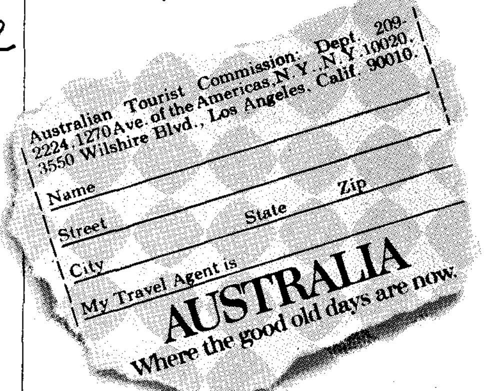

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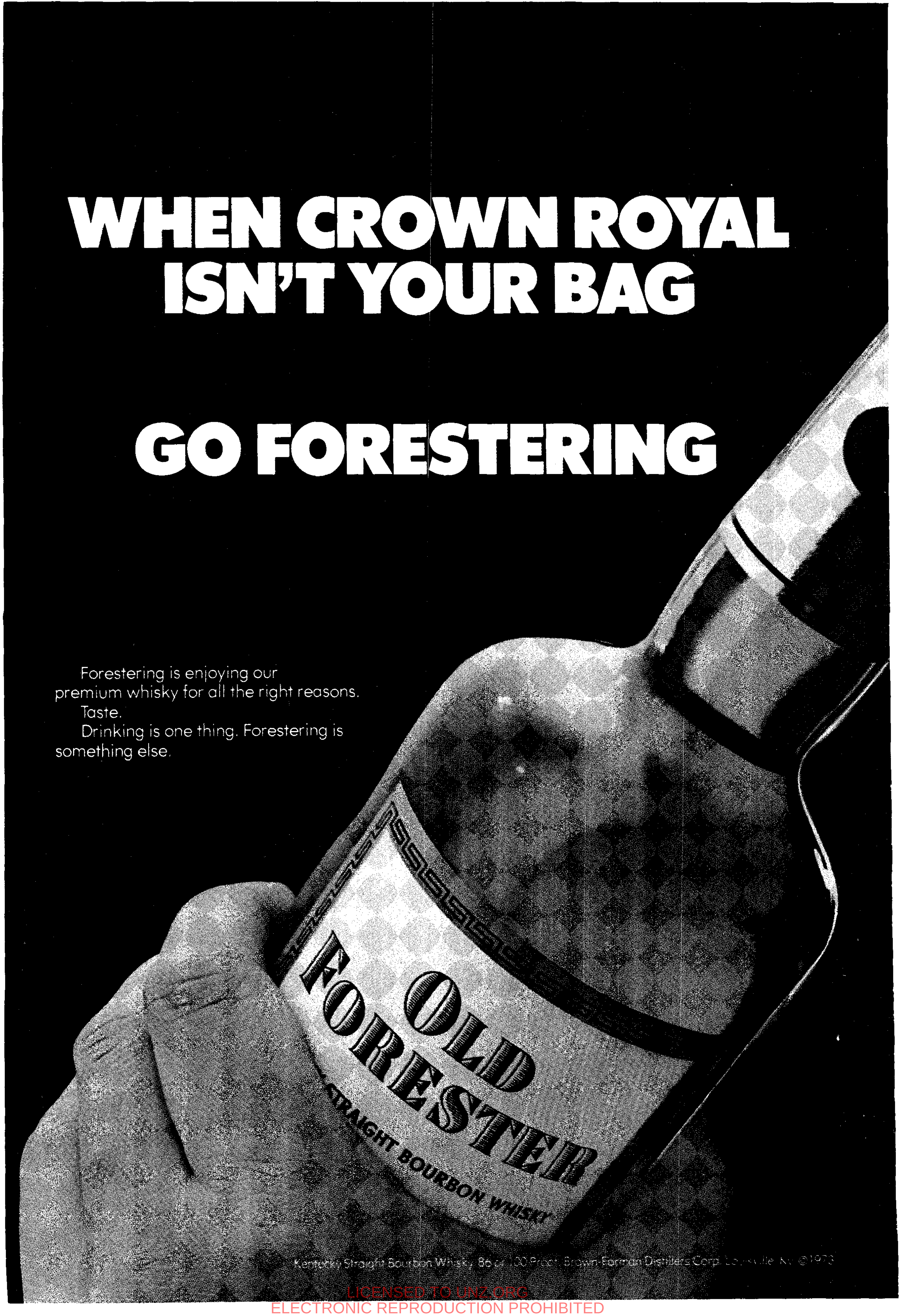

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In obvious ways, the closest parallel lay with the Jews, who had undergone, numerically, an even larger genocide in Hitler's Germany. But here, too, there seemed to be a difference. Certainly there were many Jews I knew, or knew of, who still looked back to the terrible period of the concentration camps and gas chambers as if it were an open wound, a fact of everyday consciousness. But, for one thing, the Jewish experience in Germany had been fairly recent. For another thing, it seemed to me that a majority of the Jews did not look backward in this way—in the manner of people bearing a permanently open wound. Of course, the issue might be forced: a careless or abrasive remark, sometimes only remotely anti-Semitic in intent, and even the most assimilated American Jew might respond with a flash of anger about the Six Million. Indeed, I had sometimes noticed a curiously proprietary air on the part of Jews and Armenians alike toward the misfortunes of their own peoples—proprietary and almost competitive, in the fashion of two insecure strangers trying to narrate two similar nightmares in an inattentive room. "Now, these Armenians," an intelligent Jewish friend had once said to me, with studied vagueness, "didn't they once have some *trouble* with the Turks?" Another time, I had overheard an Armenian say outright, "The way they talk, you'd think the Jews invented genocide." Doubtless this was original black comedy—perverse and deeply human. But generally it seemed to me that the Jews had handled their nightmare better than the Armenians had handled theirs: had somehow resolved it, or, at least, incorporated the trauma into everyday life—were more nearly free of it.

And what of the countless other peoples who had undergone massacre and genocide: the Ibos of Nigeria; the Communists of Indonesia; the Hindus of Bangladesh; the Incas of South America; the Indians of North America; the black slaves of Haiti and Guadeloupe; the Protestants; the Catholics; the Muslims; the Cappadocians whom Tigran of Armenia had marched across the wilderness to his new capital; and all the rest, whose names and stories were never entered, or entered vividly enough, in history books—for the list was surely long and ancient? Had not all these suffered, and suffered very greatly? What, then, was different about the

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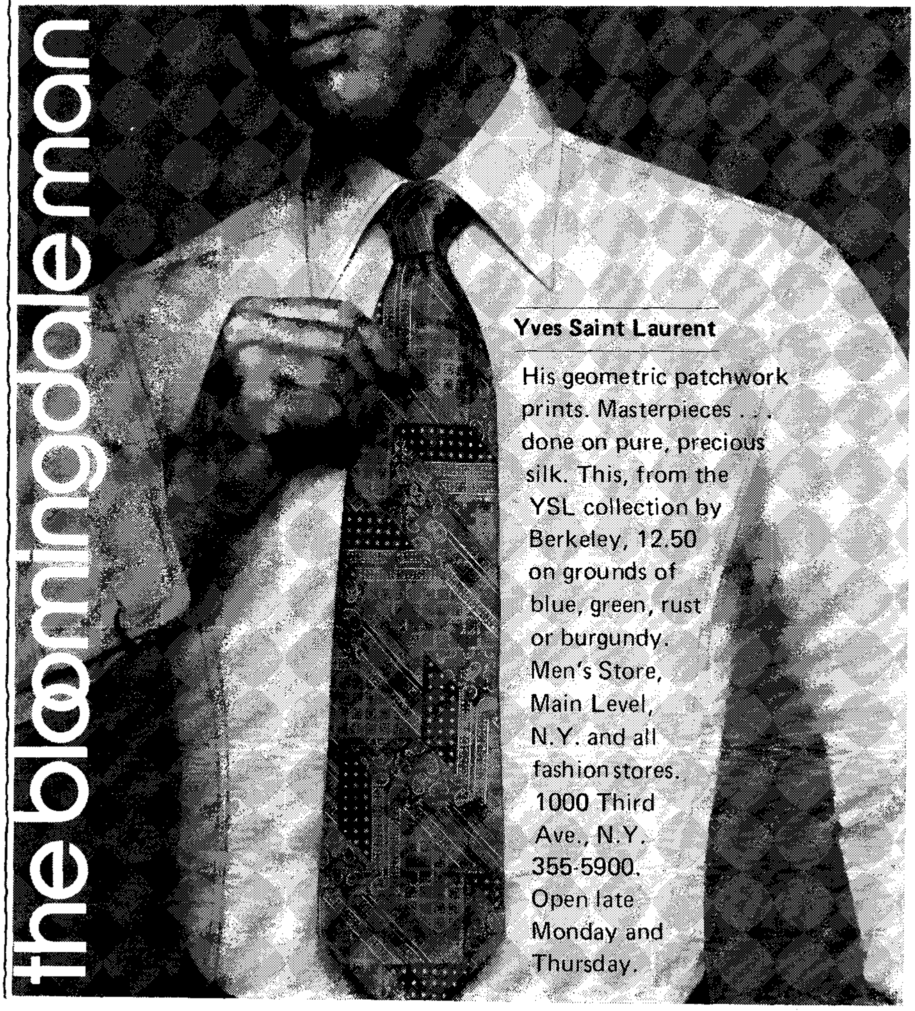

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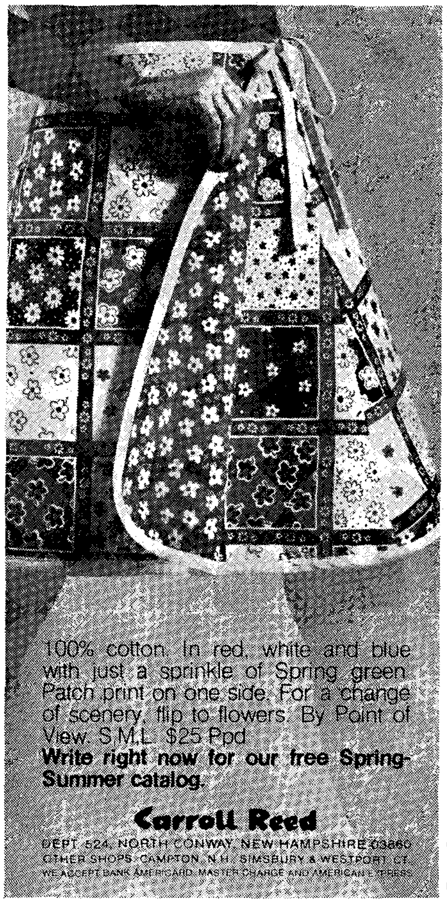

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Armenian experience? Perhaps it had not been so different? Perhaps some peoples were created with more self-pity, shrillness, and vulnerability than other peoples? It seemed an unlikely proposition. I thought of something I had increasingly noticed in Armenians: an absence of a profoundly convincing "flash of anger"—at least, in this matter of their feelings against the Turks. An absence of a rage that *they* seemed to believe in. Or maybe it was not so much an absence of rage as a rerouting: a rage trapped underground. Beneath the skin.

I THOUGHT of my father often in those days, for I was conscious of many things about him: conscious, for example, that he was born in 1896, the final year of Abdul-Hamid's massacres, and had never talked about any of this in my presence; conscious that, to that degree, he had tried to free me. It seemed no small thing to have tried to free a son from one's own pain. There was also something about it of the story of the man and the fox: the man who, for fear of being caught with contraband, clutches the animal so close beneath his shirt that the animal tears at his stomach.

It was hard to imagine what this pain had been. The pain of being hated—hated unto death. For what was genocide except an expression of generalized hate, a hate so wide and encompassing that it included everyone—man, woman, child—within a certain national or racial group? If a "crime of passion" was particularizing—*you* stole *my* wife—at least it defined the victim as himself. Genocide not only killed its victims but dehumanized them, in the ultimate sense of ignoring the particulars that had made each one individual: save only the most basic and unindividual of all characteristics—the supposedly racial.

I wondered what *his* father had told him about the massacres, about Abdul-Hamid, about the Turks. A certain amount, I imagined. Probably rather more than he—an uncertain Armenian-English youth—had wished to hear. "Your grandfather," an elderly Armenian once told me, "was very active in Armenian affairs." Sometimes it seemed odd to me that my father should have had a father, for I had never seen him.

My father was born in Bulgaria, where his family had been settled for several generations. Before that, his family, the Kouyoumjians, had been in Constantinople. Before that, they had lived in the ancient city of Ani, on the

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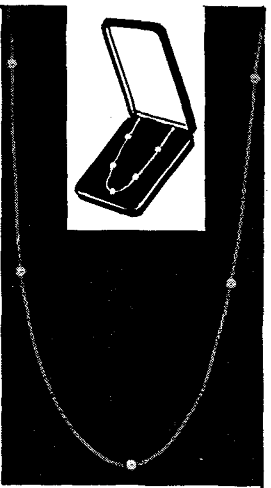

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Armenian plateau. In the town of Rustchuk, in Bulgaria, the Kouyoumjians owned and ran a department store—the Kouyoumjian store. It had been described to me only a short while before by the aged grandmother of a school friend of my daughter's, who remembered it from her childhood. "A very fine place," she said to me reassuringly. "You could buy everything there."

The Kouyoumjian store. The man in the blue velvet hat. Some odd memories came back to me of my childhood. I remembered my father standing on the lawn of our house and telling me that I should learn how to box, how to defend myself. I think he used the phrase "self-defense." I was eight years old at the time and had given no thought to "self-defense"—at least, not beyond what basic skills were required to scuffle with the neighbor children. He had his hands on his hips and wore a white shirt and white trousers. Perhaps he had been playing tennis. I think he even briefly struck a boxing pose and made a show of sparring with me. I was a most reluctant partner. "You have to know how to defend yourself," he said, with strange severity. He seemed very intense about— I never knew what. Boxing? We never talked about it afterward.

What had Miss Haslip written in her book "The Sultan"? "The Armenians . . . with a courage which belied their reputation, succeeded in beating off the [Hamidiyeh] attack."

My father was a short man, although wiry, and carried himself with a certain brittle strength. I believe I remember his saying once, "All Armenians are short." (There are no piano tuners in Japan. All Swedes are drunks.) It made me weep inside my head to think of him sometimes. That figure in the white shirt and white trousers, hands on hips. That figure whom I later saw inside his coffin, wearing some appropriate suit, the necktie well in place, everything motionless, the impassivity a final fact. I used to think that what he had wanted of me had been hard. But what he had wanted of himself turned out to have been literally unspeakable.

—MICHAEL J. ARLEN

(*This is the second part of a three-part memoir.*)

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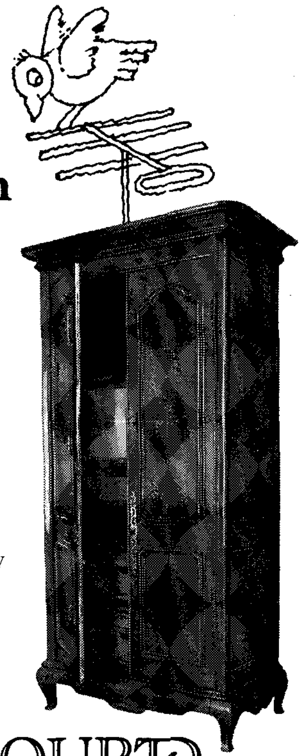
The island is both a bird sanctuary and a bombing range.—*Hyannis (Mass.) Cape Cod Standard Times.*

One of those multiple-use areas born of sheer inspiration.



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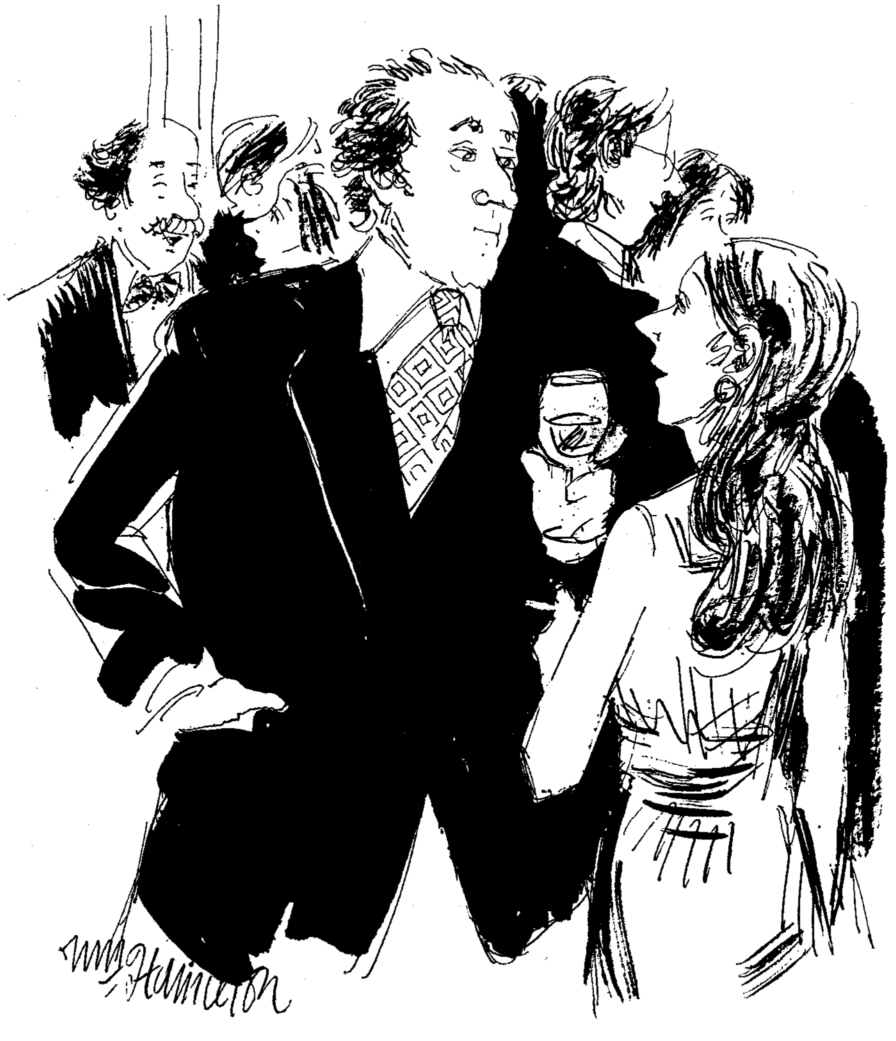
THE THEATRE

BEWARE OF THE DOG

A MUSICAL called "Man on the Moon" spent a few days last week at the Little Theatre and then vanished, one can be sure forever. It came as close to being totally mindless as any stage work that I can recall, and to its mindlessness was coupled an inexplicable self-confidence; nobody engaged in the enterprise appeared to have the slightest notion of how boring it was. The actors spoke their fatuous lines with every sign of contentment, and they sang their terrible songs with the ardor of first-century catechumens. In the end, their gross professional obtuseness took its toll, which is to say that for me the end came early—I left as quietly as possible in the midst of a song bearing the characteristic title "Sunny, Sunny Moon." (Management had sought to outwit early departures from the show by taking care to provide no intermission, but the choice between a seeming rudeness and the preservation of one's sanity is always an easy one to make.) The book, music, and lyrics of the show were by John Phillips, once of the Mamas and the Papas, and it was perhaps his fame in the rock world that led Andy Warhol, one of our shrewdest traders in art-commodity futures, to consent to serve as its co-producer. Warhol, in turn, must have solicited the presence, as director of "Man on the Moon," of his collaborator in moviemaking, Paul Morrissey. Over the years, Mr. Morrissey has learned quite a lot about how to make movies, but he knows nothing whatever about staging a musical—one of the most difficult theatrical feats imaginable—and I was aghast at his temerariousness. There are occasions when it may be wiser to leap before you look, but Broadway in 1975 is not one of them.

"Man on the Moon" is said to have been pieced together as a vehicle for Mr. Phillips's wife, the singer Genevieve Waite, who played the leading role of Angel. The action of the play occurred not only on the earth and on the moon but also on a small planet called Canis Minor, which was Angel's home. ("Canis" is, of course, Latin for "dog," a hint well worth taking.) Miss Waite's Angel was a woebegone waif, with a squeaky voice and frizzy blond hair; she fell in love with the first man she had ever seen, a guitar-strumming astronaut named Ernie Hardy. Ernie was embodied, though not enacted, by Eric Lang, who is six feet seven inches tall and once played basketball for the University of California at Riverside. Angel was a profound disappointment to Venus, her sexy mother, played by Monique Van Vooren as a series of saucy night-club turns, understandably at a distance from the rest of the show. The sets were by John J. Moore, the costumes were by Marsia Trinder, and the lighting was by Jules Fisher, who rigged up some very pretty little twinkling stars. The one wholly affirmative thing that can be said about "Man on the Moon" is that it restored to its original use the exceptionally attractive Little Theatre, long lost to TV shows. The theatre was hailed as a jewel when it was opened, by the producer Winthrop Ames, in 1912; it remains a jewel, remarkably untarnished by the vicissitudes of over sixty years. Let it not be dark for long.

—BRENDAN GILL


"Aren't you relatively famous?"

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SOCIAL NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Detroit Free Press*]

THE SOCIAL SCENE SHIFTS to the Grosse Pointe Hunt Club Saturday where some 175 members and guests will stage a Depression-style party, complete with soup kitchen, nickel beer, and a Major Bowes-style talent show.

Explaining that the fare will not be "chintzy" even though the $5.95-per-person tariff is definitely "cheap" by comparison with other social events, hosts Bob and Virginia Vallee, and Jane and Bill Smith said they have planned a bash that may long be remembered by the city's oldest riding club.

Included in the party decor will be an enormous poster of President Franklin Roosevelt. Six doctors have dubbed themselves the "Malpractors" and will provide the jazz-age music. Each guest will receive a free plate as a memento of the night. The '30s era was carefully researched so the soup and free lunch menu would be authentic.

THEATER OF THE STOMACH

It's a little scary at first.

There you are sitting around this enormous table (which turns out to also be a grill) when suddenly he appears. A man dressed like a chef but with the unmistakable air of a samurai warrior.

He bows. Just to be on the safe side, you bow back.

Smiling inscrutably, he takes out a knife. You make a grab for your chopsticks.

He reaches into the cart he's wheeled in. From it he brings out rows of these really beautiful fresh whole shrimps.

Suddenly, the man turns into a kind of whirling dervish. *Zip.* *zip, zip*... his knife flashes through the rows like lightning. The shrimps (now cut into bite-size morsels) seem to dance to the center of the grill. He presses on. With magnificent, sweeping gestures he adds freshly ground pepper to the shrimps. Then butter. Then soy sauce. The action never stops. He even spins around and throws sesame seeds out from over his shoulder.

At last comes the moment of truth. He flips a sizzling shrimp directly on your plate. You taste it. You have a small fit of ecstasy.

Naturally, that's just the first scene. The show goes on this way... course after course after course. He performs. You eat. He performs again. You eat again. Steak. Chicken. Mouth-watering vegetables of every variety. You've never had such a feast, you've never seen such choreography.

Finally, it's over. He bows. You sigh. He thanks you. You thank *him*. He walks off.

If you weren't so full you'd get up and give him a standing ovation.

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U.S. JOURNAL: MANHATTAN

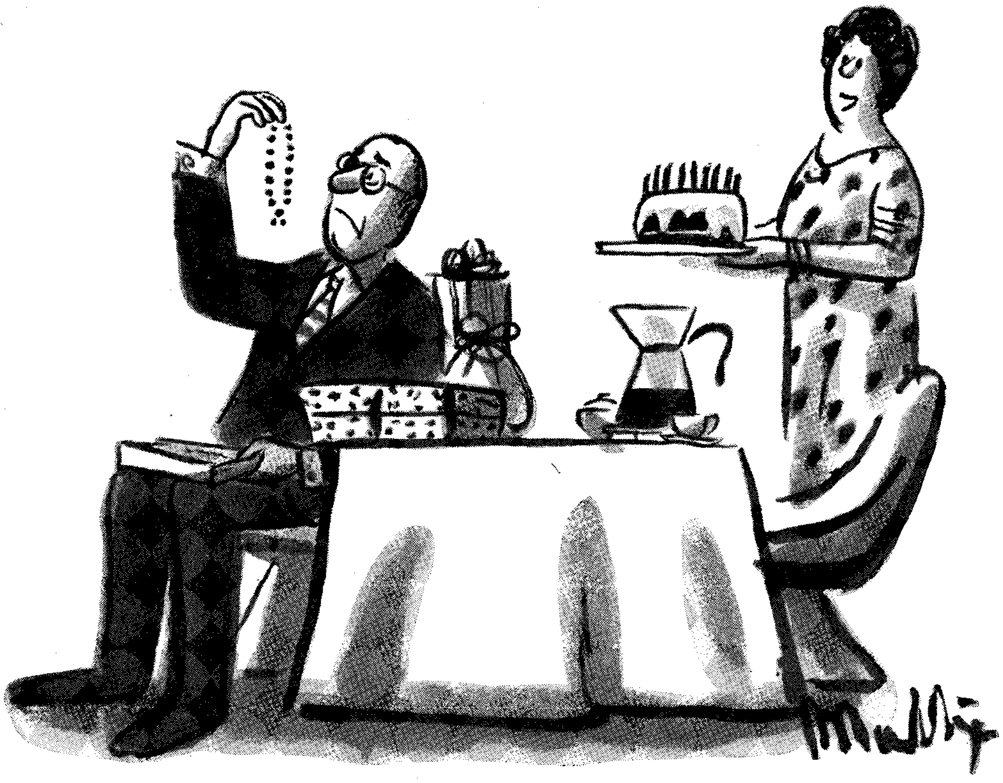
THREE STRAND-HOUNDS

"BILL SMITH"

A NEW YORK writer who can be called Bill Smith has carved out a reputation as one of the most creative procrastinators in the trade. Some people believe he may someday be studied by university students on that basis in writing courses. Writers who have managed to make it until noon with such pedestrian stalls as sharpening pencils and straightening up offices and dawdling at the post office are amazed to find that Smith has spent his morning comparison-shopping air-conditioners. Unsatisfied with the old writer's dodge of spending hours on the telephone with a stockbroker, Smith once began a detailed and time-consuming analysis of the market in silver futures. When Smith has writing to do, his apartment flowers. A slightly frayed chair must be taken to the upholsterers without delay. A spot in the living room which Smith had thought of as a nice place to put a rocking chair someday is transformed into an embarrassing gap that can only be filled by an immediate trip to his favorite rocking-chair supplier, which happens to be in Sheffield, Massachusetts. Smith lives in Greenwich Village, but he is convinced that his car can be serviced properly only at a gas station on Flatlands Avenue, in Brooklyn. He owns the brownstone that he lives in, and the responsibilities of being a landlord to its other tenants are a great comfort to him. Every morning, he goes to his mailbox hoping to find one of the communications that other amateur landlords dread—a Housing Department form that must be returned in triplicate or a note from a tenant in 2-R about a leaky radiator that seems to be destroying the floor. If there is nothing of interest in the mailbox, Smith can always spend his morning at the Strand Book Store.

When Smith first became a Strand-hound—in the middle sixties, while he was working on a book that had shown itself to be practically invulnerable to his attacks—he used to walk over to the Strand three or four times a week. The Strand, which occupies a constantly increasing portion of a building at Twelfth and Broadway, claims to have the largest inventory of secondhand books in the country, but what attracted Smith was its supply of review copies—new books the Strand buys from people who have received them free on the ground that they might review them or mention them in print or bestow upon them what publishers sometimes call "good word-of-mouth." Smith has always read a lot of new books, only partly as a way to avoid writing them. Buying his new books at the Strand provided him not only with a cash saving—review copies are sold for half price—but with an opportunity to spend a lot of time inspecting the review-copy tables in search of the ones he wanted. Like a lot of writers, Smith believes reading to be connected with his business, which means that searching for books at the Strand is more or less a responsibility, like straightening his office or seeing that 2-R's radiator is repaired.

From the start, Smith was not merely browsing; he was analyzing, the way he had analyzed the silver market. He quickly discovered that a fresh supply of books was placed on the review-copy tables every Friday morning. Perceiving also that a number of the most desirable review copies were being set aside for libraries and universities, he began investigating various corners of the store—probing close to redoubts marked "Employees Only," poking around piles of books that seemed on their way from one part of the operation to another—in order to find "chinks in the system." Like a lot of Strand-hounds, Smith began using the review-copy tables as a sort of best-seller list in reverse. According to the accepted theory, a book that shows up in great profusion on the review-copy tables is a book that not many reviewers care about keeping—and not many Strand-hounds care about buying at half price—and is therefore a book that is doomed. There are writers who so dread the prospect of seeing the Strand review-copy tables festooned with their book that they avoid the place for weeks around publication day. When the book Smith was working on was finally published, he found himself buying two or three review copies of it from the Strand, just to keep the supply thinned out.


"They're worry beads."

He realized that he might still have to face the dollar-book counter at Marboro, a remainder house that has a branch a few blocks from the Strand. Smith had spent enough time at Marboro to know that even best-sellers often appear on the dollar-book table there sooner or later—remaindering a book can mean merely that the publisher guessed wrong on the final printing—but he decided that books bought for a dollar at Marboro "might not be used properly." Smith finds it difficult to define improper use, but he talks about it in a tone implying the possibility that someone might purchase a respectable novel of manners for a dollar and then, upon reaching home, decide to feed it to his cat. When Smith's publisher informed him that six hundred and fifty copies of his book were about to be remaindered, Smith arranged to buy the entire lot himself—a mass purchase that reduced the price to twenty cents a copy. "Twenty cents just had to be a good buy," Smith said later. "Even in my own mind, I had some question about whether it was ever worth seven ninety-five. But twenty cents!"

One of Smith's friends suggested that Smith remove all other books from the bookcases that line the wall of his living room and fill them with nothing but copies of his own book. Smith did not consider that proper use. He eventually decided to give away the books as he saw fit—establishing the same kind of distribution system he had tried to outwit at the Strand, but this time with Bill Smith as arbiter. ("Let them buy their own," he would say when a recipient that didn't meet his standards was suggested.) He had to find the appropriate mailing envelopes, of course, and the proper return-address labels. That took some time. He had to devise an efficient distribution system. First, he sent a copy of the book to two hundred of the colleges and universities listed in *The World Almanac*. Then he sent ten books to the public library of each of the ten largest cities in the United States. Then one book to the library of every city with a population of more than a hundred thousand. Then he began sending copies to towns he liked, whatever their population. "I sent them to some towns I like on the Cape," he said recently. "And I sent them to a lot of those nice towns on the coast between Los Angeles and San Francisco. I sent two to Half Moon Bay. I'm really fond of Half Moon Bay." When he was through, Smith's only regret about the project was that he might have gone too far. "I have only two copies left," he says, "and, oddly enough, so does the Strand."

Irving Levitas

Irving Levitas's apartment has to be walked through sideways. It is a small apartment in Riverdale that apparently contains a living room and a bedroom and the customary facilities for cooking and bathing, although the books—books lining shelves up to the ceiling, books covering every flat surface, books piled on the floor—cause some difficulty in distinguishing one room from another. Levitas himself would always be able to tell which room he is in by the title of the nearest

EVEN ON A LYNCHBURG FOX HUNT, the talk will generally take a turn toward whiskey.

Mainly, we'll sit round the fire, let the dogs do the work and tell stories about the good old days. We'll recall when Jack Daniel bested all the big distillers at the St. Louis World's Fair. Or the time Tennessee voted dry in 1909. And the day Mr. Jack nearly got married. It seems that the stories could go on and on. But then the dogs get to baying in a special way and someone says, "Boys, let's chase ourselves a fox."

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book. The bedroom is Belles Lettres and Judaica Exotica. The kitchen—it must be the kitchen, a visitor realizes after spotting the naked surface of a stove, perhaps left unutilized as a concession to the fire laws—is taken up mostly by scholarly journals and the Renaissance. The cabinet above the sink, where many people might think of keeping glasses, is filled with rare first editions. Edging into the living room between Americana and Judaica (Biblical and Talmudic, as opposed to the Exotica in the bedroom and the Anti-Semitism and American Jewish History & Letters that combine to narrow the hallway in front of the door), a visitor can spot two chairs that seem to be floating among the books, somewhere between American Utopianism and Asian History & Thought. The outline of what must have once been a third chair used for sitting is visible; it has become the Feminism section.

Levitas is *not* a book collector. He uses books. He has a large private library for his own research; he just doesn't happen to have the large private house that usually goes with it. If a rare book that a strict bibliophile would insist on leaving in its original binding needs rebinding in order to be held and read, Levitas has it rebound. His interest in first editions seems rooted in his interest in writers and their times. "This!" he will say, picking up a signed first edition of Margaret Sanger's "Woman and the New Race" from the Feminism pile or a first edition of Malcolm Cowley's "Exile's Return" from the section on Contemporary Thought. "This is the edition that the author actually held." He buys only books that are in his fields of interest. When he goes to the Strand, he checks the recent-arrivals counter and the counters of forty-nine-cent and ninety-seven-cent books, and then spends the rest of his time in Literature and Social Science and History and Americana. "If you offered me the rarest book in Sewing or Handicrafts," he says, "I wouldn't give you a dime for it."

Levitas is a short, slight man in his sixties. A lifelong bachelor, he seems interested in luxuries only to the extent of keeping himself in cigarettes. His expenditures on books have always coincided roughly with his salary. For many years, Levitas made his living as the educational director of a Jewish temple in Kansas City, and several years ago he took the same job at Temple Emanu-El in Yonkers. He has always lectured on the side—most often to non-scholars at, say, a cultural series organized by the men's club of a temple. "I've always considered myself a middleman in intellectual matters," he has said, and his discussion of any scholarly subject is studded with "you know"s and "of course"s that may come from years of trying to explain Husserl or Spinoza or William James to businessmen without sounding patronizing. Levitas's nephew—Mitchel Levitas, who is assistant metropolitan editor of the *Times*—believes that his uncle genuinely assumes that anyone he is talking to knows at least the context in which a Levitas observation about a Chinese emperor or a nineteenth-century American anarchist is made. "He has an innocent enthusiasm," Mitchel says. "He is more than a dilettante and less than a pedant."

On Thursday evenings, Levitas lectures downtown—on history and sociology, at the Fashion Institute of Technology—so he makes Thursday his book day, putting in a couple of hours at the Strand and also covering Biblo & Tannen, on Fourth Avenue, and Dauber & Pine, on Fifth. Like Bill Smith, he is always looking for a chink in the system—a chink that might allow Ben Bass, the founder of the Strand, to put a book on the ninety-seven-cent table even though Irving Levitas happens to know that it contains one of Thoreau's otherwise unpublished essays. "It is a game," Levitas says. He revels in winning his innings—in buying a rare book for twenty-nine cents at what he refers to in a mock-conspiratorial whisper as "a store that shall remain nameless"—but he is aware that Ben Bass does not play as hard against him as he might against a speculator in books or against someone who collects books the way some people collect unusual bourbon bottles. "He knows I'm serious, and he knows I'm not going to sell it," Levitas says. "I've never sold a book, and I never intend to."

Several years ago, Levitas started taking some graduate courses toward a doctorate. "People had always called me 'Doctor' anyway," he says. "So I decided I would become one. And I wanted to test myself." He chose as the subject of his dissertation Benjamin R. Tucker, a philosophical anarchist who, among many other activities, once ran a bookstore in New York. (The dissertation was scheduled to be published by a university press. But the press later curtailed its list for economic reasons, with the result that Irving Levitas may never have a published book of his own for his library.) Last spring, Levitas was awarded his doctorate by New York University. Temple Emanu-El of Yonkers gave him a banquet, unburdened him of administrative chores, and presented him with a new title; he is now the Scholar-in-Residence. Mitchel Levitas threw a small party. Mitchel's mother—the widow of Irving's brother Sol, the editor of *The New Leader* for thirty years—was there, and so was Fred Bass, who is partners with his father in operating the Strand. Irving Levitas, withdrawing from his pocket a list he always carries of books he needs, took advantage of the occasion to discuss which ones Bass could probably find if he tried a bit harder.

BURT BRITTON

BURT BRITTON, who presides over review copies at the Strand, supplies libraries with books according to a formula that roughly combines their budget and his taste. Britton is routine about sending some college library the books it might be expected to want, and evangelical about sending it the books he believes it ought to have. ("Whadaya mean you don't need Nabokov's new novel in your library? I don't want to *hear* that kind of talk!") Like all evangelicals, he operates out of confidence in having the true word. "There is no doubt in my mind that I am the greatest reader alive," he has said. "At least in fiction." If he is impressed with a book, he will urge it on the Strand-hounds and, having the true evangelist's imaginative taste in pulpits, he might even arrange to have it displayed as the one book among the chic sports clothes in the window of a fashionable Fifty-seventh Street boutique called Jax. He expects a certain percentage of the books he sends libraries to be sent back, but only a certain percentage. "They'll call up and say, 'Send me So-and-So's novel,' " he said recently. "I say, 'I sent it to you last year and you sent it back. Why do you want it now?' They've read a review. 'A *review!* I *read* that book! I sent it to you because I *read* it! Christopher Lehmann-Haupt knows more than I do? You want it, go to Doubleday and buy it.' "

Britton is a thin man whose hair hangs down into his beard, giving him a look that reminds some people of a nineteenth-century Russian seminarian who happens to chain-smoke cheroots. He has been an actor, and he once ran the door at the Village Vanguard, the jazz club on Seventh Avenue. His explanation of how he happened to come

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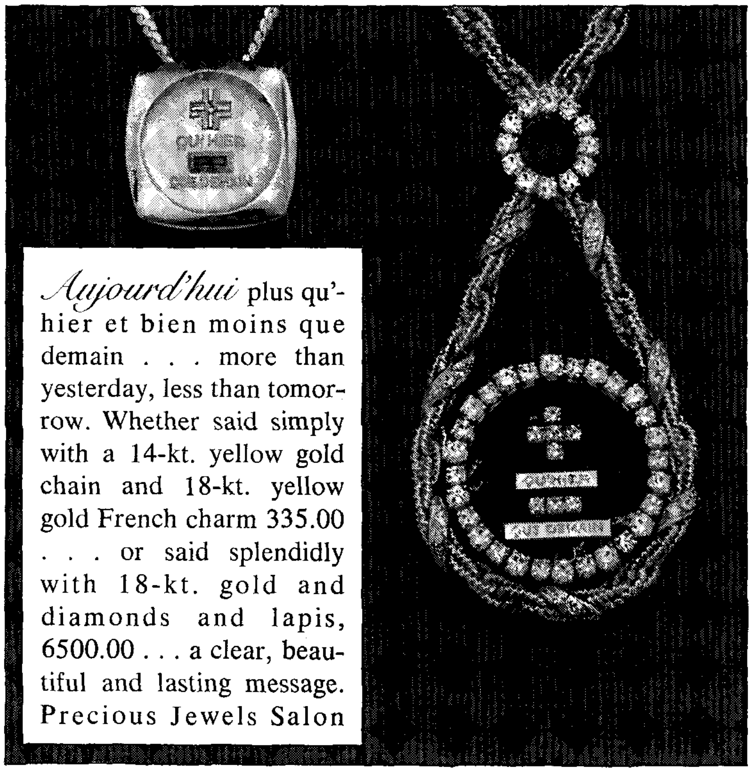

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to work at the Strand is simple: "I lived there." Britton didn't become a reader until he was in his early twenties, having previously considered books "something ladies read in the afternoon after the apartment is clean." He says he didn't read a book—really read a book, not just skim a text or read a play he was trying out for—until he was twenty-three. The book was "The Hamlet," by William Faulkner, and within forty pages it had persuaded him that he had a lot of catching up to do. He says he resisted job offers by Fred Bass until six years ago, when Bass said, "If you come to work here, of course, you'd get a discount." For the first few years of his employment, Britton was using his discount to take home a shopping bag full of books—mostly contemporary fiction and poetry—practically every night.

While he worked at the Vanguard, Britton, for reasons he doesn't know, asked some of the jazz musicians and a few of the better-known customers to draw themselves on napkins or stray pieces of paper. Four or five years ago, using a sort of sketchbook that had turned up at the Strand, he started again, with writers and illustrators—Tomi Ungerer, R. O. Blechman, Ralph Ellison, Anaïs Nin, Richard Howard, John Hollander, Maurice Sendak. The person who controls review copies at the Strand is not without contacts among the literati. He meets a lot of writers who sell books, and he is in a position to treat writers who buy books as if they were the public library of Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Britton found, though, that neither influence nor sales talks were necessary in persuading writers who saw his book to contribute a self-portrait—although almost all of them prefaced their drawing with the information that they could not draw at all. Britton's problem was only in gaining access to the writers who did not happen to be Strand-hounds. Britton never calls up a writer cold to ask for a self-portrait—partly out of the belief that he would "sound like a lunatic" and partly out of his respect for a writer's privacy. (Like a lot of ferocious readers, Britton has a strong general respect for writers; he sometimes refers to non-writers as laymen. He hates critics, except the ones he has decided deserve to be called writers.) Acquiring portraits became, then, a series of intricate introductions and subtle nudges—writers hearing around town that someone at the Strand had "a project" he would like their help on, Britton trying to figure out a route by which he could "get to" someone

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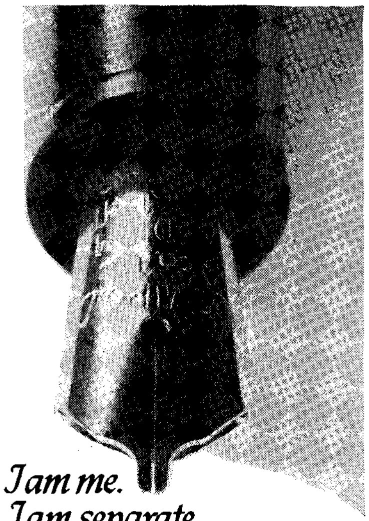

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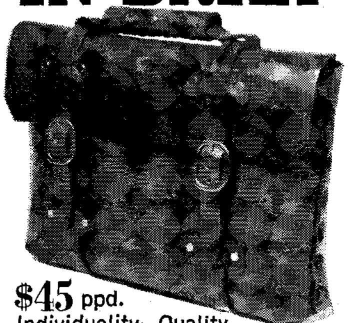

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whose portrait he felt he must have. Occasionally, someone has offered to get him to someone he has no interest in getting to—such as a novelist he had always associated with the books housewives read in the afternoon. ("I said, 'Are you out of your mind? How would I look Ralph Ellison in the eye again?' ") Britton is interested in self-portraits of writers whose work he loves or admires—"There's a difference," he says—or, since he has come to know a lot of people in the trade, of those he is close to whose work does not offend him. He has almost two sketchbooks full of portraits now—some caricatures and some elaborate portraits and a few painful efforts by writers who were not being modest when they said they could not draw at all. He also has a contract for the book with Random House.

Britton says he had doubts about agreeing to publication, not all of which have been dispelled. He worries about asking writers for permission to publish what had been a personal gift. He worries about which writers will be given pages of their own and which will be left out. He was outraged that some people at Random House wanted to include an identifying paragraph with each picture instead of merely a name ("You don't *explain* Ralph Ellison") and that they used as an example of someone who would need identifying Nicanor Parra, a Chilean poet Britton admires ("If they never heard of Parra, that's *their* problem"). He also feels that the book is incomplete. He has Bellow and Singer—both in rather elegant profiles—but not Roth or Capote. He has Tennessee Williams but not Edward Albee. He says that he obviously can't publish the book without Lillian Hellman ("one of the loves of my life"), but no one has got him to Lillian Hellman. Britton says he would never have agreed to publication if the Random House editor involved had not told him that otherwise someone else would do a similar book someday and dismiss Britton as someone who had merely copied the idea. "That got me," he said recently. "Copied it! There's never been anything like it in the history of the world. It's probably the one original thing I've ever done. Copied it!"

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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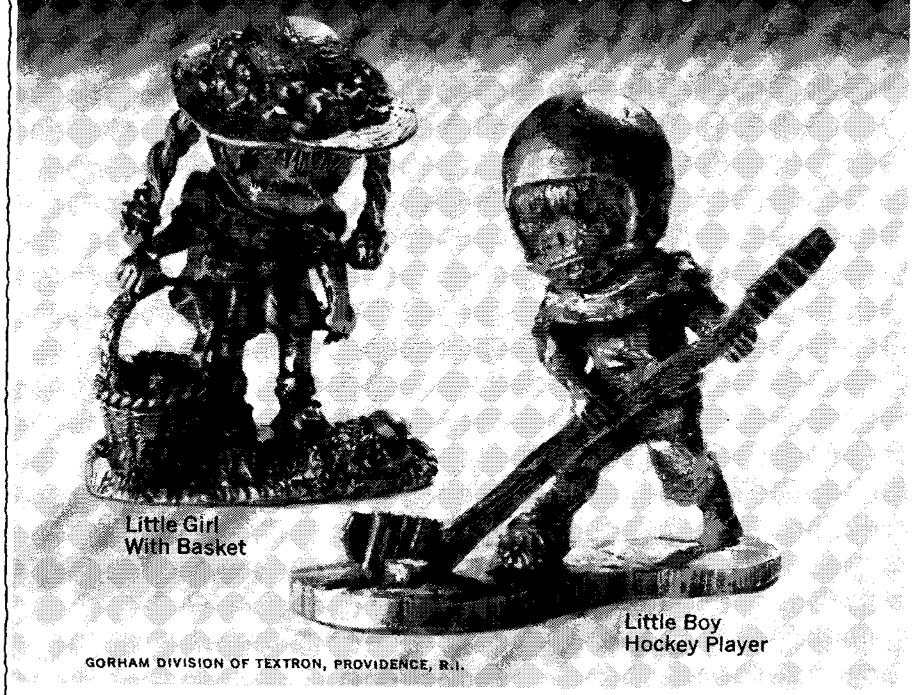

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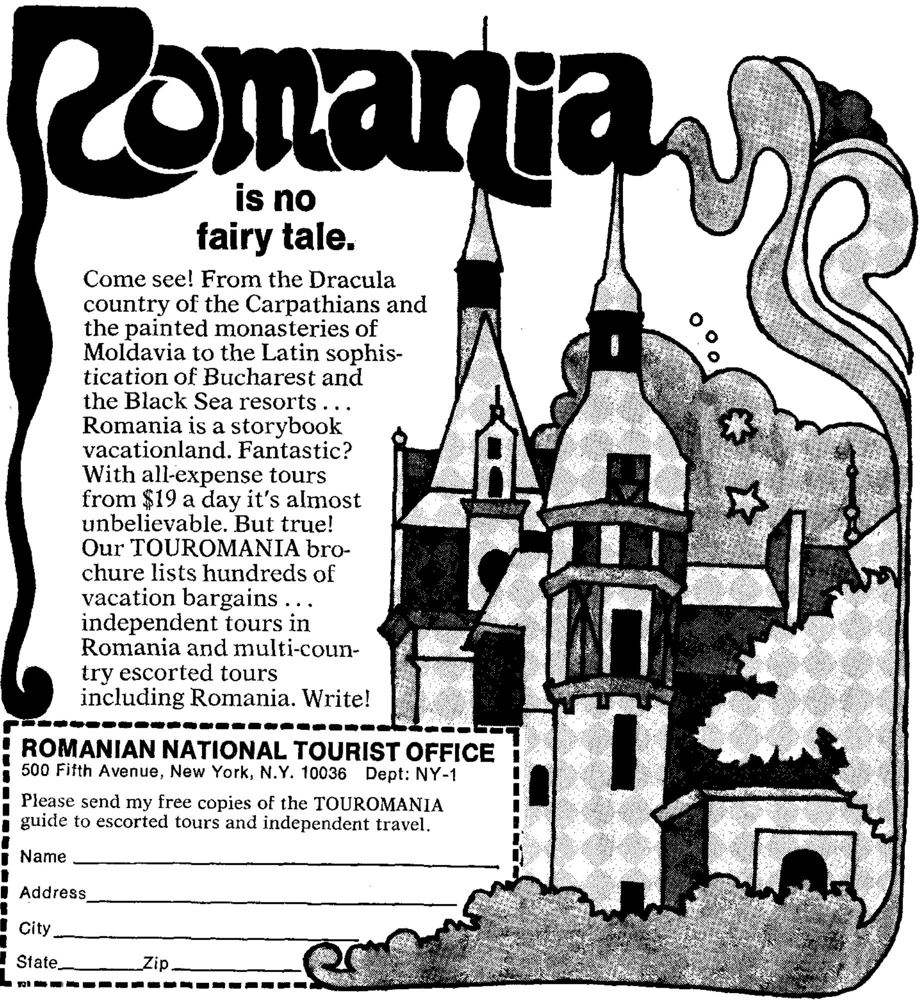

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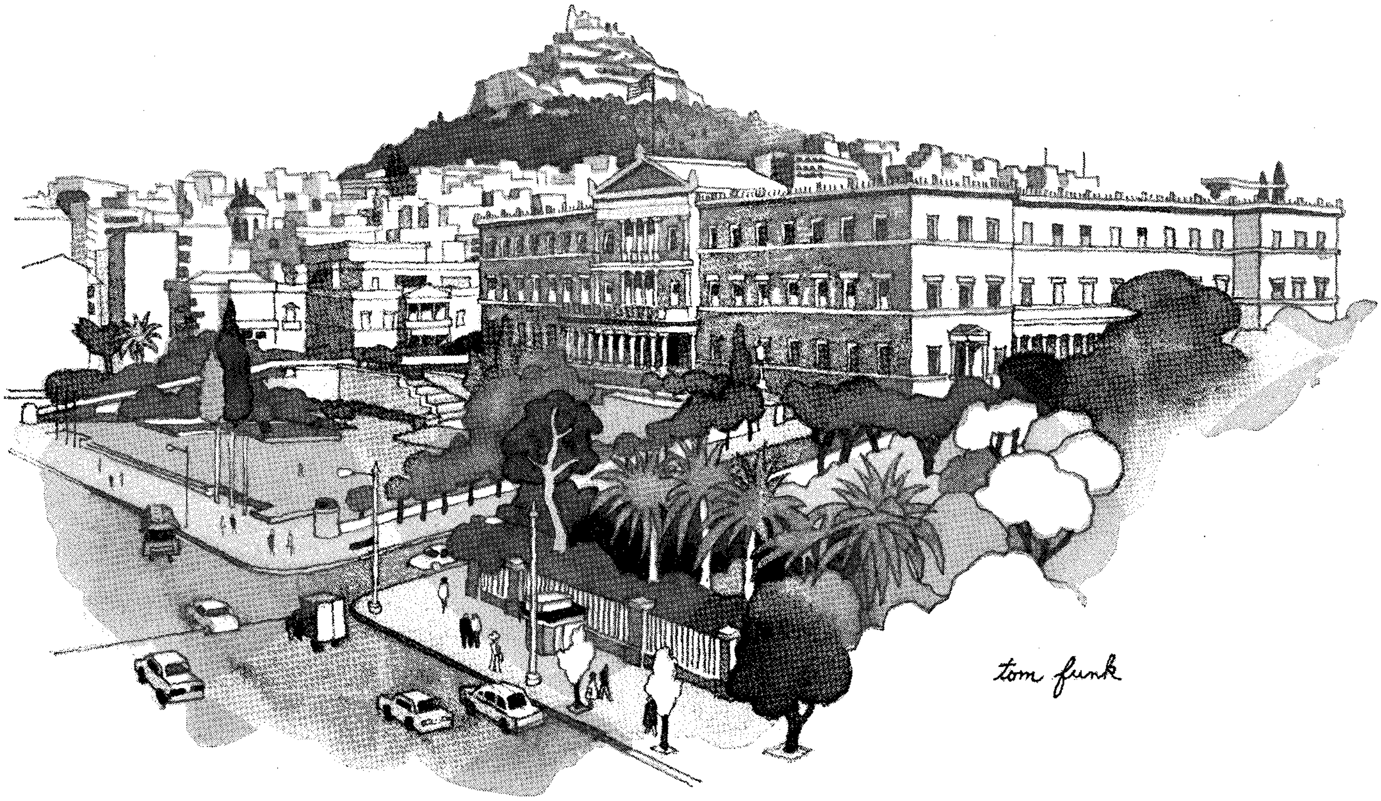
LETTER FROM ATHENS



EVEN the wily Odysseus, with the help of that prototypical trio—the faithful wife, Penelope; the dutiful son, Telemachus; and the original Jeeves, Eumaeus—did not manage his return to power more smoothly than has the veteran democratic politician Konstantine Karamanlis. Less than seven months after quitting an eleven-year exile in Paris to take over from the Army colonels who seized control in 1967, Karamanlis, as Prime Minister, has banked the flames of half a dozen blazing issues that have made Greece a political inferno for most of this century. The Communist Party, outlawed after a bloody uprising in Athens in 1945 and a bitter civil war upcountry in the years 1946 through 1949, has been legitimized as a party like all others. The Army, which has attempted nineteen military coups since Greece won its independence from Turkey in 1830, is back in barracks and firmly under civilian control. A new constitution, featuring presidential rule, is being debated in Parliament. The monarchy, which ruled as well as reigned in recent years by playing off the Army against the Communist Party, has been shelved—and probably ended forever—by a popular referendum on December 8th, when nearly seventy per cent of the electorate voted for a republic. Three weeks earlier, in what looked to be truly democratic and honest elections, Mr. Karamanlis won a smashing victory that gave him both a powerful majority in Parliament and a responsible opposition. Even the Cyprus problem—the most visible apple of discord in the age-old struggle between Turks and Greeks, and an important element in the hostility that Greeks have recently come to feel toward the United States—may be on its way toward settlement. Though tension remains, and has even broken into violence, a most hopeful event has been the return of the briefly deposed Cypriot President, Archbishop Makarios, who has been working hard to calm passions.

Undoubtedly, the main explanation for this striking success story lies in what immediately preceded it. If ever there was a regime that said nay to the spirit of time and place, it was the military junta that ruled Greece through July 23rd of last year. Not that the country is especially attached to democracy, as so many Greeks like to believe. Tyranny, too, had its day here, and even Periclean Athens was a slave society. Indeed, it is a good working assumption that the Greek past, because of its magnificence, is a burden on the country and works to obscure and distort the present. As the modern Greek poet George Seferis put it:

> I awoke with this marble head in
>   my hands
> which exhausts my elbows and I do
>   not know where to set it down.

In any case, the background of what is happening in Greece now is not ancient times but the almost brutal modernization that has gone on over the past three decades. The underlying drift of postwar Greece expresses a rapid, irresistible move away from everything that made this country so special. Greekness itself—the unique features that survived Roman and Ottoman rule and the bastardization of Hellenistic and Byzantine centuries—has yielded to the subtle and seductive penetration of the international consumer culture that, though it is associated most prominently with American life, has in fact swept the industrialized world. A Greece that was overwhelmingly rural only fifteen years ago now lodges more than a third of its population in two big towns, Athens and Salonika. Another third lives in towns of more than ten thousand, leaving less than a third in rural villages. The population of Athens (about two and a half million now) jumped by over a third in the decade of the nineteen-fifties and by thirty per cent more in the nineteen-sixties. Per-capita annual income has gone from the level of the underdeveloped countries (two hundred and fifty dollars in 1960) toward that of the developed countries (more than a thousand dollars in 1970). Some eight hundred thousand workers out of a total labor force of three and a half million have jobs in Western Europe, notably West Germany, and their remittances constitute a major source of national income. Aristotle Onassis is only the best known of scores of Greeks who have come to dominate international shipping—a basic modern industry that provides an important source of employment and investment. An army of American and European tourists and sun-seekers has overrun the country, to the point where even the most remote Aegean isles seem to be outposts of the Club Méditerranée. What used to be the site of Plato's Academy is next to a Michelin-tire office and a tractor factory; the groves that harbored the mysteries of Eleusis are hard by a cement factory and a branch of the National Can Corporation. So it is only natural that Greek students now wear jeans and miniskirts, that Perry Mason dominates the local TV screens, and that bouzouki music has merged with rock and roll—and, similarly, that Melina Mercouri and the composer Mikis Theodorakis are international celebrities, that George Seferis won a Nobel Prize for literature before his death in 1971, and that hack journalists in London, Paris, and Washington quote the poet Constantine Cavafy.

Perhaps the most telling sign of the penetration of Greece by the homogenized international culture is seen in the most famous of the native arts. More than a score of theatres are flourishing in Athens, and the excitement generated by the change in regime has brought political theatre back into vogue. But what is striking is the prominence of works by foreign playwrights. Three plays by Brecht were on at the time of the November elections. One production—of "Fear and Misery of the Third Reich"—was so irrelevant to Greek experience in its comparison of the colonels to the Nazis that Melina Mercouri, a great Brecht admirer, sympathetic to the playwright's left-wing views, remarked to me that it must have been staged by right-wingers who wanted to make Brecht look bad. A play with undoubted relevance is "Isabella, the Three Caravelles, and the Storyteller," written by an Italian named Dario Fo and staged by the Athens Art Theatre, under the direction of Karolos Koun. The storyteller in the piece is Columbus, who is presented as an intellectual trying to realize his ideals. He needs the help of those in power, but he gets nothing by explaining that the world isn't flat. Only when he begins to tell lies about a distant land with abundant gold—which he fakes with some bronze—do Ferdinand and Isabella agree to help him. In the end, Columbus is made to pay with his life for hav-

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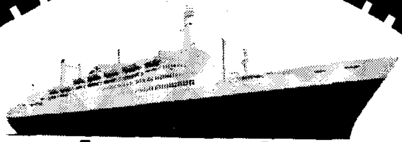

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ing compromised his ideals for power. When I expressed surprise to Koun that the author of such a trenchant comment on the monarchy and the colonels was not a Greek, the director responded that one of the great opportunities opened up by the change in regime was precisely the chance to put on the works of foreign authors. He mentioned Victor Hugo, Beckett, Ionesco, and LeRoi Jones (Imamu Amiri Baraka). Koun said he was particularly keen on doing "A Streetcar Named Desire" and "The Glass Menagerie," which he hadn't felt able to do properly under the junta. "How can you put on Tennessee Williams with tanks in the background?" he asked.

INSOFAR as the colonels stood for anything more than holding on to power, they did in fact set their faces against Tennessee Williams and everything else connected with the cosmopolitan world culture that has been making such deep inroads in Greece. A sociological profile of the twelve officers who led the coup shows that all came from the peasantry or the lower middle class; that only one was born in Athens; that all attended village primary schools and provincial secondary schools; that most entered the military academy between 1936 and 1940, when the dictatorship of another officer, General Ioannis Metaxas, was emphasizing the re-creation of a "Third Greek Civilization" (after Hellas and Byzantium). Out of that experience there came a literal xenophobia. The colonels made the phoenix—that symbol of rebirth—the emblem of their regime. One of their first acts was to close the country to foreigners sporting beards or miniskirts. They soon passed regulations requiring schoolchildren to go to Sunday school regularly and everyone to stand at attention while the national anthem was being played. The music of Theodorakis was banned as anti-national, and so were the films of Miss Mercouri. Colonel George Papadopoulos, who became Prime Minister and later President under the junta, said his purpose was to re-create the Greece of the Christian Greeks—"*Ellas Ellinon Christianon*," a slogan once seen everywhere in the country. The real strong man of the regime from beginning to end, Demitrios Ioannidis, was a military policeman known for his austere ways. Ioannis Ladas, another member of the original group of colonels, who later became Secretary General of the Ministry of the Interior, offered what is probably the most articulate definition of the junta philosophy, in a speech that posed the question "What Is Greece?" His answer was "Greece is a mission, and this mission consists of civilization. Foreigners confess and acknowledge Greek superiority. Human civilization was wholly fashioned by our race." If there had been a decline since the days of Pericles, he explained, it was "due to the fact that we were deprived of those worthy to govern us." The coup of 1967 was staged in order that "Greece could continue to radiate civilization."

The civilization radiated by the colonels seems to have exerted no attraction upon most other Greeks. The junta never struck deep roots, and to justify its continuing rule it was obliged to lurch from one excuse to another. Initially, the colonels claimed that, acting with the support of King Constantine II and their senior officers, they had stepped in to prevent a left-wing victory in elections set for May 28, 1967. Thousands of Communists were arrested on the night of the coup, April 20th, and so were many non-Communist civilian political leaders, including George Papandreou, the head of the Center Union, which seemed likely to win the elections, and his son Andreas, who was said to have been plotting a political penetration of the military. But none of the charges of a left-wing takeover ever stood up, and the claim of support from the King and the senior officers collapsed when they attempted a counter-coup to oust the junta. The colonels then shifted to the justification that they were preparing the way for an orderly return to civilian rule. A draft constitution was published and approved in a plebiscite in 1968. In 1971, martial law was restricted. In August, 1973, elections were promised. But the liberalization scenario collapsed at the beginning of November, 1973, when students at the Polytechnic University in Athens began demonstrating in favor of the free election of student leaders and greater academic freedom. The demonstrations quickly turned political, and eventually the junta deployed tanks against the unarmed students. Some fifty students were killed. Colonel Papadopoulos was deposed, and a docile general, Phaidon Gizikis, was installed as President. It became unmistakable that the true boss—the man who had called in the tanks—was the military-police chief, Ioannidis, who was promoted to brigadier general under the junta.

If the junta never took any real popular hold, neither did a powerful

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resistance. The most effective internal opposition network, a group formed by left-wing intellectuals and known as the Democratic Defense, was literally blown up when a bomb exploded accidentally in the hands of its leader, the distinguished economics professor Dionyssios Karayorgas. The Communists—who had been divided since the civil war into two groups, one loyal to Moscow, the other preoccupied with specifically Greek conditions, and both eager to avoid any confrontation with the regime—did nothing. Important exiles—Andreas Papandreou, who was released in December of 1967, when the junta switched its line; King Constantine, who left the country when the royalist counter-coup failed; and Karamanlis, who had been living quietly in Paris ever since 1963, when he resigned following a dispute with the palace—could at best generate international pressure against the colonels. The prevailing attitude inside Greece was one of resignation. A good expression of the mood is to be found in the verse of Yannis Ritsos, a well-known poet, whose books were banned during the reign of the junta and who was confined to a concentration camp on the island of Leros. It is revealing that he calls one of his books, written in 1969-70, "Gestures," for a sense of merely making motions suffuses most of his writing during the time of the colonels. Some lines, translated into English by Nikos Stangos, from a poem entitled "Uncertain Decisions" are:

The feeling of beauty is always interwoven with that familiar
yet forgotten sense of the futile. If they knock on the door
don't open. Let them break it down. Why should we still fool ourselves?
No, no. You'd better open. Maybe they'll bring that wooden horse—you know.

And here are some further lines of despair, from a poem called "What For?":

Things age, wear out, become useless—
illegal tobacco, shut rooms,
flags, the dead, leaflets, statues,
the white curtain turned yellow.
The mirror and the face in it are scratched,
a moth has made its nest
in the beautiful dress you wore that night,
the coffeehouse on the street corner has closed down,
the balcony collapsed among the nettles,
the statue in the garden has lost its penis—
so, what is the good of sorrow, of hatred,
of freedom, of the lack of freedom?

NOT surprisingly, in view of such apathy, the end of the junta came not through deliberate opposition

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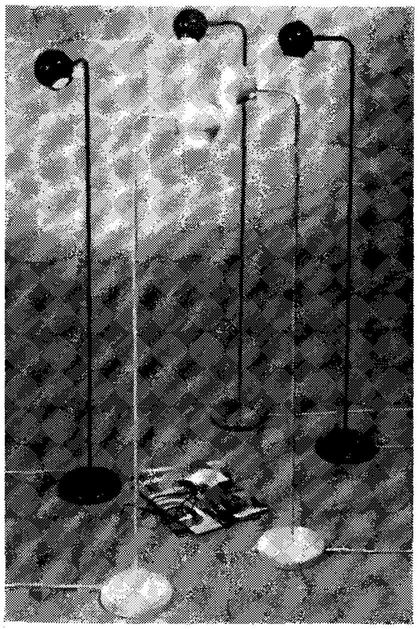

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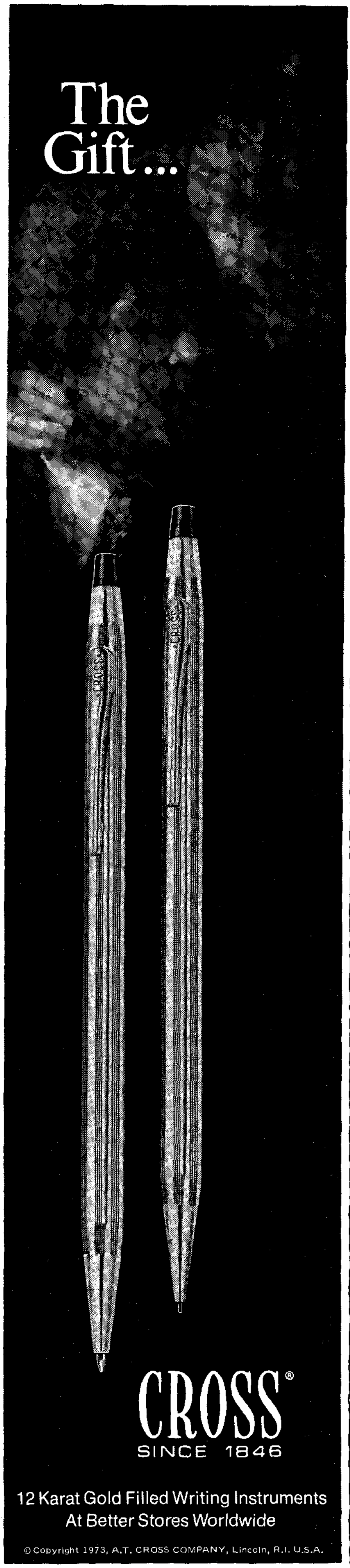

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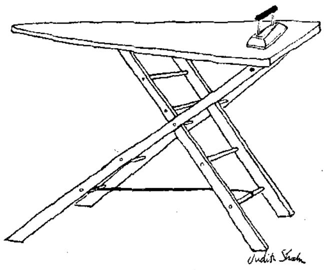
so much as through suicidal responses by the colonels to an almost random set of external events. The starting point was a more nationalistic line taken by Brigadier General Ioannidis after the suppression of the student demonstrations. The obvious target was the traditional enemy, Turkey. Last winter and spring, there were bitter exchanges between Athens and Ankara over supposedly rich oil rights around some Aegean islands. Athens filled the air with talk about removing Archbishop Makarios as President of Cyprus in favor of a figure less deeply committed to playing off Greeks against Turks and more favorable to *enosis*, or union with Greece. Makarios got wind of all this, and believed that he saw in the weakness of the Athens regime a chance to rid himself of pressure from the colonels once and for all. On July 2nd, he sent the Greeks a note that was offensive in tone (it addressed Gizikis as "President of the Regime," not President of Greece) and tough in content (it demanded the withdrawal of the Greek officers controlling the Cypriot National Guard). There was no immediate response from Athens, so on July 5th Makarios stepped up the pressure by making the note public. Ioannidis chose to meet the challenge head on. The next day, he issued orders for the Greek National Guard on Cyprus to take over the island and assassinate Makarios. The succession would have devolved on Glafkos Clerides, president of the Cypriot House of Representatives. To mask the coup, the Greek government announced that it would hold meetings on the thirteenth and fifteenth of July to consider its response to the Makarios note. The coup came off as ordered, and it was announced that Makarios had been killed. The fact was that he escaped (leaving his palace by a back door and hitchhiking out of Nicosia) and took refuge at a British base on the island. When it became known that Makarios was alive, neither Clerides nor any other respected Greek Cypriot leader could be found to take power. The junta turned to Nikos Sampson, a former member of EOKA-B, the anti-British and anti-Turkish terrorist underground, who, among other things, had once been arrested by the British for murder.

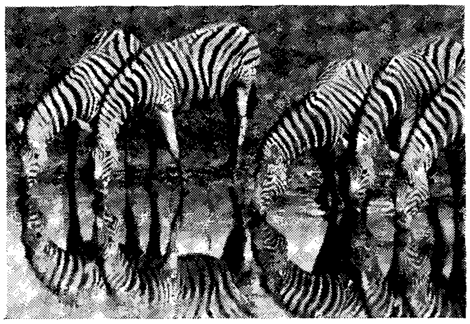


All along, there had been the question whether a coup against Makarios and the shaky status quo on Cyprus would bring Turkish force into play. Ioannidis brushed aside warnings of that danger from his own people and from foreign governments. "The Mehmets will not dare," he told his military attaché in London by phone, using an old term of abuse for Muhammadans. The fact was that the Turks launched an invasion of Cyprus on July 20th. The response of General Ioannidis was to order full and immediate Greek mobilization. He was reminded that Greece, as part of the planned NATO strategy for a defense in depth, had adopted a mobilization plan that involved calling up troops in stages over a period of forty days. He brushed that point aside, on the ground that the Turks would be deterred by the "psychological effect" of the mobilization announcement. As was to be expected, the call-up was chaotic. The Turkish invasion of Cyprus continued apace. On July 21st, Ioannidis ordered further Greek military action. The Greek Army was to open artillery fire on Turkish forces on the border of Thrace, in the northeastern corner of Greece. The Navy was to launch submarine attacks on Turkish ships off Cyprus. The Air Force was to make ready for an assault on Cyprus by moving Phantom jets to eastern Crete. Clearly, the next step was going to be a declaration of war.

On July 22nd, the service chiefs met at the Defense Ministry, outside Athens, at seven-thirty in the morning, as they had been doing for the past week. The commander-in-chief, General Gregory Bonanos, announced that Brigadier General Ioannidis and President Gizikis had decided to declare war on Turkey. The time for confronting reality had come, and finally the senior officers faced their responsibilities. One after another, they put forward the reasons it would be suicide to go to war against the Turks at this time and in this way. The Army chief of staff, Lieutenant General Andreas Galatsanos, asserted that his men were ready to fight but that they had always expected to have to wage a defensive war against a Turkish invasion, not an offensive war for Cyprus. He claimed that the Turkish forces were strong on the Thracian border, and warned that Soviet forces, massed in Bulgaria, might easily come into action against Greece. Even if Greek forces were able to push through to Istanbul, they would be facing a city of almost two and a half million Turks who, in effect, would hold as hostages the local minority of ten thousand Greeks. Vice Admiral Peter Arapakis, the Navy chief, declared that two submarines from Rhodes had been ordered to Cyprus, where, he was confident, they could do heavy damage to the Turkish fleet, but that if it was a question of war he would need the subs and all his other vessels to defend the Greek homeland. He noted, further, that if Greece declared war she would fight in total isolation, with no support from any NATO allies. The Air Force chief, Vice Marshal Alexander Papanikolaou, pointed out that Turkey was far better situated geographically than Greece to control the air over Cyprus. There were four Turkish bases within easy striking distance of the island. The Greek planes had so far to fly that they could not expect to stay over Cyprus for more than fifteen minutes of combat. Otherwise, they would have to be either abandoned or flown to Syria. The Greek pilots, moreover, were not entirely comfortable with the Phantoms, which they had only begun to fly. In fact, one of five sent the day before to eastern Crete had crashed on landing.

Before the day was out, the military chiefs had reached a consensus. War with Turkey would be a catastrophe. At least two of the chiefs—Arapakis and Papanikolaou—said flat out that it was time to stop backing up decisions taken by a brigadier general who did not have the support of senior officers. By nightfall, the chiefs had decided that President Gizikis should be apprised of their feelings. First thing in the morning on July 23rd, General Bonanos notified the President that the other chiefs felt that the military should turn political responsibility over to civilian leaders. President Gizikis asked to see the three service chiefs, and they confirmed the decision. President Gizikis said he agreed. The question arose whether Ioannidis also agreed. He was called into the meeting. He did not agree. He thought that the military should stay in office and carry the fight to the Turks. But the chiefs held firm. They demanded that Ioannidis give them his word of honor that he would not obstruct the return to civilian rule. Reluctantly—and apparently with the intention of reopening the issue at an early date—Ioannidis gave his word.

At noon that day, President Gizikis began summoning civilian political leaders for a meeting with the military



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chiefs. The session got under way in the President's office around 2 P.M. About eight political leaders spoke, putting forth their differing views. At first, a consensus seemed to favor the idea of forming a provisional government around two veterans of pre-1967 parliamentary politics—Panayotis Kanellopoulos, of the right, and George Mavros, of the center. When these two left the President's office to discuss a Cabinet, one of the civilian leaders closest to Karamanlis, Evanghelos Averoff, stayed behind. He had previously asserted that the choice lay between Kanellopoulos and Karamanlis, but now it developed that he preferred the latter and so did the military. President Gizikis was prevailed upon to telephone Karamanlis in Paris at once. When the call finally got through, Karamanlis accepted. On the night of July 23rd, he was on his way back to Athens.

PERHAPS because Karamanlis returned to power at a time of imminent national catastrophe, perhaps because he had spent his time out of office in the Paris of the nineteen-sixties, the fashion has been to compare him to General de Gaulle. He has, to be sure, an imperious side. "He can't work with one as an equal," George Mavros, who served as Deputy Prime Minister and Foreign Minister under Karamanlis before leaving the provisional government to fight him in the elections, told me. (Kanellopoulos has remained on the sidelines.) Karamanlis is, in fact, a conservative nationalist, and he has always been an outsider in the tight little political world of Athens. Almost alone among prominent Greek politicians of the postwar era, he comes from the northern part of the country—a small town in Macedonia. The Turks held sway there when he was born, in 1907, and he can still remember helping to hide his father, a local schoolteacher and tobacco grower, from Turks and Bulgarians during the Balkan Wars of 1912-13 and again during the World War that followed. But his own nationalism is free of self-glorification. He played no role during the Second World War, when Greece was occupied by the Germans. As Minister of Public Works from 1952 through 1955, and as Prime Minister from 1955 through 1963, he worked very closely with the United States, using American aid, which amounted to more than three billion dollars, primarily to give Greece a network of modern roads. In 1959, as Prime Minister, he accepted the Cy-

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prus settlement that abandoned *enosis* in favor of independence and accorded the Turks on the island a statutory role as a protected minority. He is clearly without the national messianic complex. Apart from showing off his fine profile and formidable eyebrows, his most characteristic pose today—standing dressed in his favorite double-breasted blue blazer and looking out at the far distance, like the captain of a ship—expresses not so much a typically Greek mien as that of a cosmopolitan gentleman. Above all, unlike most of the would-be heroic strong men of recent times, he has never held himself above party politics. He has been a political figure since 1935, when—at the cost of a break with his father, who wanted him to stay clear of politics—he was elected to Parliament. Upon his return from exile, he showed no hesitation in making himself, besides head of government, the head of a new conservative party, the New Democracy. When I went to see him, he talked about politics, and parties, and forms of government. He believed that a purely parliamentary regime could not govern effectively, and that it was necessary to strengthen the executive. He rejected the Gaullist model ("One nation cannot copy another"), and thought it more appropriate to have a system in which the President is elected by Parliament. He was very sure that he would win a majority in the election. When I asked him whether he would be prepared to head an opposition if he lost, he said, "There are no ifs. I will win by between fifty and sixty per cent of the vote." On coming back to power, he had made it his first order of business to put the Army under civilian political control and to organize elections for a democratic Parliament.

The Army was taken in tow by a subtle policy of divide and conquer worked out by Karamanlis, Foreign Minister George Mavros, and Evanghelos Averoff, who had become the Defense Minister. Karamanlis announced from the start that, apart from criminal proceedings for specific crimes, there would be no general purge of the Army. "The careers of Army officers," he said in a speech in Salonika, "shall be judged by their future behavior, not the past." Five of the most prominent junta members, including former Prime Minister and President George Papadopoulos, former Deputy Prime Minister Stylianos Pattakos, and the ideologue of the Ministry of the Interior, Ioannis Ladas, were confined on the island of

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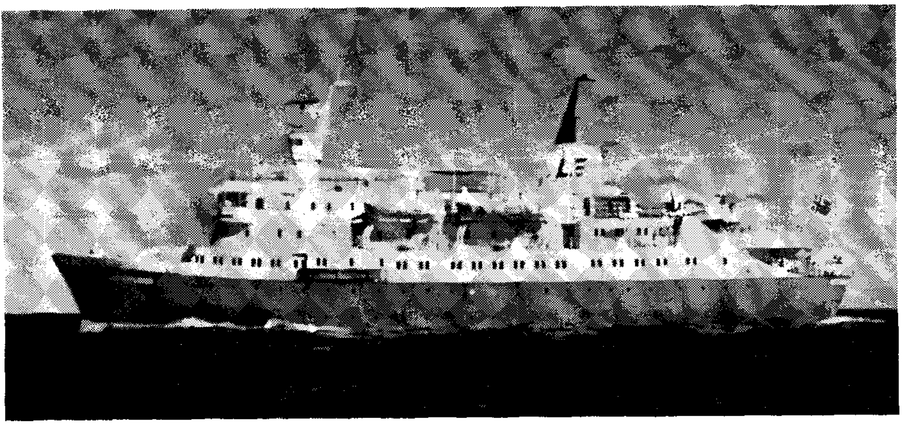

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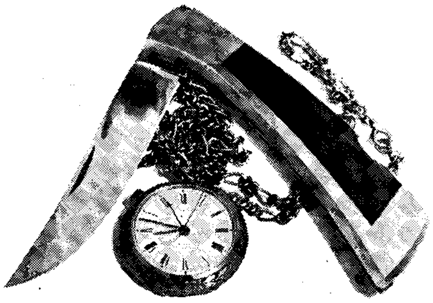

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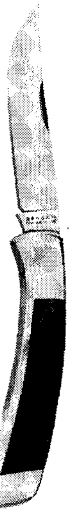

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Kea pending a court investigation of their part in crimes like the massacre at the Polytechnic. Various generals, including Commander-in-Chief Bonanos and Army Chief of Staff Galatsanos, were allowed to resign.

The network of units based around Athens that Ioannidis used to control the Army has been broken up. The military police, the heart of Ioannidis's power, have had their equipment cut from about a hundred jeeps and cars and two hundred and fifty machine guns to five vehicles and two machine guns. Ioannidis's deputy, Lieutenant Colonel Michael Pilikhos, has turned on his old boss, revealing, among other things, that Ioannidis was plotting to retake power in a coup after the recall of Karamanlis. Defense Minister Averoff tours the Army installations ceaselessly, listening to complaints and trying to defuse discontent. "The situation of the Army is good," he told me in an interview in early November. "The military have given up any idea of a coup and have returned to their normal duties. The main reason is that they understand the mistakes made in the past. In the confrontation with Turkey over Cyprus, they saw that the junta was not trustworthy. A second reason is that they are still facing a crisis with Turkey over Cyprus. They understand that their duty is to look after the serious defense problems of the country, not to meddle in politics."

This muzzling of the military was kept discreet—partly so that the soldiers could save face but also for electoral purposes. As the election campaign picked up steam, you did not have to be paranoid to believe that unless Karamanlis was given a mandate the Army would move again. Karamanlis himself, at his final election rally, issued an unmistakable warning to that effect. "Democracy is not threatened only by tanks," he said. "It is threatened even more by the demagogy that leads to tanks." "Karamanlis or Tanks" was, in effect, the slogan of the Karamanlis forces. The degree to which it was believed—on the left, anyhow—that those were the only alternatives struck me with force when I had dinner one night in the final week of the campaign with Melina Mercouri, who was running for Parliament in Piraeus. She was called from the table three times to take urgent phone calls. The first was a warning of naval movements off Corfu which were supposedly tied in with a royalist coup. The second passed on a rumor of a military coup on behalf of Karamanlis. The third furnished information on an underground route she could use for escape if the military did in fact strike.

Apart from this semi-visible sword of Damocles suspended over the electorate, the campaign went forward in almost perfect freedom. Four major parties—the New Democracy, under Karamanlis; the Center Union, under George Mavros (George Papandreou, its former leader, died in 1968); the Panhellenic Socialist Movement, or PASOK, under Andreas Papandreou; and the United Left, or the Communists—were in the lists. In the weeks before the vote, all the party leaders, besides being given prominent attention on the national television network's regular 10 P.M. television news show, were given special time to adress the electorate. Every town, and even every one of the several thousand Greek islands, seemed to be having rallies. Papandreou, a Harvard-trained economist and for sixteen years an American citizen, who waged his campaign in "new politics" style, appeared in thirty-eight different cities. In the final week before the vote, there were spectacular turnouts in the main downtown meeting places of Athens: Syntagma Square for the Communists, PASOK, and the New Democracy, and Omonia Square, less than a mile away, for the Center Union, whose headquarters were nearby.

The police judged that at least a hundred thousand people turned out for each rally. I found it extremely difficult to make my way through the densely packed masses, and the turnout seemed larger than any I had seen outside Red Square in Moscow or the Gate of Heavenly Peace in Peking.

Some of the oratory was remarkable. Papandreou's plea for Socialism and Greek independence from America was so strongly worded that several Greek friends told me he evoked memories of the early Mussolini. The Communist rally, at which the continuing intraparty split was evident in the varying responses of different parts of the crowd to different speakers, was dominated by the music of Theodorakis, who himself led the singing, crying out at one point, "When their tanks are rusty, my songs will still be alive!" At all the big Athens meetings, the crowds seemed far more fervent than any of the leaders. At all the meetings, Theodorakis songs were sung. At the Karamanlis meeting, there was a deployment of candles as artful as any of the spelling out of slogans done by card-wielding spectators at American football games. Everybody chanted slogans, many of which—"The Junta to the People!," for example—were proclaimed indiscriminately at all party rallies, no matter what the speaker seemed to be saying at the moment. All in all, with fireworks, bugle calls, confetti, the honking of horns, and the broadside scattering of leaflets, it was a celebration of freedom—even a "panegyric," as Karamanlis said to me.

WHEN the cheering was over, Karamanlis had won a victory that wiped out the traditional divisions associated with the process whereby modern Greece was, over the years, assembled. He did particularly well in the Peloponnesus, which, as the center of the movement that achieved independence under the monarchy in the last century, has always stayed right-wing. Thus, in the district around Argos he took thirty-four thousand of the fifty thousand votes cast. Even in Crete—the liberal stronghold that became part of Greece after the Balkan Wars under the leadership of a famous native son, Eleutherios Venizelos—Karamanlis ran second (by twenty thousand votes out of a total of two hundred and twenty thousand) to the Center Union, which is Mavros's current version of the liberal party. As for the more modernized parts of Greece, Karamanlis took more than half the vote in each of four port cities known for their Communist and Socialist leanings—Salonika, Kavalla, Volos, and Piraeus. In cosmopolitan Athens, he also took more than half the vote. In Larissa, an agricultural center with new industry, where Papandreou had expected to score heavily, Karamanlis took almost seventy-four thousand votes out of nearly a hundred and thirty-eight thousand cast. In all, he won 54.8 per cent of the popular vote. That gave him, by the system of proportional representation that obtains in Greece, two hundred and twenty out of three hundred seats in the Parliament—probably the largest parliamentary majority in Europe. Since the party led by Mavros finished second, Karamanlis should have a responsible opposition, rather than one determined

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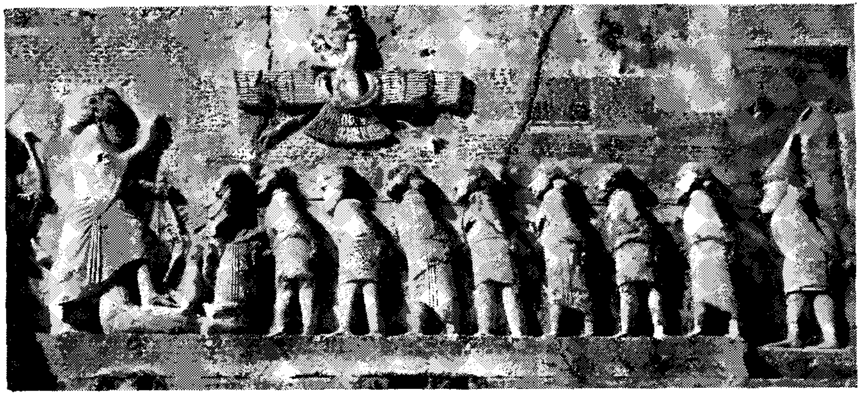

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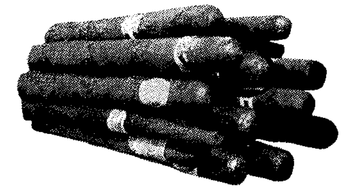
The parliamentary election made the referendum on the monarchy, three weeks later, a foregone conclusion. All parties to the left of Karamanlis's vigorously opposed the return of King Constantine. Karamanlis himself kept silent, but only because the nucleus of his New Democracy included several prominent royalists. It was known that he had left office in 1963 after a quarrel with the royal family, and it was also known that he favored a reinforcement of the executive through something approaching a presidential system. Defense Minister Averoff, himself a monarchist, told me that Constantine's flight after the failure of the royalist counter-coup had turned the Army against the King: "He was master of the Army up to December, 1967. Now the majority of the officers are against him—some of them fanatically." I asked Averoff whether the King could possibly win the referendum without support from Karamanlis. "Absolutely not" was the reply. In the event, Averoff was right. The King was rejected in the December 8th referendum by 69.2 per cent of the vote. That crushing defeat was likely to mark the end of the monarchy in Greece forever. It was in those circumstances that, on December 23rd, Karamanlis introduced in Parliament the draft of the new constitution designed to establish a presidential regime.

Heavy debate on the constitution is now under way in Parliament. Meanwhile, the burying of the past goes on apace. On January 13th, Parliament unanimously approved a bill that formally stigmatized the Army rule as illegal. The next day, General Ioannidis was arrested and charged with high treason. Two days later, General Papadopoulos and those who had been arrested with him were charged with the same offense. All along, Karamanlis has kept his attention focussed on the remaining issue of fundamental importance—Cyprus. Since the Greek-supported coup of July 15th and the Turkish invasion of July 20th, conditions had changed dramatically. The Turkish Army had expanded a beachhead around Kyrenia—the port city on the island's north shore, only forty miles south of the Anatolian coast—into an occupation of the whole northeastern end of the island, including the major Greek settlement at Famagusta. Almost two hundred thousand Greek Cypriots had fled the occupation and were living as refugees on



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the sixty per cent of the island still controlled by Cypriot forces. Nikos Sampson had been replaced as acting President by the Greek parliamentary leader Clerides. Though he and the leader of the Turkish Cypriot community, Rauf Denktash, continued to talk, the two sides were obviously far apart. Two international conferences on Cyprus had been held at Geneva and had ended in failure. The Turks wanted a compact Turkish zone on the island, encompassing, for their eighteen per cent of the population, about thirty-eight per cent of the land area. Clerides refused to consider what amounted to a partition. Even if he had accepted the idea, he couldn't have made the accord stick, because it would never have been accepted by the legitimate ruler, Archbishop Makarios, who, from exile in London, kept issuing proclamations to the effect that he would return to Cyprus and arrange a settlement.

The Karamanlis strategy has been to line up Makarios behind a Greek position that could be sold to the Turks by the United States. Makarios came back to Athens and received a triumphal reception—horns blaring, candles borne aloft, music and singing in Syntagma Square. After two days of talks with Karamanlis and Clerides, the Archbishop went on to an even more enthusiastic reception on Cyprus. While he didn't announce his views on detailed points, he clearly accepted the necessity for a peaceful settlement with the Turks. One sign of his more moderate stand was an intense flurry of diplomatic activity. Our Ambassador to Ankara, William Macomber, and Jack Kubisch, who had recently been made Ambassador to Greece, flew back to Washington, and then accompanied Secretary of State Kissinger to Brussels for a NATO ministerial meeting. On December 12th, Kissinger met with both the Greek and the Turkish Foreign Minister in Brussels. Afterward, he privately paid warm tribute to their separate statements. He told me that he had found Karamanlis, with whom he had been dealing by telephone, "intelligent and statesmanlike." Presumably, what is in the wind is a deal whereby the Greek Cypriots will accept local self-rule in certain zones where Turkish Cypriots predominate. The Turks will accept an independent Cyprus, dominated by the Greek Cypriots, and both Greeks and Turks will withdraw troops from the island. Karamanlis's role in any such arrangement would be to deliver the approval of the Archbishop. He seems to be making some headway. When Makarios was asked

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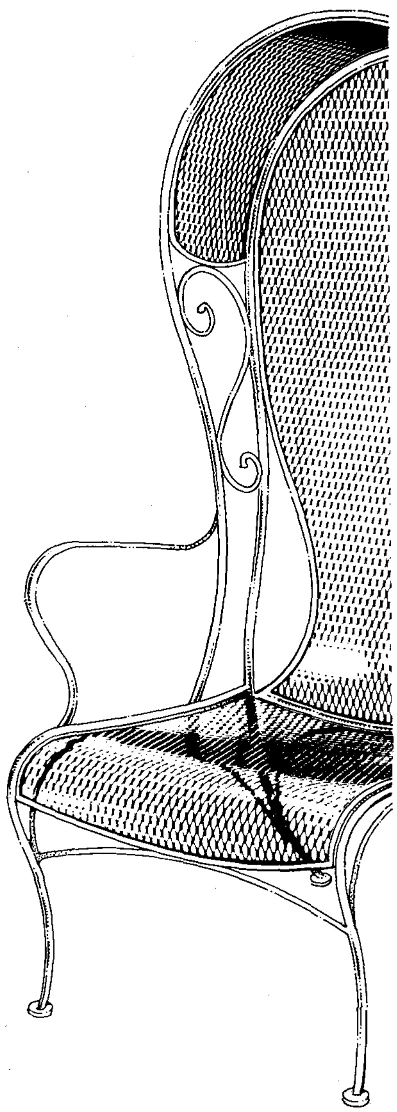

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on his return to Cyprus whether he was bringing an olive branch, he declared, "I bring a whole olive tree." In mid-January, when Greek Cypriots began violent demonstrations to protest the movement of some Turkish Cypriots back to the area of the island occupied by the Turkish Army, the Archbishop moved to calm the crowds.

Getting the Turks into a mood to negotiate is Dr. Kissinger's assignment. Since Ankara has been without a majority government for months, and there the Army rules from behind the scenes, achieving even a limited Turkish pullout from Cyprus is a tall order. But after Brussels Dr. Kissinger appeared to believe that a compromise was possible. Certainly he has a powerful incentive to bring the Turks along. American relations with Greece have been worsening, in a way that has had adverse repercussions for Dr. Kissinger in Congress. The Greeks blame the Americans for preparing the way for the junta and for condoning the regime of the colonels—and, indeed, the American Embassy in Athens did have a hand in the political shenanigans that led up to the 1967 coup. Moreover, the United States accepted the colonels at the time, and subsequently the Nixon Administration—through Henry Tasca, our Ambassador until August, 1974; Vice-President Spiro Agnew; and President Nixon's friend Thomas Pappas, a Greek-born Republican fund-raiser who acted as unofficial liaison with the colonels—practically made open love to the junta. With less justification, the Greeks claim that the United States should have stopped the July 15th coup in Cyprus. The fact is, though, that Washington had advance notice from both Greece and Cyprus that something was up; warnings against carrying out the coup were passed to the Greek regime by Ambassador Tasca, who spoke with President Gizikis, and by a local C.I.A. man, who spoke with Ioannidis. At least one urgent warning was not delivered by Ambassador Tasca to Ioannidis—partly because it was the view in the Embassy that it would not help, and partly because Ambassador Tasca, whose concept of his job's importance was not small, thought it would be infra dig for him to deal directly with a brigadier general in charge of military police. But it does seem that the American Embassy was taken in—as Makarios himself was—by the Greeks' trick of scheduling a meeting on the Cyprus issue on the day that the coup took place. Ambassador Tasca was out of Athens at the time of the attack on Makarios. My own judgment is that there had been so many warnings of coups against Makarios that the Americans and everybody else had become inclined to dismiss them. Those who turned out to be right in warning of what would happen were men who had previously predicted at least a hundred coups.

The Greeks do blame the United States, and particularly Dr. Kissinger, with a great deal more force for tilting toward the Turks once the Cyprus coup had occurred. Certainly the United States did very little to head off the Turkish invasion. A recommendation from Ambassador Tasca that the Sixth Fleet be interposed was specifically rejected. Only feeble protests—and those came from Defense Secretary James Schlesinger rather than from Secretary Kissinger—were made against the move by which the Turks converted a bridgehead into an occupation. The upshot has been an extraordinary mushrooming of anti-American feeling in Greece. One of the slogans used by all parties during the election campaign and at the time of the Cyprus demonstrations was "C.I.A. plus NATO Equals Treason." In the campaign, Mavros, Papandreou, and the Communists all hit hard at the American role in the Cyprus affair. There were protest strikes by employees at the American air and naval bases on the Greek mainland and the Greek islands. American officials, and especially servicemen, were told to keep out of Athens. Ambassador Tasca was withdrawn—under something of a cloud—and replaced by Kubisch, a career diplomat who had served mainly in Latin America and had no background on Greece at all. In Congress, sympathy for the Greeks caused the passage of a bill cutting off military assistance to Turkey. Only after urgent pleas by President Ford, who claimed that stopping the aid would eliminate all his bargaining leverage with Ankara, did Congress finally pass an amendment allowing the President to extend the cutoff date.

The tide of anti-Americanism in

Greece has been so strong that even Karamanlis, who is pro-European and pro-Atlantic Alliance to his marrow, has had to give ground. Before the election, he announced that Greece would withdraw from the NATO military organization, though not the alliance—a distinction that seems to mean very little. Subsequently, he indicated that he would want to renegotiate the terms for the American use of Greek bases, vital to the American presence in the eastern Mediterranean. Plainly, Karamanlis is yielding as slowly as possible, and more in form than in substance. But if no accord on Cyprus is reached with the Turks, even he will have to take steps that will gravely weaken American-Greek coöperation in the eastern Mediterranean. With luck, however, if there is any kind of settlement on Cyprus a restoration of the harmony that characterized Greek-American relations for so many years is not unthinkable. Neither is a resumption of the movement that has been bringing Greece more and more out of its peculiar historic isolation into the world of the twentieth century. For, as General de Gaulle once said, "This people, whose political life is as indented as their coastline and complex as their mountainous relief, Konstantine Karamanlis somehow manages to govern." —JOSEPH KRAFT

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THE CURRENT CINEMA

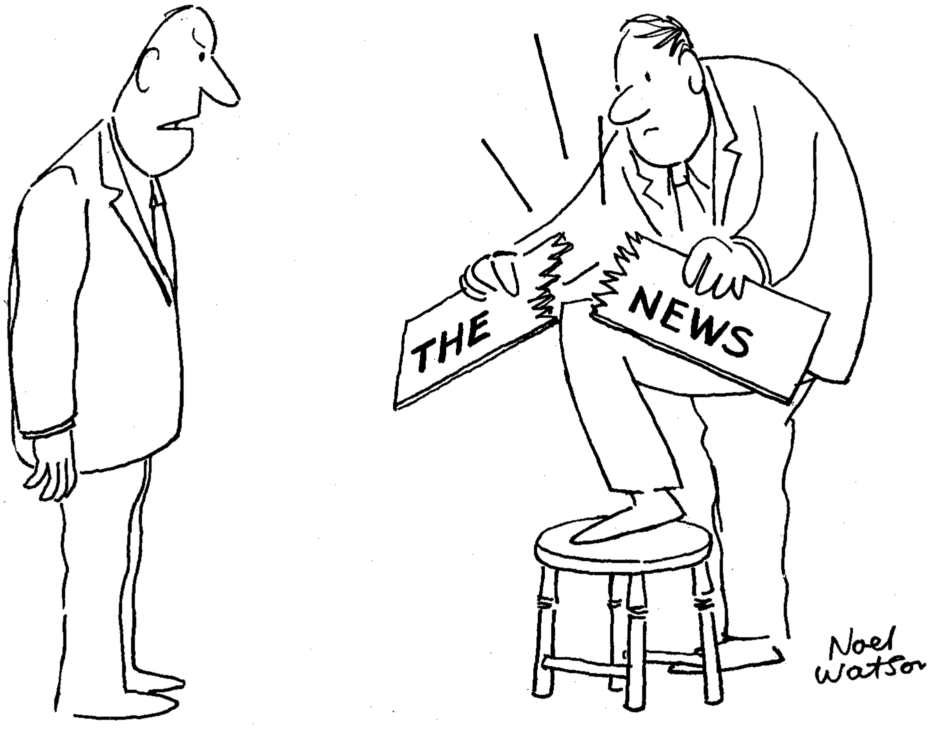
For Oscar's Sake

EVERY year, there are a few ambitious performances so spectacularly bad that there are immediate cries for the performer to get an Oscar, and every year or two one of these performances does indeed get its Oscar. Who can deny that Shirley Jones earned hers in "Elmer Gantry," Shelley Winters hers in "A Patch of Blue," Red Buttons his in "Sayonara," and Cliff Robertson his in "Charly"? In 1970—a bumper year—there were two such awards: John Mills', for "Ryan's Daughter," and Helen Hayes', for "Airport." These are all classically bad performances, and it's only fitting that they should be acclaimed. I've never understood why it was that Susan Tyrrell, who was nominated for "Fat City," didn't win; it's hard to see how a performance of that calibre could be ignored. (Perhaps it was because she was competing with Stacy Keach in the film, and his catatonic drabness soaked up her flamboyance.) And if Patrick Magee were an American his work in "A Clockwork Orange" might have received full recognition. Show-stopping bad acting isn't easy. Fabulous performances like these don't happen overnight; a lot of training, thought, and preparation go into them, plus a talent for shamelessness. There hasn't been a real beaut since Glenda Jackson sprang forth in "A Touch of Class," so Michael Moriarty is bound to be discovered for his work in the new suspense film "Report to the Commissioner."

Moriarty didn't do it without help from the role itself—that of a sensitive, innocent twenty-two-year-old undercover detective who breaks under stress. It gives him one of the opportunities that actors beg for: he can fall apart on camera. In this case, all the sympathy goes to his character, too, because he's the victim of a group of callous, blundering New York City Police officials. And, oh, how Moriarty falls apart. He can't wait for the climactic collapse: he's disoriented on his entrance, and he begins disintegrating before you've settled in your seat. Moriarty never quite looks at the person he's talking to; he's so dazed by his own sensitivity that his speech is slow and dissociated. He sweats, he twitches, he convulses; his deep breathing fills the sound track. (He breathes with the passionate conviction that Richard Cromwell used to bring to weeping.) Moriarty drains his cup of misery to the dregs and refills it from the pitcher. Unfortunately, "Report to the Commissioner" isn't a hypertense jewel like "The Bad and the Beautiful," in which all the performers were jacked up to an Oscar frenzy, and Moriarty's style isn't entertaining in that splashy way. His physical movements are indefinite, his manner is bland—as if nothing had ever sunk into his consciousness. He signals wildly that he's in an artistic sphere of his own, but it's all very quiet. He's not much help to the picture, though he makes it a must for connoisseurs of egregious acting. (They are sometimes known as the Sandy Dennis Fan Club, but there has been some talk among the more historical-minded members of changing the name to the Charles Laughton Memorial Society.)

Moriarty's Beauregard (Bo) Lockley is a perfectly serious performance; the humor comes out of one's derangement while one watches him bucking for glory. Moriarty was a likable juvenile as the saintly, fair-haired, blue-eyed ballplayer in "Bang the Drum Slowly"—the role that Paul Newman had played on TV in 1956—and he seemed destined to be a popular romantic lead. But he looks different now: his baby face is pale and formlessly soft; the blurry chin seems to melt into the neck. He's got the look of a sweet-voiced Irish tenor or a suety Hamlet—introspective and sexless. He seems too preoccupied with giving his facial muscles a workout to supply the young male sexuality that is essential to the motivation. Bo is meant to be a new kind of cop—a hippie cop with enlightened attitudes. It's his wanting to rescue a fresh-faced, blond young girl from a handsome black pusher that brings him to grief. But as Moriarty plays him Bo is a pathological case from the start, so the suspense element never really takes off.

As a novel, James Mills' "Report to the Commissioner" was transparently a screenplay. Mills, who used to be a crime reporter for *Life*, gave a journalistic veneer to a story that pretended to be a hard, inside look at a New York City Police foulup. It's almost a joke that Ernest Tidyman and Abby Mann were hired to adapt the book, since Mills structured the novel for the movies, provided the dialogue, and laid in the chase sequences. Mills doesn't have much talent for plotting, but he knows where he wants the story to get, and he barrels his way through. The gimmick is that Bo, a rookie detective who doesn't know the score about anything, is told to look for the young blonde—Chiclet (Susan Blakely)—and he is so confused by the Department's manipulations that he doesn't guess that she is an undercover narc. To tone up this plot, Chiclet's black lover, known as The Stick (Tony King), is not only a pusher but also a militant. However, things are carefully balanced out so that it won't seem as if all blacks were push-



"Gently, gently . . ."

ers and radicals; Bo is provided with a Kingfish black partner, an old-timer called Crunch (Yaphet Kotto), who beats up on blacks.

The novel was so much like a movie that probably a lot of readers imagined that it would be a real dilly on the screen, but sometimes when a novel reads like a screenplay it's because there's nothing under the material. And that can mean that there's not enough to draw upon and nothing to bring out. James Mills' characters are so flimsy that we need to be caught up in the suspense, but, as Milton Katselas has directed the film, we have plenty of time to notice how illogical each plot turn is. Katselas, whose previous movies were the transcribed stage plays "Butterflies Are Free" and "Forty Carats," seems way out of his element here. The hints of lascivious repressed feelings dribble away aimlessly, and the scenes don't lead plausibly into the big action sequences. The first big chase, with a legless beggar, Joey (Robert Balaban), who has been befriended by Bo, giving a heroic demonstration of loyalty, assisting Bo by chasing a taxi through heavy traffic on his skateboard, is sickeningly gaudy. (Even in silent pictures, writers were embarrassed when they had to resort to a heart-wrencher this decrepit.) And it serves no plot function whatever: there's no urgency about chasing the taxi—Bo could have waited a couple of hours, until the people who went out in the taxi returned home. In the next big chase number—and it's so obviously a number that the audience titters—Bo pursues The Stick, who is dressed only in shorts. The two of them jump across rooftops, leap over cars, and wind up holding guns on each other in an elevator at Saks—where they opt for brotherhood, when it is too late. (Why Saks? The author has learned a thing or two from crisp, hardboiled fiction: after Bo, Chiclet, Crunch, and The Stick, it couldn't very well be Bloomingdale's or Bonwit Teller.) The standoff in the Saks elevator goes on so long, and we have so little involvement in the resolution, that it's just embarrassing, waiting while the two men pour sweat.

What is supposed to hold our attention? The movie follows the book very closely, but in the book the reader knows from the start that Bo killed Chiclet; the Report to the Commissioner is of a secret investigation within the Police Department to learn why. In the movie we're uncertain whether Bo did it; we suspect various higher-ups of being the killer, and anticipate

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plot developments that don't come. I kept wondering when someone was going to mention a ballistics test and tell us if Chiclet had been killed by a bullet from Bo's gun. The movie-makers apparently think that the material is more ironic if the facts can never be known, but since there's such an obvious way to solve the mystery, this is just a pain. They're not sure what sort of movie they're making—something indefinite between "The French Connection" and "The Defiant Ones"—and we don't know what to look for. At times, we're stuck at the rudimentary level of trying to figure out if Chiclet is more devious than she lets on or if it's just that Susan Blakely—she might have been called The Blank—is so shallow that we're assuming deviousness where none is intended. When the girl talks about why she's in police work—in a twittery little voice, like the early Gene Tierney—it could be a put-on for a screen test. Is she meant to be some sort of surreally dutiful bitch who takes pleasure in entrapping men, or is she meant to be no more than a riddle? To a viewer, it looks as if it were the movie that's fouling up, not the Police Department. The novelist was able to slick over what Katselas can't: that putting Bo on Chiclet's trail makes no sense—that it's just a gimmick to hang chases on.

The story is no more than an entry in the "French Connection" sweepstakes, smartened up with the newer "Serpico" theme (the hippie cop versus the old pros). However, this is not your ordinary rotten movie; you can tell by the way the Elmer Bernstein music, which percusses for the chase sequences, stops so that you can appreciate the dramatic passages in weighty silence. And Michael Moriarty's campaign to be the new big sensitivity star lifts the picture out of the failed-suspense category into the art-howler category. No actor before him had the delirious insight to play innocence as a tragic sickness, but perhaps the times weren't right until just this minute. By the end, Bo is innocence crucified, and it's the whole society that did it. Moriarty can hardly miss. American movies may have a new hysterical superstar.

—PAULINE KAEL

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NEATEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

[*From the Times*]

Victor Klimenko threw himself outward as if he were a man jumping out of a window, and suddenly he landed on his hands just inches above the ground.

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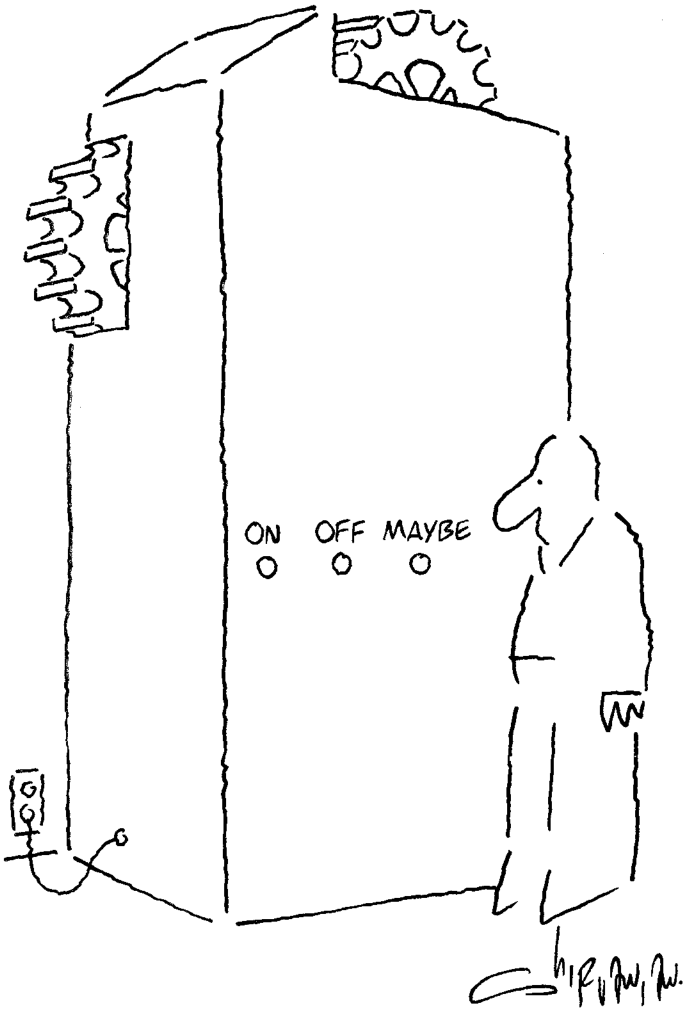
AROUND CITY HALL

UPSTATE / DOWNSTATE

MANY New Yorkers who spend their time at cocktail parties explaining the underlying significance of what Mike Mansfield said that morning to Hugh Scott in the Senate cloakroom will turn out not to know even the name of their City Council representative or the name of either of their state legislators and may move rapidly away from anyone who tries to enlighten them. Whether local residents tend to be more indifferent to the politicians they elect to City Hall or those they send to the state capital has been a close question, but the delegates to Albany probably qualify for this booby prize by a small margin. Presumably, this helps explain why, from time to time, a local member of the State Legislature has abandoned his constitutionally superior Albany post (after all, by the terms of its charter the city is a mere creature of the state and has no powers except those granted it by the Legislature) for a seat on the City Council, and why the traffic has rarely been the other way around. An even more persuasive influence, perhaps, was the fact that until this January the base pay in the Legislature, which meets two or three days a week from early January through early May, was fifteen thousand dollars, while in the Council, which averages a couple of meetings a month throughout the year, it was twenty thousand. Moreover, a Council member doesn't have to keep making the dreary trip up the river to Albany—a town that in the eyes of most of its part-time political residents is without redeeming social value. In addition, it is inconveniently distant from the district-leader offices, the community-school-board headquarters, and similar empires that many city legislators also preside over and need to keep a close watch on. And it is far from the metropolitan-area television crews that put together the local six-o'clock news shows, which are believed to account for much of a politician's cocktail-party recognition quotient, if any. However suburban and upstate legislators may have felt about it, those elected from the city were not at all surprised that, except for occasional ceremonial appearances, Nelson Rockefeller ran the state government from a brownstone he owns on Manhattan's West Fifty-fifth Street during much of his fifteen years as governor.

The view of Albany as alien country has been particularly strong among those local legislators who are Democrats—about ninety per cent of the usual city delegation to Albany. Back home in the five boroughs, the City Council has always been overwhelmingly Democratic. For over a generation, though, except for a few transient years that even the Democrats came to look upon as political aberrations, the governorship of the state and control of both houses of the Legislature have been in the hands of the Republicans. This circumstance may, in fact, have been the biggest attraction of membership on the City Council. Once in a while, the Council would be cornered into voting for a reduction in a particular city service or for an equally unpopular increase in taxes, but some legislative outrage by Albany's allegedly city-hating Republicans, widely known as apple knockers, could always be blamed for the action. The local lawmakers were thus in the happy position of having all the perquisites of public office and virtually none of the responsibilities. In 1973, not one but three state assemblymen from New York City ran for the Council, which they could do without giving up their Albany posts, since state elections were scheduled for the following year. Only one assemblyman was elected; and one of the losers, Seymour Posner, of the Bronx, was so depressed at the prospect of going back up the river that he took out a situations-wanted ad in the *Times* that read, "Politician who's fed up seeks honest employment in community, intergroup relations or labor field." Having spent many man-hours explaining that he hadn't meant to imply that legislative politics was dishonest, and having paid off the debt left over from his Council campaign by an appeal for funds conducted for him by friendly labor unions—the fund-raising letter noted that if the Democrats should win the Assembly in 1974, and if he ran again, Posner would be chairman of its Labor Committee—he was reëlected to the Assembly last November and is now chairman of its Labor Committee, as advertised. Since November, of course, Albany has become infinitely more interesting to all city Democrats than it was two years ago. Not only has the annual base pay of legislators been raised to twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars but virtually all the political attention that New Yorkers aren't training on Washington is focussed now on what will happen next in Albany, where, in what Party members devoutly hope won't turn out to be just another short-lived aberration, the Democrats control the State Assembly, and where Hugh Carey was sworn in last month as the first Democratic governor in sixteen years.



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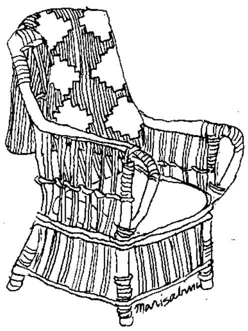
session of 1975. Hardly anybody noticed. On Thursday, the *Times* gave it three paragraphs on page 26 but gave two full inside pages, carried over from a front-page lead story, and all but a few lines of its editorial columns to the opening session of the Legislature, which was held on the same day. This is about the way things have been going for the city government lately except when someone has made headlines by denying or incontrovertibly proving that, in view of its dire financial circumstances, it should declare itself bankrupt. On the other hand, the degree of attention may have been appropriate, since in fact little of consequence went on at the City Council meeting that afternoon. It took place, as usual, in the Council's mahogany-panelled second-floor chamber at City Hall, where the forty-three Council members' desks are ranged under a vast, faded ceiling painting that features numerous toga-clad figures bearing gifts and is entitled "New York City Receiving the Tributes of the Nations." In contrast to the days when the Council was Irish virtually to a man, the one sworn in last month, by its own count, consisted of eighteen Jews, eleven Italian-Americans (said to be a record), seven Irish-Americans, four blacks, two Puerto Ricans, and thirty-one-year-old Manhattan Councilman Robert F. Wagner, Jr., whose heritage is German, English, and Irish. (John Battenfeld, the U.P.I. correspondent at City Hall, wasn't surprised last year when, in a description he wrote of the Council chamber and its habitués, the name of the ceiling painting emerged on the ticker as "New York City Receiving the Tribes of the Nations.") Four members of the present Council are women (one of them black), and, according to a recent Council press release listing various attributes of its members, nine were born under the sign of Virgo. "Anyone born under Virgo is likely to be useful, hard-working, given to public service with no sense of gain" begins "The Coffee Table Book of Astrology" analysis of those born under this sign.



Of the two members who were absent from the inaugural Council meeting, one was ill, and the other, twenty-nine-year-old Robert Steingut, of Brooklyn, had gone instead to the opening session in Albany, where, marking the change in Democratic fortunes, his father, Stanley Steingut, last year's Assembly Minority Leader (and former Democratic boss of Brooklyn), was being sworn in as Assembly Speaker—a role that young Steingut's grandfather, Irwin, had also filled, for one term, in 1935. It is widely assumed that Councilman Steingut hopes one day to follow in the family tradition and that he would rather not wait forty years to do it. Somewhat ironically, it was former Mayor Robert Wagner, the father of young Steingut's fellow-councilman, who led the fight to prevent the present Speaker Steingut, an old Wagner enemy, from realizing his ambition ten years earlier—in 1965, when the Democrats last won control of the Assembly. Although Councilman Wagner could undoubtedly have got a good seat at this year's Albany show—his father is one of the new Governor's most influential advisers, and he himself seconded Carey's nomination at last June's Democratic state convention, when Carey seemed like a very long shot for the governorship—he was on hand for the first Council meeting. One of Councilman Wagner's most difficult problems is trying to look modest and detached and think of a new answer to interviewers who persist in asking him whether he plans to follow in the steps of his father, the former Mayor, or those of his grandfather, the four-term United States Senator, who gave his name to the Wagner Act. Meanwhile, it appears that, for the time being, the third-generation Wagner, like the third-generation Steingut, will be marking time in the Council.

The first formal action at the Council's inaugural session was the unanimous reëlection of Councilman Thomas Cuite, a Brooklyn clubhouse ally of Stanley Steingut and Mayor Beame, as majority leader of the Council's thirty-seven Democrats. No official designation was available to Manhattan Councilman Henry J. Stern, the Council's single Liberal Party member, but the reëlection of Angelo Arculeo, of Brooklyn, as minority leader of the Council's five Republican members presented some problems. Arculeo's designation, by Bronx Councilman Pasquale Mele, was supported by Queens Councilman Jack Muratori but not by the two other Council Republicans—Frank Biondolillo, of Staten Island, and John Gangemi, of Brooklyn. Fortunately, Arculeo was able to vote for himself, and thus, by a three-to-two vote, to continue as minority leader—a post that brings him

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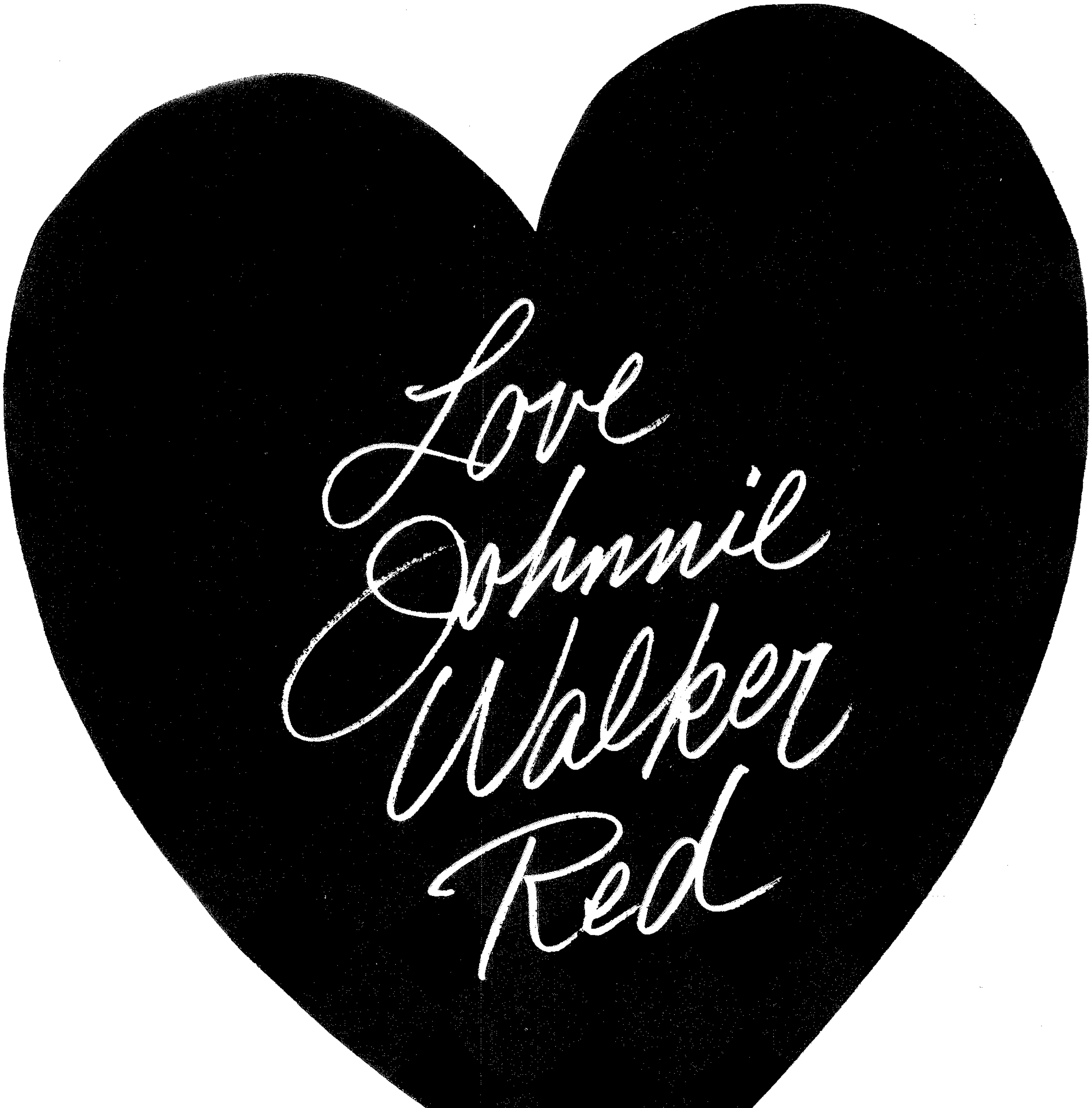

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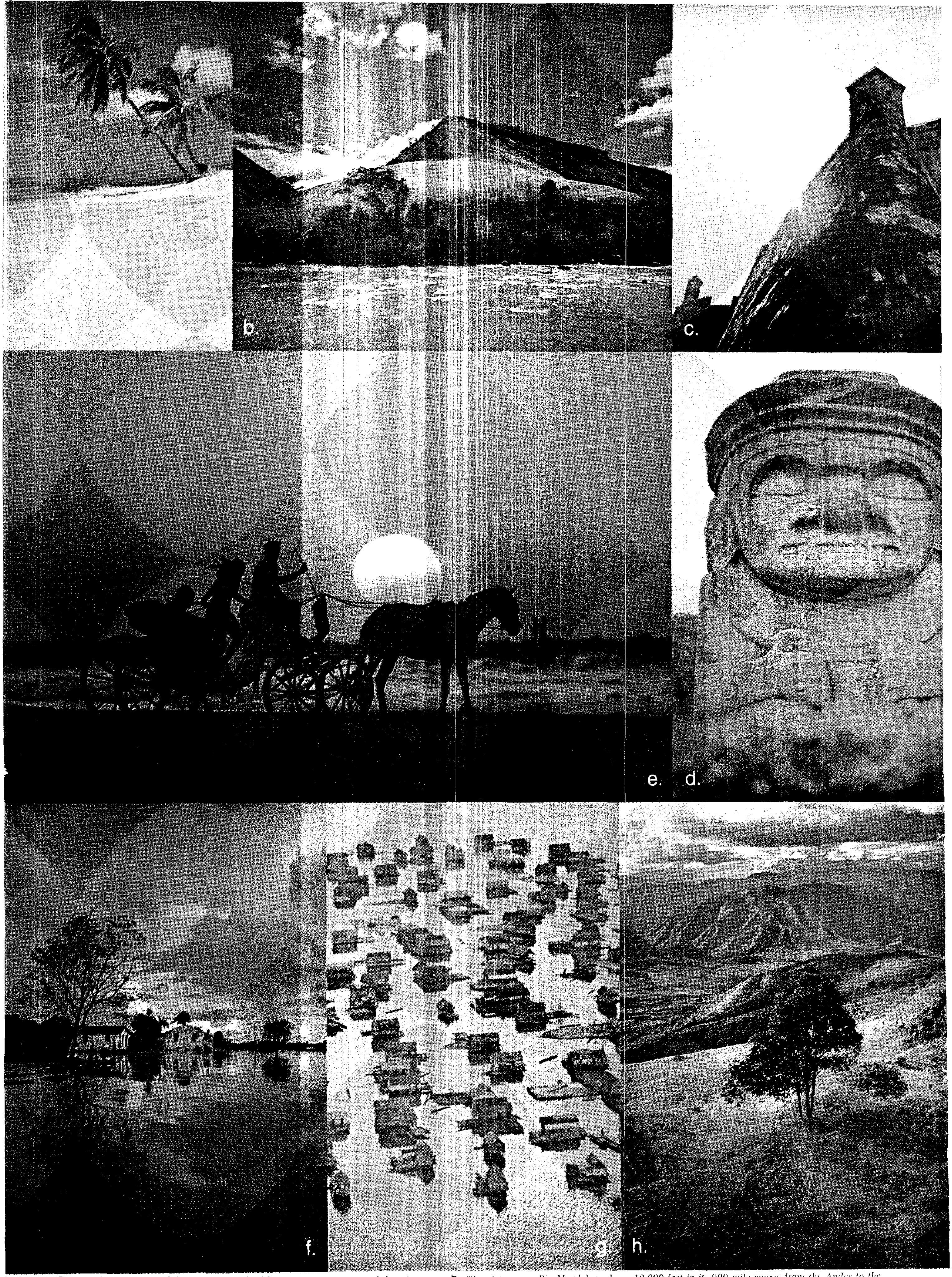

a. *The island of San Andrés, once a smugglers' haven, is now a resort and duty-free port.* **b.** *The picturesque Rio Magdalena drops 13,000 feet in its 900-mile course from the Andes to the sea.* **c.** *Fortress San Felipe in the Spanish Main city of Cartagena, second oldest, and only walled, city in South America.* **d.** *One of the 12-ton stone carvings at San Agustín in the Southwest. Who did them remains a mystery.* **e.** *Sunset on the Caribbean, where Colombia has a coastline over 900 miles long.* **f.** *The Amazon, where paddle-wheelers call and safaris begin.* **g.** *The stilt houses of Pueblo Nueva Venezia (New Venice).* **h.** *A valley in the central Andes. At this latitude a 10,000-foot-high meadow stays green all year.*

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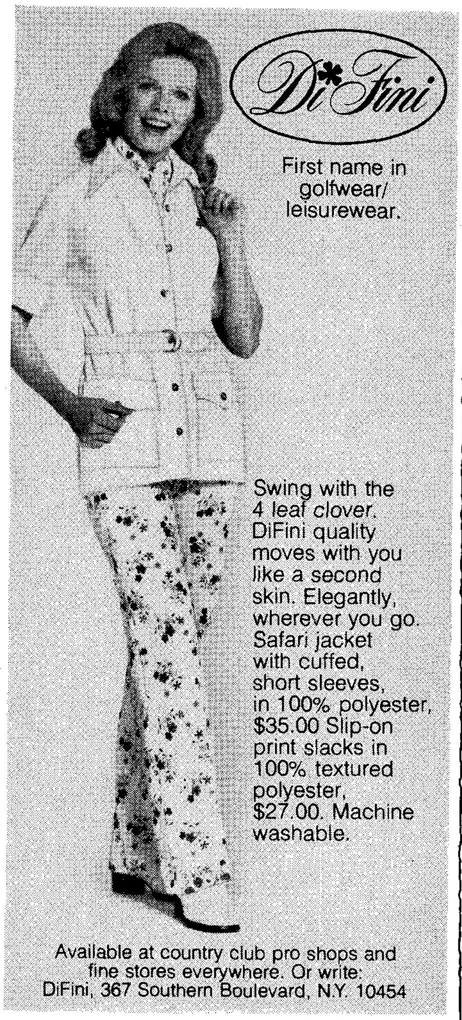

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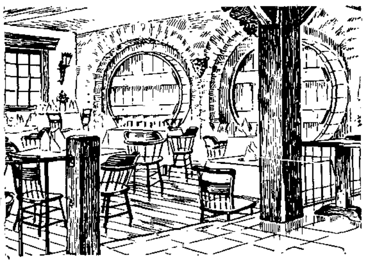

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eleven thousand dollars extra annually, for a total of thirty-six thousand dollars, as well as a small staff, an office suite at City Hall, and a car with a chauffeur. (Majority Leader Cuite makes forty-two thousand dollars in all and has a car with two chauffeurs.) Arculeo announced that he wanted to thank "the *responsible* Republican members of the Council for their support." During last spring's budget hearings, when the Minority Leader made his standard charge of reckless improvidence on the part of Democratic city leaders, a fellow-councilman suggested that Arculeo himself might be somewhat overcompensated and that the budget-cutting could start with his various emoluments. At this year's first Council meeting, Arculeo contented himself with coming out against further city taxes. The members then supported overwhelmingly, in a roll-call vote, a motion to continue in force all Council rules and committee assignments of the previous year. "Could you tell me how I'm recorded as voting on that, because I didn't say anything," Bronx Councilman Anthony J. Mercorella complained after the vote was announced. He had been recorded as voting in the affirmative, which he said was all right. "How did I vote, because I didn't open my mouth, either, and I want to abstain," said another councilman, who, it turned out, had also been recorded in the affirmative. "You're putting terrible pressure on the clerk," City Council President Paul O'Dwyer commented after seeing that the adjustment was made.

Earlier that day, O'Dwyer—the younger brother of William O'Dwyer, New York's mayor from 1946 to 1950—had received congratulations all around as Mayor Beame signed into law a bill the Council President had prepared providing that on all future flags the city's founding date be changed from 1664, as it now reads, to 1625. The former date was the year the British sailed into the local harbor and took over New Amsterdam. But it was in 1625 that the city became a going concern under the Dutch. One result of the law, O'Dwyer pointed out at the bill-signing ceremony, was that New York would now officially become the oldest major city in America—settled, he said, at least five years before certain Englishmen founded Boston and fifty-six years before some of their countrymen did the same for Philadelphia. This wresting of historical credit from the British had obviously gratified the devoutly Irish O'Dwyer, who didn't arrive in this city from County Mayo until he was

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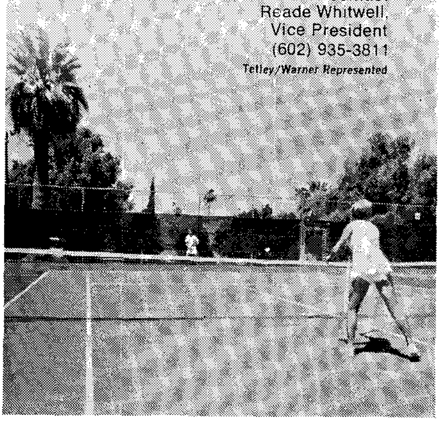

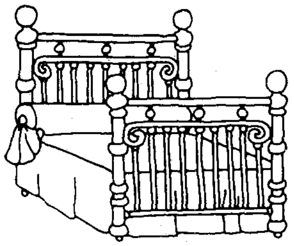

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eighteen, and who last March declined to attend a party to help pay off a quarter of a million dollars in debts left over from Mayor Beame's mayoral campaign because the affair was held on a Cunard liner tied up at a local pier. "We have to be accurate even though it puts us in Dutch," the Mayor had commented to indulgent laughter as he signed the new law. He added, to further laughter, that he hoped he wasn't committing an act of treason, since he himself was born in England. (Beame's parents had stopped off in London on their way from Poland. This is almost certainly the last time two of New York City's three citywide offices—the other being that of comptroller—will be held by men who are themselves immigrants.) Before the morning ceremony ended, Councilman Stern, who is not only the sole Liberal councilman but also the only one with a beard, complicated matters by pointing out that the real founders of New York had been American Indians. He expressed the hope that they would not be "cast aside by history" and that in the future some similar consideration would be given to their contribution. "Since Manhattan is an Indian name, the American Indians are, historically, my constituents," said Stern.

At the afternoon Council meeting, Stern complicated things again. Majority Leader Cuite rose to praise the Council's previous year as "one of the busiest work sessions in history," noting that this "landmark body" had held twenty-two meetings and a hundred and forty-one committee meetings during the year. Stern had pointed out, however, that one of the Council's sixteen committees (whose chairmen are rewarded by additional income ranging from fifteen hundred to nine thousand dollars annually) had held as few as two meetings during 1974 and that the Council itself had passed only fifty-five laws (the majority of them dealing with changes in licensing requirements, parking regulations, and the like), the lowest total since "the first year of the O'Dwyer administration, twenty-eight years ago." He added hastily, "No offense to the City Council President." O'Dwyer, running his hand through his shock of white hair, said, "Never mind. I've taken it all my life." As its final action of the day, the Council voted to take notice of the city's severe fiscal crisis and carry over from the previous year more than two thousand bills and resolutions it hadn't got around to dealing with. By not making the usual requirement that these bills be reprinted, Council leaders

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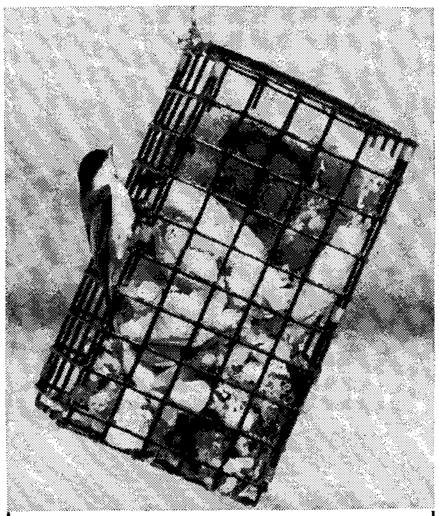

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pointed out, they would save the city two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. One question, of course, was why, since it had the option, the Council had continued to reprint the bills year after year in the past, at an annual cost to an always financially hard-pressed city of a quarter of a million dollars.

According to law, the charter meeting of the Council should have begun at twelve noon sharp. Its start had been delayed almost an hour and a half, however, until just before the conclusion of Governor Carey's State of the State Message at the opening session of the Legislature—a performance that was watched intently on television sets at various points in City Hall. As part of his crash program to reduce the large municipal-budget deficit for the fiscal year ending June 30th, Mayor Beame, on November 22nd and again on December 11th, had ordered the firing of a number of city employees, including permanent civil servants—the first such firings since early Depression years. The total of the announced dismissals had come to seventy-nine hundred and thirty-five out of three hundred and thirty-eight thousand city workers. (The Mayor's office was not pleased by press revelations during the second week of January that as a result of various bureaucratic gimmicks only four hundred and fifty-three city employees, none of them civil servants, were actually off the public payroll, or by John Darnton's *Times* article reporting that a substantial number had left city employment of their own accord some time before Beame's dramatic announcement, one of them having left in December of 1973, when John Lindsay was still mayor.) Late in December, Beame mentioned that he planned to ask the state government to make up the remaining deficit—a hundred and thirty-five million four hundred thousand dollars—and that further dismissals of civil servants would therefore probably not be necessary. On several occasions after the election, he reported having talked personally about the city's fiscal problems with his fellow-Brooklynite the new Governor. "He wants to help" or "He is eager to help" was the word from the Mayor, who is well known for looking on the bright side of things. He had apparently been undismayed by Carey's only public remark to him on the subject of possible assistance to the city. "Both of us know the way to Washington," the new Governor had told the Mayor, giving him a friendly pat on the shoulder. ("He said that he wants to help," Beame had reported after a meeting at the White House with President Nixon a year ago, shortly before the Nixon Administration sent word to Congress that there was no sense in passing an aid bill favorable to the cities, because the President would only veto it.)

Throughout the State of the State speech seen on the television screens at City Hall, Governor Carey's large Irish face was unsmiling. During the gubernatorial campaign, "Who ever heard of a liberal Democrat who wasn't a big spender?" was a favorite question of Malcolm Wilson, the arch-conservative Republican who succeeded Nelson Rockefeller in December of 1973, and whom Carey defeated last November, taking fifty-eight per cent of the vote. Other Republicans often predicted that if the Democratic member of Congress from Brooklyn was elected the city would "get everything." Assemblyman Joseph M. Margiotta, who is also the Nassau Republican chairman, liked to say, "If you let the Democrats win, life in Nassau County as you know it will disappear forever from this earth." Margiotta and the other Republican legislators were in for a surprise in Albany on the Legislature's opening day, and so were many of the Democrats. In a move to put upstaters' minds at ease about one thing, Carey, who had settled into the Executive Mansion a week before with the six of his twelve children who are still living at home, assured them, "The capital of this state is not New York City or elsewhere. The capital of New York is Albany. I shall be here. I shall work here. And so shall the government of this state." But he also brought them the bad news, which was allied to his discovery that the state, far from having a half-billion-dollar budget surplus that the Republicans had squirrelled away to trot out when it suited their political purposes (as he and other Democrats had claimed when the Republicans were in office), would have a deficit of perhaps a billion dollars in the coming fiscal year. "This government and we as a people have been living far beyond our means. . . . Our buildings were the tallest and most sumptuous." The state budget, he said, had come to be viewed as a "never-ending horn of plenty." Now, he said, giving the headline-writers their quote of the day, "the times of plenty, the days of wine and

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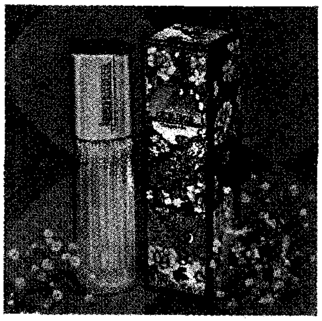

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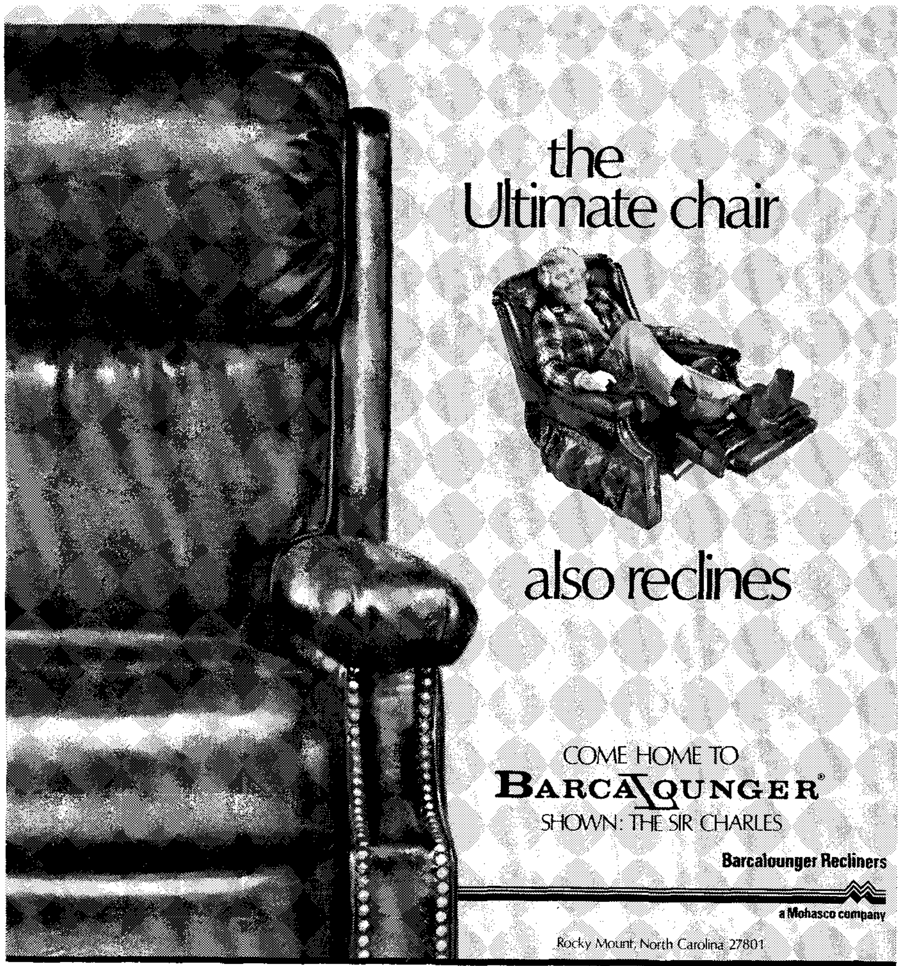
roses, are over." He proposed a ten-per-cent cut in the state budget, a hiring freeze for all state employees, a ten-cent-a-gallon increase in the gasoline tax, "to discourage waste," and—the worst news of all for City Hall, with its hopes for more money than ever out of the newly Democratic cornucopia—a reduction in state assistance to localities. "He out-Malcolmed Malcolm," one Republican assemblyman marvelled.

There were those at City Hall who insisted that anybody could have predicted the new Governor's retreat from the city's problems just by taking note of the seating arrangements in the honored-guest section at Carey's inauguration. Mayor Beame, they pointed out, had been placed some distance from the front; indeed, he had been seated behind Queens Borough President Donald R. Manes, an early Carey supporter. (Assigned to the prime seat of honor had been Carey's brother Edward, the president of the New England Petroleum Corporation, whose close to a million and a half dollars in gifts and loans made Carey's election possible. Since questions were bound to be asked after that much money was given to a candidate by an oil tycoon, even if he was the candidate's brother, Edward Carey had been virtually invisible during the campaign. On January 1st, however, he was in front-row center, grinning broadly. To some, the scene was reminiscent of the smiling family portrait—father, mother, and all the other Kennedys—taken at Hyannis Port the day following the Presidential election of 1960, after long months in which controversial old Joe Kennedy seemed to have gone underground. As the story then went, it had been an especially memorable day for Jack Kennedy: not only had he won the election but he had found his missing father. Hugh Carey had now found his missing brother.) At a press conference after Carey's speech, Mayor Beame gave the impression of a man acting out the phrase "more in sorrow than in anger." The following day, he talked with Carey by phone. "He reiterated his desire to be helpful," the Mayor told reporters. As usual, Queens Councilman Matthew Troy was less polite. "I'd never have voted for him if I'd known what a tightwad he was," he said of Carey.

CLEARLY, newly tightwad Albany is where the action is, but now local Democratic politicians in the City Council and elsewhere won't be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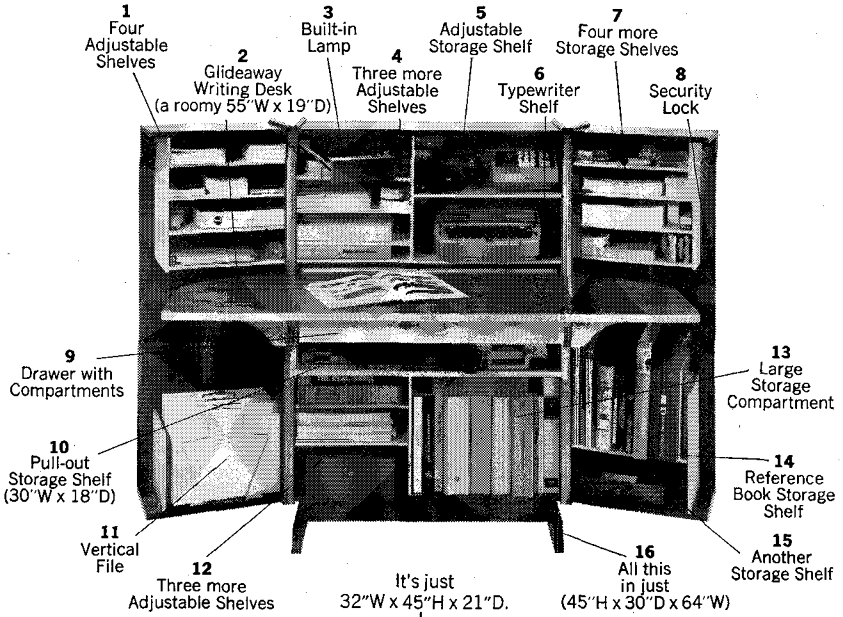
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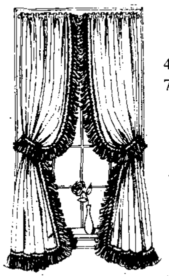

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able to get away with blaming their own inactivity on the same old whipping boys up the river. The Democratic legislators in Albany are in a similarly unaccustomed fix. As part of a team that includes a Democratic governor and a Democratic Assembly Speaker, they can't go around relying on the old reflex, lifting their shoulders in mock helplessness because the apple knockers and their friends have *all* the votes. Moreover, for many years the Legislature's Reform Democrats have been free to blame any failures on the Republicans *and* the regular Democrats. Now they, too, are deeply *implicated in the accomplishments of* the present legislative session: one Reform Democrat, Albert Blumenthal, of Manhattan, is the present Assembly Majority Leader, and another, Manfred Ohrenstein, also of Manhattan, is *the Minority Leader* of the State Senate.

Of course, there is still some room for legislative irresponsibility in the capital, since the Republicans have retained control of the Senate. Thus, Senate Republicans will be able to pass generous bills that will win them credit back home but that they know the Democratic Assembly must reject, because the expense would wreck the Governor's budget. The Assembly Democrats can, in turn, pass pet bills of their own, knowing they can count on the Senate to turn them down on ideological or other grounds. But with hard times upon us there may be a question in the minds of even the least dedicated officeholders both here and in Albany about how long their hard-pressed constituents will let them get away with treating representative government as a minor spectator sport. In placing the blame for the prodigal years, Carey said in his speech to the Legislature, "There is responsibility enough to go around for all of us." Now it's a time of cutting down, piecing out, making do, and no one knows whether there's responsibility enough to go around for that.

—ANDY LOGAN

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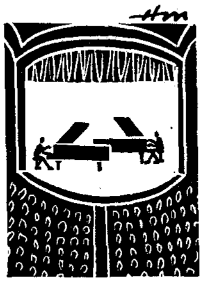

PIERRE BOULEZ may well be reviving in Philharmonic audiences a healthy nineteenth-century appetite for and curiosity about contemporary music. Earlier in the season's programs, there were Bernd Alois Zimmermann's "Photoptosis" and Peter Mennin's Eighth Symphony. Then came Charles Wuorinen's Second Piano Concerto. And then, at three consecutive Thursday concerts, Mr. Boulez introduced in turn Harrison Birtwistle's "The Triumph of Time," Jacob Druckman's "Windows," and Carman Moore's "Wildfires and Field Songs." The last, commissioned by the Philharmonic in association with the New York State Council on the Arts, was a première. It is a confused "third-stream" composition, an overextended, loosely rhapsodic sequence of procedures from traditional black and modern white musics. Moore's ideas could probably have been worked out more sharply with smaller forces. The two other pieces are big-orchestra compositions of proven merit. Birtwistle's "Triumph" has been widely played since it first appeared, in 1972. Druckman's "Windows" had its première, from the Chicago Symphony Orchestra, in 1972; later that year it was played at Tanglewood, and it won the 1972 Pulitzer Prize for Music; the Cleveland Orchestra played it last October. Chance brought up more Druckman and more Wuorinen around the time of the Philharmonic concerts, and in other concerts Mr. Boulez himself brought up more Druckman and more Birtwistle.

JACOB DRUCKMAN, born in Philadelphia in 1928, is a composer whose music is always carefully worked out and set down. There is nothing slapdash, nothing shoddy or imprecise, in the facture. His fancy is fertile and exuberant; his natural accents are dramatic. The ideas can be extravagant, exciting, and entertaining. The themes often sound like the musical embodiment of gestures; they have a "graphic" quality, such as is often admired in Handel. These gestures are expressive of emotions keenly felt, which the composer is eager to share. His scores call for responsive and imaginative executants. Uninterpreted, played through straight, a Druckman work can be dull hearing. Not that the composer expects his performers to cover up any inadequacies of his, or to order notions set down in disarray. On the contrary, it is clear that Druckman, before handing over a score to performers and audiences, has "heard" its possibilities and made sure that his ideas will work.

"Dark Upon the Harp," which closed a concert given by the Light Fantastic Players in Columbia University's Horace Mann Auditorium last week, is a fairly early piece (1961), a cycle of six psalm texts set for soprano, brass quintet, and percussion. The words are vivid, a progression from fierceness in adversity ("Strong bulls of Bashan have beset me round. They open wide their mouths against me" . . . "Break their teeth, O God, in their mouth; break out the cheek-teeth of the young lions"), through rejoicing, to serenity ("The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places. . . . I shall not be moved"). Not only a reference to "precious oil," in the fifth song, gave new life to the sense of psalms whose words had been dulled for me by years of blameless Anglican chant. Druckman's setting is vivid, too, and the close is particularly beautiful. By various mutes, the range of brass colors is skillfully extended. By delicate attention to balance, the voice remains unobscured. The soloist, Judith Bettina, sang rather too plainly; the players were admirable. Texts were provided, but the lights in the hall were turned out.

Druckman's "Valentine" (1969) is a virtuoso comic turn for doublebass—a duo, really, for the player and the bulky instrument that he assaults, slaps, caresses, and coaxes into song. Introducing the piece, at Mr. Boulez's first Prospective Encounters concert in the Great Hall of Cooper Union, the composer spoke of the ribald sexual play that his work is intended to suggest. On a Nonesuch recording, and in the Joffrey ballet that Gerald Arpino has made of "Valentine," the soloist is Alvin Brehm. At Cooper, he was Jon Deak, of the Philharmonic—also high-spirited and brilliant. Of "Animus III," a piece for clarinet and tape, and "Valentine" Druckman wrote:

> The works are involved with the actual presence of the performer theatrically as well as musically, limiting their focus to a particular area of human affections as well as a limited body of musical materials. Each work presumes that the theatrical and musical elements are inseparable; that the ideal performance of the music already embodies the performance of the drama.

That appears on the sleeve of the disc (where "Valentine" is preceded by its electronic avant-propos, "Synapse;" this was omitted at the Encounter). "Animus II," for a mezzo-soprano seductress and two percussionists stimulated by her, is another work of the kind, enjoyable just as sound, heady and exciting when enacted as music-theatre. A record cannot do full justice to the pieces. But whoever stage-managed the Cooper "Valentine" made rather a feeble job of it. Mr. Deak, poorly lit, was not up on the platform but tucked down at its foot. In Avery Fisher Hall, cunningly amplified and in a spotlight, he might well be a big success at a Philharmonic concert.

"Windows" at its New York première was given so spiritless, so lacklustre a performance that it was easy to miss its quality altogether. But a conviction that Druckman simply could not have written so turgid and inchoate a work as the one I heard brought me back to hear it again (the Philharmonic gave four performances in all). Confidence in the composer was restored; the orchestra had begun to get the measure of a large, arresting, and imaginative composition. I say "begun," because even this second performance was a gray, clumsily formed thing compared with the glinting, variegated, shapely, and sharply colored account of "Windows" that the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, under Bruno Maderna, had given at Tanglewood. (This I heard later, on a tape.) The composer offers this description of the work:

> The "Windows" of the title are windows inward. They are points of light which appear as the thick orchestral textures part, allowing us to hear, fleetingly, moments out of time—memories, not of any music that ever existed before, but memories of memories, shadows of ghosts. The imagery is as though, having looked at an unpeopled wall of windows, one looks away and senses the afterimage of a face.

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place of much contemporary music. They can be clotted and clogged, to a point where the ear, assailed by a murky muddle, simply stops listening. They can be an alluring mosaic, lively in general effect, sparkling in elusive detail. Properly played, large sections of "Windows" prove to be such mosaics. The fragments of "old music"—galant dances, wisps of chorale, hints of waltz—are cunningly placed. "Windows" is a deft, romantic, and expertly crafted composition. The score, and that of "Valentine," are published by MCA Music.

CHARLES WUORINEN, born in New York in 1938, is an audacious, prolific, and uneven composer. His Second Piano Concerto (for amplified piano and orchestra) didn't stand a chance at its première; it was sabotaged by the mechanical equipment that should have been the making of it. Mr. Wuorinen was the soloist, and Erich Leinsdorf conducted. The idea of the piece is fine: a concerto in which the soloist initiates all the material while the orchestra picks it up, bit by bit. The orchestra doublings and embellishments become less and less synchronous, until some sort of dialogue results. In order that the piano may have dominion over a large orchestra, even when the percussion section is crashing away *tutta forza*, no ordinary solo instrument is used but, instead, a Baldwin ED-1 Concert Electropiano, which has no soundboard. "The string vibrations are picked up by ferroelectric cantilever transducers," fed through "electronic circuits for timbre control," and then emitted through three loudspeaker systems—one out in the body of the hall, one on the platform but far from the piano, and one by the piano itself. By using these systems separately and in different combinations, various interesting effects can be achieved; however, the "antiphonal deployment" of the music, says the composer, is ornamental and may be dispensed with; all that is essential is the powerful amplification.

Brahms played his concertos with the Meiningen Orchestra, a band of modest size, forty-eight strong. Pianos and orchestras have both become noisier since then, and concert halls have become larger. Instead of balancing his orchestral forces against what an ordinary Steinway can achieve, Wuorinen has turned his instrument into an electric monster. With ten fingers, his soloist has the power that before only organists had—that of drowning a hundred men banging, blowing, and scrap-

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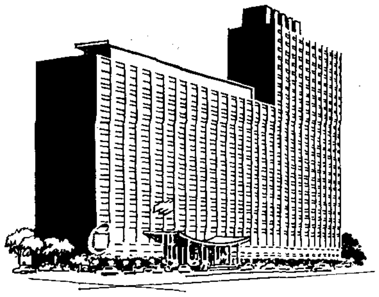
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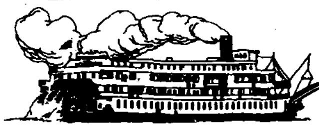
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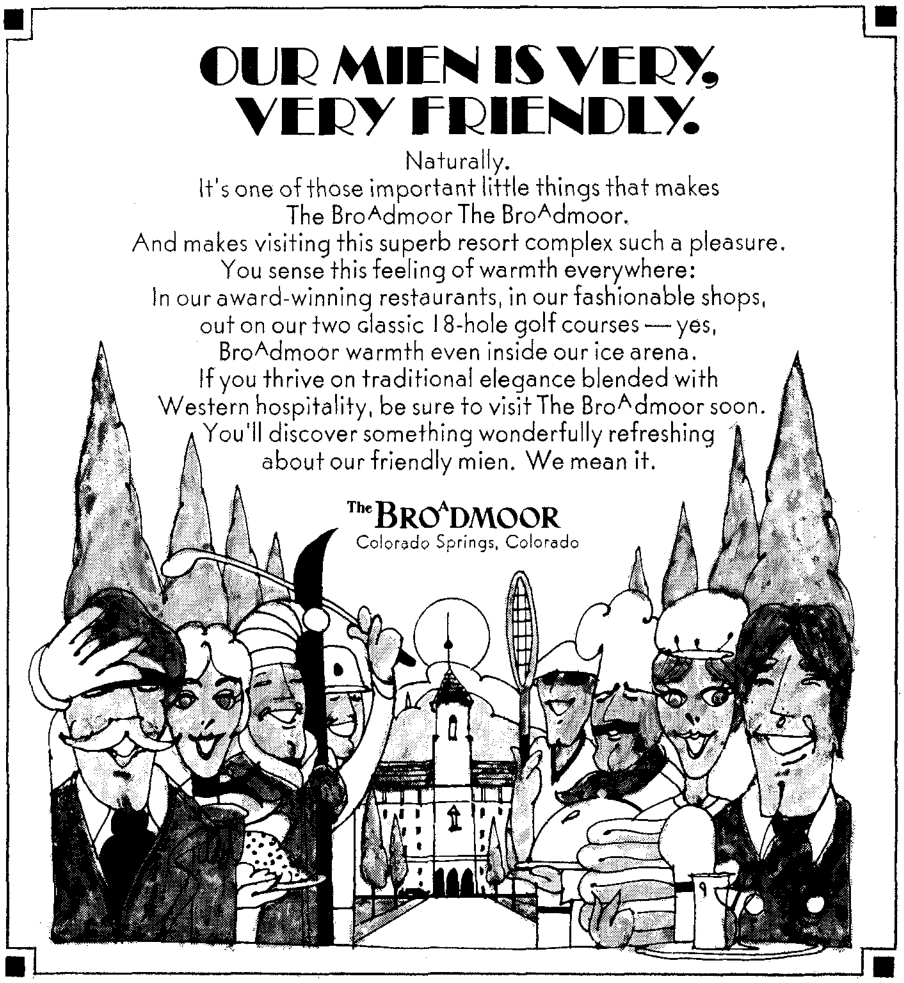
ng with all their might. With care, he result might have been spectacular. In the event, the Electropiano made pungent, painful, and horribly distorted noises. The piano tone, traduced, blared and battered at listeners from whichever loudspeaker was nearest. Somewhere in the distance, the orchestra could be heard as a kind of background tinkle. And this was a pity, for the score of the concerto reveals many striking and potent musical inventions.

Wuorinen's verve and fluency were heard to better effect at the Light Fantastic concert, in his "On Alligators" (1972), a seventeen-minute octet (string and woodwind quartets combined). His music can sound undisciplined. He takes chances. When the recklessness pays off it does so handsomely—given performers as dexterous as Daniel Shulman's Light Fantastic Players; but I should hardly like to hear "On Alligators" snap and crackle from any ensemble less spirited. The program had a satisfying build. As prelude to each of the three principal pieces, a contrapunctus from "The Art of Fugue" was played in an instrumental transcription related to the forces of what followed: string quartet before the Wuorinen, brass quintet before the Druckman, and woodwind quartet before what should have been Donald Martino's Concerto (but this fell out of the program, and Mozart's Quintet for Piano and Winds took its place). Thus, the audience's ears were "tuned" to the expressive possibilities of each medium by a few minutes of pure discourse in related tone colors.

At the second of his three recitals of contemporary American piano music, in Alice Tully Hall, Robert Miller played Wuorinen's Piano Variations (1963), a dashing piece that is carefully and compactly organized. Once again, in a wide-ranging program, Mr. Miller demonstrated his rare combination of grace, beauty of tone, elegance of phrasing, and powerful intellectual control. No premières this time (a work by Bülent Arel was not ready), but many captivating pieces. Mario Davidovsky's "Synchronisms No. 6," for piano and electronic sounds, makes striking and delicate use of the combination.

FOR such a recital, Tully Hall is a shade large. It functions best as an orchestra hall. Here, with the full-sized Juilliard Orchestra, Mr. Boulez gave the second of his Two Special Concerts of New Music. There were just three works, all by Juilliard doctoral candidates. They were well re-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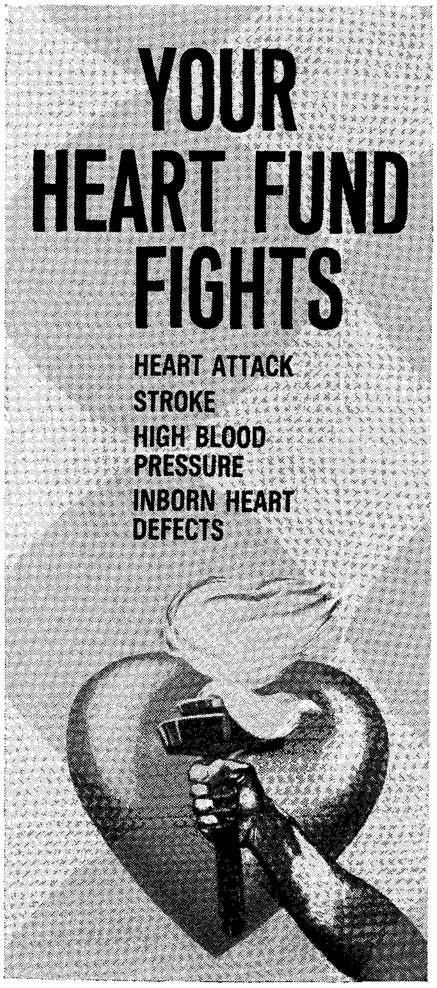
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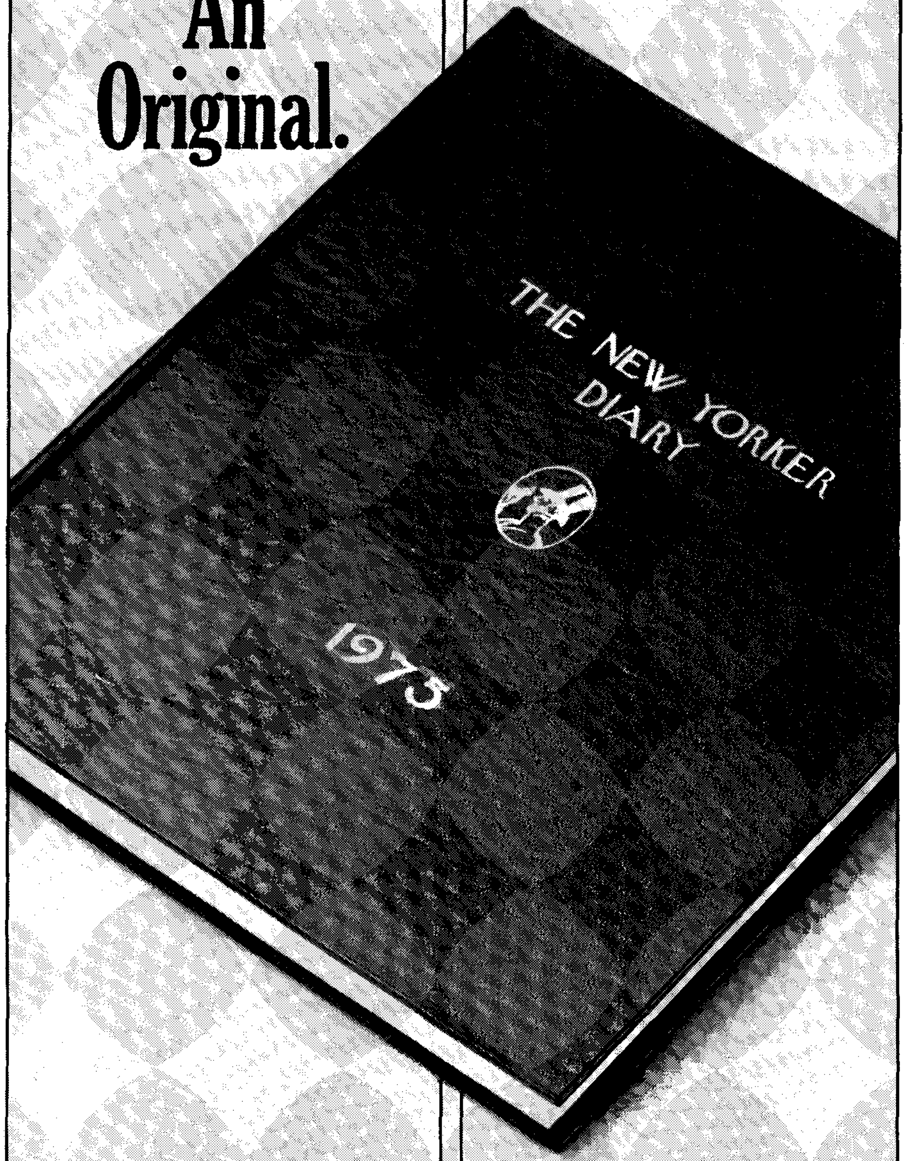

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hearsed, sharply and brightly played. Paul Alan Levi's "Symphonic Movement" and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's "Symposium" are both coherent, soundly planned structures that hold the attention. Ira Taxin's "Saba" (the West Indian island, not the Arabian kingdom) is a musical travelogue with no harm in it and a good deal of pretty, colorful sound. Even more nourishing was the earlier concert, at which Mr. Boulez conducted the Juilliard Chamber Ensemble in the Juilliard Theatre. This program included works by Bruno Maderna and Luciano Berio; Birtwistle's dramatic "Tragoedia" (but in far too careful and poker-faced a reading); George Balch Wilson's "Concatenations," which is a stimulating and beautiful work (it is available on a C.R.I. recording); and Boulez's own "Éclat," glistening, sparkling, and seductive in two separate realizations. (Donald Martino's Piano Concerto was originally billed, but for the second time last week a Martino work was dropped.)

ANY conclusions to be drawn from all this? Most of them are obvious enough. Young players bring more "éclat" to the performance of contemporary music than does the Philharmonic. Boulez is at his most dazzling when conducting his own music—and he should be urged to present his "Pli Selon Pli" as an annual staple at Fisher Hall. When the Philharmonic players can manage that formidable piece to his satisfaction, they should be able to take things like "Windows" in their stride. Contemporary music on the chamber and solo scale is well served in New York, but the Philharmonic programs should probably include a recent work in each concert as a matter of course. For a start, there are big-orchestra compositions by Boulez and Stockhausen, Elliott Carter and Michael Tippett, and Roger Sessions and Roberto Gerhard that deserve to be in the repertory.

—ANDREW PORTER

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BOOKS

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

Families and Survivors, by Alice Adams (Knopf). A beautifully written, generous book about two young Virginia friends—Louisa Calloway and Kate Flickinger—whose lives, from adolescence to middle age, are presented to us by the author like two full, blazing bouquets. Each girl is shown as she sees herself, as she is seen by the other, and as the rest of the world sees her. Louisa: gawky, slow to bloom, poetic, inadequately loved by her parents. Kate: red-haired, gay, popular, but curiously unself-confident. From the book's deceptively nostalgic first moments in 1941, when the two fourteen-year-old girls, naked and hysterically aware of their own ripeness, are cavorting around a pool, to its closing chapter, in 1970, the author treats the reader like a confidant. As the girls go on to college, take lovers, marry, move to California, bear children—and, in Louisa's case, divorce and remarry—we see how youthful misperceptions, fantasies, grudges, missteps, and illusions gradually, subtly become definitions of a life. Miss Adams loves to jolt her readers. Frequently, she interrupts her narrative to foretell disasters or twists of fate unforeseen by a character. We watch, appalled but fascinated, as the wrong path is taken, the wrong choice made. We know in advance that Louisa's marriage to a weak Jewish boy who thinks she will protect him with "her Episcopal magic" will fail, that several of her friends' perfect marriages will fall apart, and that a beautiful child will end up in an asylum. In a lesser writer this illusion-shattering prophesying might be annoying, but Miss Adams' sense of timing is so acute and her eye for detail is so unvaryingly sensitive that it only enhances our pleasure in this excellent book.

Blood Red, Sister Rose, by Thomas Keneally (Viking). A retelling of the story of Joan of Arc, from the murder of John the Fearless to Charles VII's consecration in Rheims. By ending the novel before Joan's trial and martyrdom, Mr. Keneally avoids the familiar drama of a righteous girl's battle against evil. Instead, and with a lusty irony, he gives us the same girl's unwitting service of evil, for the French whom Joan leads to victory and the monarch whose legitimacy she confirms are, in this version, no less grotesque and foolish than their English enemies have been represented as being. Irony is the pervasive tone, and even Joan is undercut: the voices she hears are those of the spirits and neighbors of her native district, and her essential mystery is reduced to the plain physical phenomenon of menstruation. The betrayals, the schemings, and, above all, the bloody killings of her time are recounted with a gruesome matter-of-factness. Mr. Keneally writes in a terse declarative manner that has its power, but one wonders if Joan's story gains very much by being so roughly brought down to earth.

GENERAL

The Last Secret: The Delivery to Stalin of Over Two Million Russians by Britain and the United States, by Nicholas Bethel, with an introduction by Hugh Trevor-Roper (Basic Books). Toward the end of the Second World War, British and American forces in Europe captured many Russians in German uniform. The Russian government simultaneously denied their existence and demanded their repatriation, to which the Western powers acceded. A minority of these soldiers were ideologically motivated to fight against Stalinist Communism, and a smaller minority committed atrocities on Hitler's behalf. But the majority were victims of both dictators: since Russia had not signed the Geneva Convention, Russian prisoners of war were at the mercy of their German captors, who had offered them the choice of starvation or "labor," which included combat or quasi-combat duties. Understandably, they were terrified at the prospect of being sent home, and Lord Bethel (who has translated Solzhenitsyn) thinks that they *were* sent home for three reasons: first, that Russian forces had overrun German prisoner-of-war camps and might hold American and British prisoners if the Western

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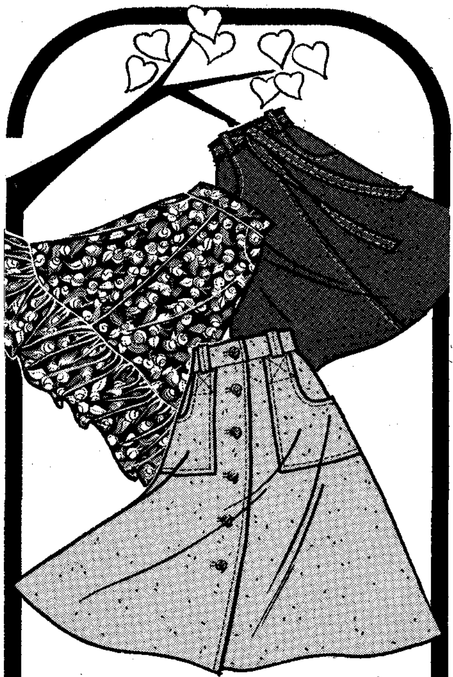

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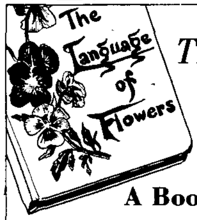

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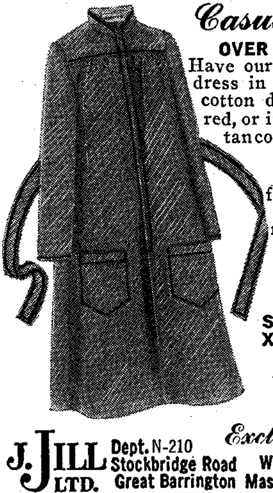

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Allies did not return the Russians; second, that the British and Americans, who formally agreed to the return at Yalta, hoped that if they kept all the Yalta agreements the Russians would, too; and, third (here Bethel is not wholly convincing), that uncritical wartime Russophilia had so addled Western opinion that the horrors of Stalinism were passed over. The book's details are harrowing, and Lord Bethel's silver lining is thin indeed: he thinks that the effect of this inhuman policy so shocked its staunchest supporter, Anthony Eden, that in the Korean peace negotiations he rejected all demands for the forcible repatriation of any prisoners.

NO LOAVES, NO PARABLES: LIBERAL POLITICS AND THE AMERICAN LANGUAGE, by Clifford Adelman (Harper's Magazine Press). The author, who has campaigned long, hard, and unsuccessfully for Democrats of the intellectual left—from Eugene McCarthy down through George McGovern—shrewdly and practically examines some reasons that he and his fellow-workers lost. At the root of his team's unpersuasiveness, he feels, were a contempt for people who did not speak one's language, disrespect for one's audience, inflated rather than concrete speech, and a tendency to reach for comforting clichés. Today, he believes that his fellow-Americans are more intelligent, are fairer-minded, and have worse troubles and higher aspirations than he earlier thought. His heroes are the late Saul Alinsky, the neighborhood organizer; Norman Mailer and Jimmy Breslin when they were running for mayor and president of the City Council of New York; and Allard Lowenstein, the former representative from Long Island, who did as much as anyone to unseat Lyndon Johnson. What they shared, Adelman thinks, was a desire to understand (and be understood by) all the people.

•

Once on a time... When the European's Emigrants arrive to land of North American, they were a winther very could, and was thanks to aid of the Indians these regions, because they aided to sow and to reap at octuber and november mounths, for after jointhem every 28 day. Where to finished the work, and they drived produce part of your work, for to made a grand party and they to thanks Godness.—*Adv. in the Mexico City Novedades.*

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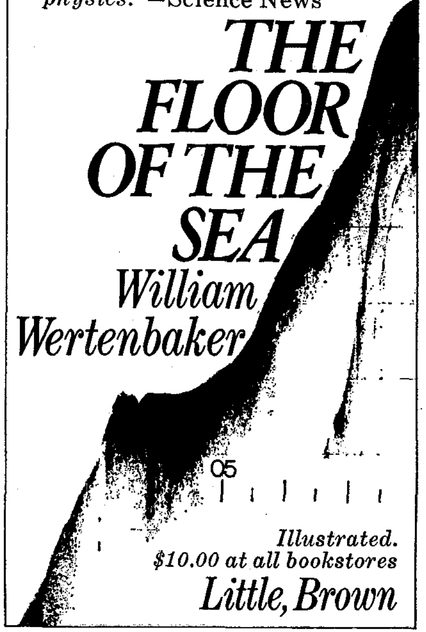

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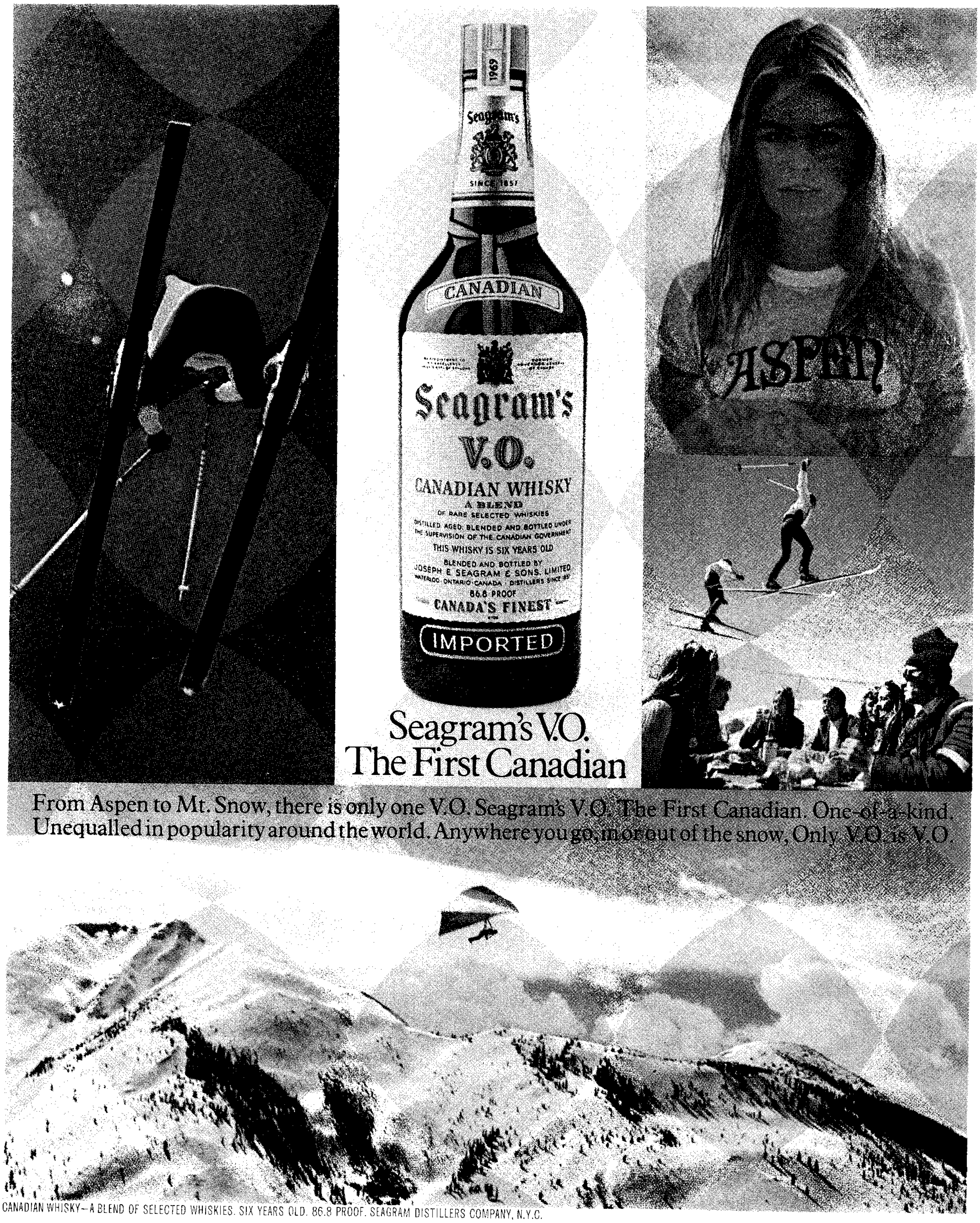
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